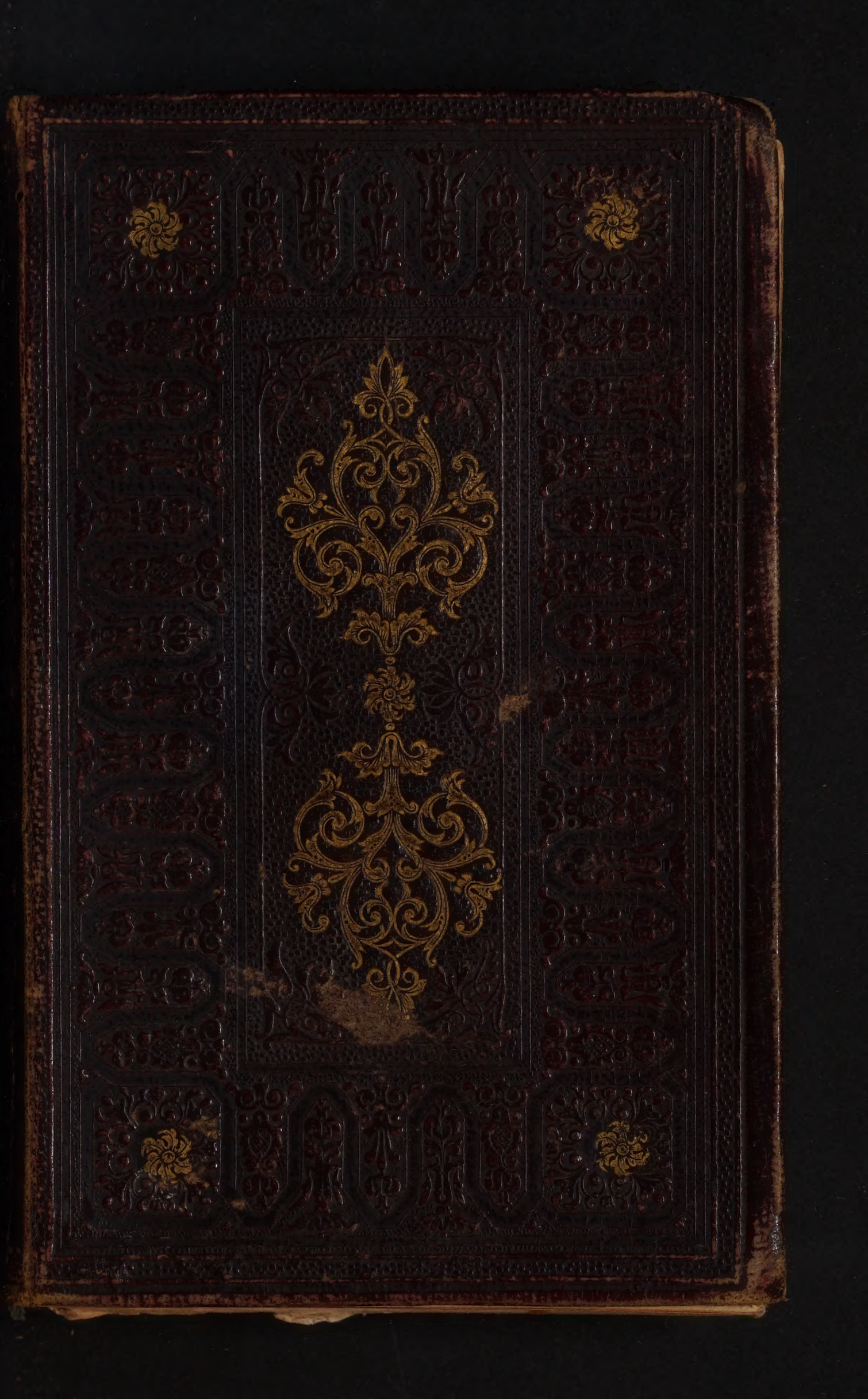

FORGET
ME
NOT.

1840

FORGET
ME
NOT.
Presented to
J. BRANDARD DEL.
T. ROLLS SCULP.
1840.

Drawn & Engd by H B Hall. London Publd by Ackermann & Co. 1838

Victoria R.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXL.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.
L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON: 1840

PUBLISHED BY ACKERMANN AND CO.

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PREFACE.

In the years that have elapsed since the establishment of this work, how many of those whose compositions have adorned its pages and delighted its readers have, as well as its Founder, descended to the grave, and mostly, alas! at an age which held forth fair promise of intellectual productions surpassing those which they have left behind! Such was the reflection which occurred in his musings to the Editor, and it struck him that the Preface to this volume would afford no unfit opportunity for paying a brief tribute to the memory of the departed.

It was a few days afterwards that a letter was handed to him from his gifted friend, Charles Swain, containing the following passage:—

"I see that this is the eleventh year since my first appearance in your little register of sweet affections. Since then, how many are dead! Hemans, Landon, Jewsbury, Hogg, Neele, Macnish, Carrington, Scott, Mackay Wilson, Inglis, and how many more! Would not this be an interesting and fitting theme for some

paper by yourself? If not, I will carry out the idea, which has just struck me, in verse. The work in which so many of their noblest thoughts are enshrined ought to keep some record of their names when dead. The page which they inspired when living—when dead should be their monument."

Could such an offer be rejected? Suffice it to say that it was not, and the reader is here presented with the result.

A Vision of Tombs.

ADDRESSED TO THE "FORGET ME NOT."

Forget them not! oh, still forget them not!
The Bards whose spirit hath inspired thy page;
Be not the memory of the dead forgot,
Whose genius is thy proudest heritage!
Alas for life! what bosom might presage
The shadow of the grave was with each name?
Some, gray and lonely at the door of age!
Some in the golden morning of their fame—
Yet on the path of death all stricken down the same!

A vision of far tombs oppressed my sight;
I saw Kilmeny wandering down the glen
To seek her SHEPHERD by the hill's lone height,
Her ETTRICK BARD, she ne'er might find again!
And SCOTT—that Ocean mid the stream of men!
That Alp, amidst all mental greatness reared!
He, too, bowed down to Death's recording pen:
And NEELE, GALT, INGLIS, MALCOLM—names endeared—
Passed pale, as one by one their visioned tombs appeared!

The voice of Spring is breathing! where art thou,
Daughter of Genius, whose exalted mind
From Nature's noblest and sublimest brow
Snatched Inspiration! thou, whose heart combined
Passions most pure, affections most refined;
Whose Muse with silver clarion wakes the land,
Thrilling the finer feelings of mankind!
Thine is the song to *arm* a patriot hand,
Or start a thousand spears midst Freedom's mountain band!

Thine is the song to fill the Mother's heart,
Whose children bless thee—HEMANS—round her knee!
Thine is the gifted page that can impart
A beauty born of immortality!
The temple—shrine—and trophied urn—to thee
Were themes enduring! where'er Grief had trod,
Or Hope fled tired from human misery,
Thou stood'st with Song uplifted to thy God,
Thou soothedst the mourner's tears e'en by the burial sod!

The beauteous spirit of the minstrel dead
Comes with the harmonies and hues of morn;
Sits with my sorrowing heart when day hath fled,
And folds her glorious wings—elysian born!
A broken rose and violet dim adorn
With their expressive grace her silent lyre:
But, oh! the wreath by that immortal worn!
The inspiration and the seraph fire
Which light those pleading eyes that unto heaven aspire!

Still mourns Erinna—ever by that coast,
Whose dismal winds shriek to each weeping cloud,
Whose waves sweep solemn as a funeral host,
Still mourns she Love's own Minstrel, in her shroud;
The Sappho of that isle, in genius proud;
The IMPROVISATRICE of our land;
The daughter of our soil—our fame-endowed!
For *her* Erinna seeks the fatal strand,
And lifts to distant shores her woe-prophetic hand!

The blighted one! the breast, whose sister tear
Sprang to each touch of feeling—heaves no more!
Our LANDON, silent on her funeral bier,
Far from our heart, sleeps on a foreign shore;
The voice of her—the song-inspired—is o'er;
Oh, she who wept for others found no tone
To soothe the many parting griefs she bore;
None had a tear for that sweet spirit lone—
All sorrows found a balm save that far Minstrel's own!

Thou, who received'st her rose-encircled head,
Our Minstrel in the bloom of her young fame,
Give back our lost and loved! Restore our dead!
Return once more her first and dearest name!
We *claim* her ashes! 'tis a Nation's claim!
Her—in her wealth of mind—to thee we gave;
Yet—*plead we for the dust of that dear frame:*
Oh, bear our world-lamented o'er the wave!
Let England hold at last—'tis all she asks—*her Grave!*

CHARLES SWAIN.

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TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,

ON HER CORONATION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

JUNE 28, 1838.

The orb and sceptre in thy hands they placed,
  On thine anointed head a crown of gold;
A purple robe thy virgin form embraced;
  Enthroned thou wert, and glorious to behold:
  Before thee lay the Book of God unroll'd;
Thy tongue pronounced, thy pen the covenant traced,
Which men and angels witness'd.
  Young and old,
Peers, Princes, Statesmen, Birth, and Beauty, graced
That scene of tombs and trophies.
  All is fled;
Like life itself the living pass'd away;
And none that met remain'd there but the dead!
Thence to thy closet did'st not thou retreat,
In secret to thy Heavenly Father pray,
And cast thyself and kingdom at his feet?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Mount, near Sheffield,
July 9, 1838.

THE PROPHECY OF THE LAST DRUID.

'T was eve—the vapours thick and dun
Wrapt in their shroud the sinking sun,
And clanging horn and trumpet's blast
Rose like a yell of woe, and past;
And from the slow and columned smoke
The sound of ceaseless axes broke;
Far spread the field, with corpses strown,
And came, by fits, a dying groan,
As if the warrior's stubborn will
Mastered the body's weakness still,
And the last breath of liberty
Proclaimed, though dying, he was free.

But who upon the mountain's brow
Stands in such agony of woe;
Now sends his wild and eager gaze
Where rolls the forest's sheeted blaze;
Then, as with kindred majesty,
Sweeps with his glance the darkening sky,
As if the lessons of the soul,
As if of fate the fiery scroll,
Were there to mortal vision given:
As if the rising host of Heaven,

Trooping by myriads, star on star,
Came heralds of some mightier war!
There, rending from his quivering wire,
A haughty strain of hate and ire,
Stood the last Druid of the land,
Like some old sculpture, stern and grand.
Until along the mountain's side
A hundred echoes answered wide,
Then, with a voice half wrath, half wail,
He flung his sorrows on the gale.

"Rome! thine eagle, bird of blood,
On our hearts has made its food.
England's warrior hope lies there,
Stretched upon a gory lair:
There they died as die the brave,
Now thou tramplest on their grave,
Now the Druid altars fall.
Thine the taunt, the triumph all;
All is lost, and all is thine!
Yet I see thy fatal sign!
Queen of earth, a weightier sword
Shall within thy breast be gored;
Now our forests sink before thee,
Yet the Druid's curse is o'er thee.
Famine, anguish, fear and flight,
Shall upon thee come, like night.
Then the bearers of the bows,
Rushing from their Scythian snows;

Then the German's thirsty spear;
Then the Tartar's wild career;
Then a thousand nameless names
Round thee poured, like living flames;
As if final Fate's command
Woke to wrath the desert sand;
From the ocean, from the Pole,
On thee shall the vengeance roll:
Till thy haughty heart is tame;
Till thy shame is more than shame;
Till the Gothic firebrand flashes
O'er the throne of dust and ashes;
Till the savage scorns the toil
Even of gathering thy spoil;
Till, of all earth's slaves the slave,
Thine is a returnless grave!

"England, shalt thou scape the chain?
No; the Norman and the Dane,
Sullen fillers of the tomb,
On thy bleeding shore shall come.
When a monarch, sceptred craven,
Bows thee to the magic Raven,*
Then shall come thy bitter years,
Counted only by thy biers;
Then thy men, no longer men,
With the wolf shall make their den!
Yet again thy soul shall feel;
Through the dusk shall ring the steel;

* The Danish standard.

From the forest, from the swamp,
Gathering round the tyrant's camp,
On his revel hot and deep,
Shall the sons of freedom sweep;
Then upon the murderer's gaze
Shall his proud pavilion blaze;
Then thy Alfred's flashing sword,
Shall, like lightning, smite his horde,
Shall the long arrear repay,
Blood for blood, and clay for clay!

"Ages slumbering in the womb,
Who shall live, and tell your doom?
Yet has Death a voice of power —
England, glory is thy dower.
Thou shalt only set to rise,
Mind the strength of Fate defies!
Falling oft, yet oft forgiven,
To the brink of ruin driven;
Like the ingot in the flame,
Tried, thou shalt be found the same,
Broken, yet unconquered still,
Land of the unvanquished will!
Darkness may thy light absorb,
Like the comet's fiery orb
Gone to realms of night and frost,
But its radiance is not lost.
Sudden as a thunder peal,
Sweeps again its burning wheel!

Though thy crown to earth were bow'd,
Like the spirit from the shroud,
Thou to loftier life shouldst spring,
Thou shouldst wave a broader wing,
On thy brighter brow should beam
But the richer diadem;
To thy hand the sceptre given,
Queen of earth, and Child of Heaven!

"Yet, when years on years have rolled,
When thou'rt boldest of the bold;
When, before the English bow,
France has stooped her crested brow,
When, in conquest's rich repose,
Furls its pomp thy bannered rose,
Then shall come thy deeper trial,
Rome on thee shall pour the vial;
Yet nor fetter, axe, nor flame,
Shall thy mighty spirit tame.
In the pyre shall hoary age
Close its hallowed pilgrimage;
Man's high courage, woman's youth,
Shall give witness to the truth:
Rising from the blazing pile
Guardian angels of the isle.

"Once again a peal shall come,
France shall sound that trump of doom.
Then shall sweep the Tricolor;
Then on Europe's harvest-floor

Shall the sanguine spoil be poured;
Shall the sickle be the sword;
Ruined altar, trampled crown,
Kings and nations, trampled down,
Shall be fruitage of that field;
Till the hour of France is sealed;
Till is dim her leading Star;
Till her thundercloud of war
Rains no more its shower of blood;
Till the sea-birds' wild abode,
On the stormy southern wave,
Is her fiery chieftain's grave!"

Then sank the strain: the minstrel gazed
Where the last forest embers blazed;
Yet, ere the patriot spirit passed,
His hand across the string was cast;
With sudden life his fingers found
Their ancient spell of soul and sound,
And one wild chord of energy
Echoed to vale, and hill, and sky.

"From mine eyes the veil is gone!
England! thou shalt see a throne,
Like a new-born planet's phase,
Gladdening nations in its rays.
Then the sword no more shall sweep,
Then no more the slave shall weep,
Dying in the stranger's chain;
Man shall then be man again!

Then the Oracles of light,
Like a spirit's heavenward flight,
Round the globe shall wing their way,
Heralds of a nightless day.
Then shall sit upon thy throne,
Queen of peace, a lovely one;
Guiltless glory, spotless fame,
Wreathing young Victoria's name.

Κρεων.

THE SILENT LYRE.

The Lyre is silent now—we listen, but in vain,
For the rich sounds that haunted us before;
Many deep tones around us may remain—
This Lyre's sweet music we may hear no more
—no more.

The rose is faded now—its scent hath pass'd away,
And all its beauty like a dream is gone;
Many glad flowers to deck earth's bosom stay,
But none so bright as was this one — this one.

The heart's fond hope is o'ĕr — its light hath fled
for ever,
No future hour its freshness back may bring:
The Lyre is hush'd — the rose is dead, and never
The heart may find again its spring—its spring.

OLD BETTY'S NOOK.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

On the British coast—no matter as to the precise spot, and probably, if the reader knows any thing of the geography of his country, he will find it out before long — on the British coast, most romantically and beautifully situated, stood one of those antiquated mansions which are looked upon with reverence by the lovers of romance. It was capacious, and still retained its ancient character, though the parts next to the sea had been somewhat modernised by verandhas and trelliswork, which, at the proper season, were nearly obscured by the clustering clematis and myriads of roses. The deep embayed windows had been lengthened to the ground, so as to open with glazed doors to marble steps that descended to the lawn, where both art and nature had been called into active subserviency, to render the spot lovely to the eye and grateful to the sense. It was near the summit of a cliff rising some two hundred feet in height, from which the ground ascended very gradually for two miles to an elevation of a hundred feet more, so that the dwelling was on a

gentle slope, embedded—except towards the ocean —among lofty trees, and presenting a charming piece of picturesque scenery, peculiarly British, to vessels running up or passing down the Channel.

This was the residence of a baronet of the old school, who had come to his title and estates when very young, and, from early education, as well as the associates he had gathered round him, was rigid in the performance of his own duties, and sternly exacted obedience from all who moved within the sphere of his power. As a host, he was hospitable, but proud—as a landlord, he was just to his tenants, but scrupulously insisted on the payment of his rents as soon as they became due — as a magistrate, he adhered strictly to the laws, but showed no mercy to the culprit, if his offence was proved, and to the smugglers who frequented that part of the coast he was implacable and unrelenting—as a master, he was profuse to his servants, but austere in his manners—and as a husband and a father, his indulgences were unbounded; but he was destitute of those endearments on which sincere attachment is grounded—he was cold, reserved, and unsocial.

Such were the leading characteristics of Sir James Esdaile's temper and disposition. He had married an amiable lady, whose warm heart and affectionate nature were the reverse of his own; but the union had been one of convenience on the

part of the lady's parents, and she was severed from an honest and gallant young sailor, without high birth or pretensions, to become Lady Esdaile. But still her breast treasured remembrances of him whom she had fervently loved, and, though parted for ever from him, and united to splendour, rank, and riches, often would her regrets steal away memory to the sweet spot of her infancy, and where, in maturer years, she had in innocent delight enjoyed the visits and society of William Blakeney. But William was in humble circumstances — the parents of Amelia were dazzled by the magnificent offers of Sir James—who, to do him justice, knew nothing of the previous attachment — and the wretched girl, overwhelmed by the entreaties of her natural protectors, who were under pecuniary obligations to the baronet — borne away by the prayers and representations of relatives, who expected to profit by the union — became Lady Esdaile. But Sir James soon made it apparent that, though he had married Amelia, he, nevertheless, formed no compact with her family. Their visits were discountenanced, and soon ceased; and the unhappy parents, when too late, saw that they had sacrificed the happiness of their daughter to save themselves.

At the period of the wedding, William Blakeney had been several months at sea, but what was his agony when, on his return, the truth was revealed

to him! He had been building his hopes, his joy, on a structure that had fallen away from under them; on his watch at night, and during his duty by day, Amelia had been the main-spring that moved and regulated his actions, the motive that prompted him to assiduity in his profession, trusting that he might, by diligent application and bravery, rise to an eminence that would render him worthy of her hand. Now all was blighted, withered, crushed — he did not wait to ascertain the means that had been used to detach them — he did not inquire into any particulars; he saw that she was the wife of another; he felt that the hand of desolation had spread over his young heart, and he was heard of no more.

Lady Esdaile bore her husband two children: a boy, the elder, and a blooming girl, and the baronet relaxed a little from his habitual sternness when he beheld his offspring enjoying their infantile amusements on the lawn, for who has ever contemplated the diversions of the young and innocent, and still retained asperity in the heart! But the feelings of paternal affection were about to be severely taxed; for his first-born, then in his third year, who was to hand down his name and rank, suddenly disappeared, and no traces could be discovered as to what had become of him. Conjecture framed a hundred different tales; he might have fallen over the cliff and perished, or have

lost himself in one of the chasms with which the rocks in the neighbourhood abound. Wells were searched, every means resorted to, but without avail; and the baronet, mourning his loss, but particularly the manner of it, grew more morose in his manners and rigid in his exactions.

Sad and cheerless amidst every luxury was the path of Lady Esdaile; yet she did not complain, or manifest much outward show of sorrow. No; it was in the moments of her privacy, in the secrecy of retirement, that she wept her fate, and her anguished spirit grieved for her lost one. "Oh! could she but tell whether he was yet living or numbered with the dead, there would be some certainty for the mind to rest upon, but now all was withering doubt and torturing suspense."

Years passed away, and, notwithstanding vast sums had been expended, and inquiries prosecuted with the utmost vigour, no tidings could be obtained of the boy. Every remote possibility, every rumour, was eagerly embraced and followed up, but without avail; and at length they were compelled to give credence to his death, though there were times when the mother, in the communings with her own heart, could hear the still small voice that assured her he was yet in existence. But she did not neglect her daughter, who grew up both amiable and lovely, and bade fair to become one of the most beautiful of her sex. Lady Esdaile

seldom quitted the mansion, (for Sir James had secluded himself from the world) and, therefore, the whole of her time was devoted to the education of her child.

But a change was at hand, and the young Amelia, in her sixteenth year, was deprived of her father by the hand of death. The coffin of the baronet was placed among the perishing remains of his ancestors, and Lady Esdaile was freed from that restraint which she had so long and so patiently endured. Sir James had been just in his will: he bequeathed the great bulk of his property to his daughter, under trust to her mother as long as she remained single, and, should she marry, then the trust was to devolve into other hands. There was, however, throughout the whole a reservation in behalf of the lost son, should he ever be discovered.

Thus far all promised well, but the inexperienced widow was not suffered to remain long in tranquillity. A claimant arose to the estate, under the plea that, when Lady Esdaile became the wife of Sir James, she was already married to William Blakeney, who, it was proved by witnesses that had seen and conversed with him, was alive after the birth of the second child, and was frequently known to be in the neighbourhood of the *Belle Vue,* (the name given to the mansion) though what had become of him for several years no one

could tell, and it was believed that he had been drowned at sea. Other witnesses were brought forward who were ready to swear that they had been present at the marriage with Blakeney, and partook of the wedding feast; and these were from among Lady Esdaile's intimates and companions in her younger years, before the canker-worm of grief had preyed upon her heart. Indeed, there seemed to be so much justice and equity on the side of the claimant, that most persons considered his title good and certain.

Lady Esdaile consulted an eminent barrister. She strenuously denied the accusation, but her word was unsupported by proof, and, on a meeting of counsel, her case appeared almost hopeless. The claimant, heir at law, was himself a solicitor, though not of the most honourable reputation among the members of the profession, and he had collected a mass of testimony apparently of an undeniable nature. The parents of Lady Esdaile, the clergyman who was stated to have performed the ceremony, were in their graves; the clerk was childish and bed-ridden; while a certificate, purporting to be extracted from the register-book, seemed to set at rest all doubt. It is true no corresponding entry was found, but it was said in explanation that, as the marriage was secret, the record had been written on a loose piece of paper, and suffered to remain so. The handwriting was

in every particular similar to other entries made by the clergyman, and the subscribing witnesses were ready to prove their signatures.

Mr. Dimsdale, the claimant, was a young man of no contemptible pretensions as to person. He was the descendant of a distant branch of the baronet's family, and, being the only male in right of succession, he assumed the title on the death of Sir James. But he was, comparatively speaking, poor, for, though he had an admirable practice, yet he had expended his income annually in high living, and, excepting a legacy, he had obtained but little with the baronetcy.

Still Lady Esdaile most solemnly denied the allegations that had been brought against her, and her conduct and character had been irreproachable. She declared the whole to be a deep-laid scheme to ruin her and her daughter by putting aside the will, and she denounced the witnesses as ready to perjure themselves from the double motive of revenge and gain — revenge, because on her union with Sir James she had declined at his command all intercourse with her old associates; and gain, inasmuch as they, doubtless, had been well bribed to give false evidence. The papers of the day pampered the vitiated taste of the public with true and particular accounts, most of which told against the widow, and, though all were different, yet each asserted its correctness.

It was whilst affairs were in this state that the beautiful Amelia, in her seventeenth year, attracted the attention of the claimant, and he made an offer of his hand as a sort of propitiatory sacrifice, to terminate the contention. To the surprise of every one who believed Lady Esdaile guilty, this overture was indignantly refused; but Dimsdale was not to be easily repulsed; he visited Belle Vue, and protested that his object in seeking a union was grounded in strong and ardent affection, and that he was ready to make such provision for his wife as her mother should deem fitting for her. His personal communications were couched in humble terms—there was a reality in the language, which seemed sincere. He deplored the course which he had been compelled to pursue by a sense of justice to himself, spoke feelingly of the strong evidence he was prepared to bring forward, and earnestly implored Lady Esdaile and her daughter to accede to his request, so as to prevent all further exposure.

"What," exclaimed the impassioned lady, "would you, who have endeavoured to blast the reputation of the mother, would you, with the prospect of wealth and distinction before you, take to your arms the almost penniless girl, whom you would deprive of legitimacy?"

"Indeed, indeed, my dear lady," returned the pleader, "I am prepared to do that; and the fer-

vour of my affection would prompt me to do more. Miss Amelia, have you not one word of encouragement to give me?"

"First acknowledge the vile plot by which you have tried to throw odium on my mother," replied the spirited girl; "clear her character of the base charges you have fabricated. But no — no; I will not resemble you in the practice of deception, and, therefore, I tell you, sir, I would prefer death to a union with a man whose conduct my soul abhors."

"Alas! my dear young lady, you are yourself deceived," exclaimed Dimsdale, in a tone of abject supplication, though there was a restless fierceness in his eyes. "I have no wish to probe your feelings; there are proofs strong as holy writ—"

"A forgery! a villanous, wicked forgery! and you know it, sir!" interrupted Lady Esdaile.

"The witnesses," said Dimsdale, with a shake of the head, but whether in persuasion or menace was doubtful—"there are the witnesses—"

"Whom you have suborned to suit your own unholy purposes," returned Lady Esdaile with energy. "Sooner would I see my daughter suffering at the stake, than give her hand to one so detestably wicked; her groans would be music to my ears, compared with the forced responses at the altar. You have your answer, sir. Go on with your infernal conspiracy. I put my inno-

cence and the welfare of my child under the protection of that Great Being, who has declared himself in his recorded word the father of the fatherless and the widow's God and Judge."

The lawyer quailed before the majestic look of the lady. "Why will you, madam, urge me to extremities?" said he. "Oh do not, do not extinguish your only hope. Think of your daughter, young and beautiful, cast upon a pitiless world; think of this delightful home, which you must immediately quit if you refuse compliance with my earnest and honest request. Think ——."

"You need go no further in your appeal, sir," interrupted Lady Esdaile. "Your motives are sufficiently explained — it is not affection for my child that prompts you to this seemingly generous offer, else you would have refrained from threats. No, no; it is fear that prompts you — ay, fear lest your nefarious designs should fail; and, by securing the daughter's person, you would convert doubts of success to certainty. I am ready to brave all the injury you may have the power and the will to inflict, conscious of my integrity, and convinced that a day of retribution will come. Go, sir; quit the innocent society you have insulted by your presence. Go, sir; even the law has not yet sanctioned your intrusion here. Go, go; and take with you my unmeasured contempt, my sickening disgust, and my heartfelt defiance."

And, having rung the bell, she took her daughter's arm, and quitted the room, the lawyer in a low tone muttering something about "ejectment."

The moment the door was closed upon the retiring mother and child, Dimsdale ground his teeth together, and, raising his clenched fist, shook it in a threatening manner towards the place of their exit, whilst his face, from a look of humility, changed to the aspect of a demon. Smothered curses escaped him, amidst ill-repressed hysterical laughter, and, whilst in this attitude, the door suddenly re-opened, and an elderly servant entered. "Did your honour ring?" inquired he, as he stopped short at the entrance, surprised at what he beheld.

"No, my good fellow—that is—ah! I believe your mistress rang," returned the rather embarrassed lawyer, and he paused.

Now, old Thomas had been a seaman, and, though he had quitted the ocean nearly fifteen years since, yet he still retained all the peculiarities of the veteran tar. He had been wrecked in the rocky bay beneath the cliff, and brought in a state of great suffering from broken limbs and bruises to Belle Vue, where he had been kindly attended to, and, after a long confinement, restored to health. But he would not leave his benefactors, and, as he made himself useful in many instances,

and was always handy with the glass to point out particular ships that appeared off the coast, he had been suffered to remain a devoted and attached servant to the family. Thomas stopped at the door, as if waiting for some command.

"Come in," said the lawyer, and the veteran obeyed. "This is a pretty place, here, my good fellow; fine view of the Channel. You would not like to quit it, I suppose."

"It 's just as the Almighty pleases, your honour," responded the old man: "he druv me here in a gale o' wind, and mayhap he may carry me off in a hurrycane; no man knows what may be logged down for the future."

"True, true, very true," returned Dimsdale; "but you have lived here many years — a sailor, too, I presume?"

"A seaman, your honour; one who knows his duty, and always done it, alow or aloft, in breeze or battle," answered the veteran, jealous of his nautical character.

"Why, what difference, old man, can there be between a sailor and a seaman?" inquired Dimsdale. "The terms are synonymous."

"They may be singnonnymus, your honour," responded old Thomas; "but there 's a great difference for all that. A seaman is a lad as has had edecation and experience on the ocean — one as can hand, reef, and steer, rig a mast, swab a deck,

splice a cable, and clear a hawse. But, as to your sailor, why, your honour, or any know-nothing, as washes his hands in a ship's bucket of salt water, may hail for a sailor."

"A valuable and excellent definition, my good fellow," said the lawyer; "and so you are very snugly moored here, and of course would like to remain?"

"I hope her ladyship arn't seen never no cause to find fault with me?" urged the veteran.

"No, no; it is not that," responded Dimsdale, "not exactly that; but, as her ladyship, as you call her, is about to leave Belle Vue, which will pass into other hands, why ——"

"I'll shape my course along with her, your honour," interrupted the old man. "But you 'll not take it amiss in an owld tar, if I misdoubts your reckoning in regard o' the matter of topping our booms!"

"It is true, though; in a few days Lady Esdaile will be removed by ejectment, unless you, who I understand are in great favour, will prevail upon Miss Amelia to change her mind," argued the new baronet.

"Now, your honour, do n't go for to pitch the slack of your gammon at owld Tom," exclaimed the veteran laughingly. "Move my lady by jackments! that be blow'd!—What do I know or care about jackments, any more than the jack at the

bosprit eend in harbour, or at the foretop-gall'nt-mast-head, as a signal for a pilot off the coast? And what am I to prewail upon the young lady to change her mind about?"

"Why, my man, this property has passed into the hands of the lawful heir," said the lawyer, and he paused.

"Well, your honour, I knows that, and she 's now enjoying the sweets on it, bless her soul!" replied the veteran.

"All a mistake on your part, my good fellow," urged Dimsdale, condescendingly taking hold of the seaman's arm. "The case stands thus. The estate by law must go into other hands, unless Miss Amelia can be induced to marry the new baronet."

"What, Sir Edward Dismal, as they calls him?" inquired the veteran, bending his whole attention to the subject.

"You are right in your conjecture, though not quite correct as to the name," returned the lawyer. "You have the fact, and, unless she marries Sir Edward, why they will both have to turn out upon the world."

"Them is hard lines any how," uttered old Thomas mournfully; but his face immediately brightened up again, as he exclaimed, slapping his hand upon his thigh: "I have it now! They 've hoisted signals of distress, and your

honour's answered 'em, and bore down to their assistance, eh? That 's it!"

"You are not entirely wrong in your conclusions, my good fellow," returned the baronet. "I would be more than a friend to those dear ladies."

"Lord love your honour's heart for that 'ere!" responded the old man; "they wanted to bamboozle me as you wur somebody else, but I know'd you warn't by the cut o' your jib. What is there that owld Tom can do to sarve your honour?"

The lawyer took out his purse, which was rather weighty, and held it up before the veteran's face. "This and another shall be your's—provision for life — if you will use your persuasions with Lady Esdaile and her daughter."

"For what, your honour?" asked the veteran, as he disengaged his arm and recoiled a pace or two.

"For Miss Amelia to marry Sir Edward Dimsdale," answered the lawyer.

"Marry Sir Edward Dismal! then I'm —— if I do!" vociferated the blunt old seaman. "What! ax her to be spliced to that ere pirating wagabone as has put sorrow into hearts as ought to be happy?—a lubberly land-shark, as ud look best wi' a hook in his nose, and a runnin boline under his fins? Never, your honour! but you does n't mean it in arnest."

"I am serious, old man," returned the lawyer, who, however much he felt nettled at the observations of the seaman, was yet determined not to throw away a chance. "Only use your persuasions, and, whether you succeed or not, whether her ladyship goes or stays, this house shall be your home for the remainder of your days."

"Thankee, thankee, your honour, mayhaps you means well," responded old Thomas, "but I 'm bless'd if you arn't got a comical way of showing it! What I, Tom Jessop, as never had an angry word from them dear lips; I, as nursed and played with Miss Mealy, when she warn't no bigger than a tin pannikin, I turn traitor and insinivator, and backbiter, and devil knows what besides, to get her afore the parson with Sir Edward Dismal! Lord ha-mercy on your silly head! Do you see that brow of the cliff there?" The baronet nodded. "Well, then, take this 'ere from owld Tom: I 'd sooner leap from that place on to the hard rocks below—and I 've tried 'em once in my life—than I 'd see my precious young lady in tow of that 'ere flinty-hearted lubber as they hails as Sir Edward Dismal."

The lawyer writhed under the lash, but, recovering fortitude through irritation, he exclaimed, "Fellow, I am Sir Edward Dimsdale!"

"Mayhap so, your honour," vociferated the excited seaman. "You may be Sir Neddy Dis-

mal, or you mornt, but, if so be as you are, ware hawse with owld Tom athwart your forefoot. What! ax a British seaman to desart his friends, and them two lone and dessolute females, in time of trouble! offer him money to betray his trust! Out o' that, you oncontemptible scamp! make short miles of it, Dismal or not Dismal, or I 'm bless'd if I do n't make 'em toss you in a blanket till I pipes belay! —we'll hangticipate Jack Ketch, and larn you a few steps of the dance-upon-nothing afore you gets the running noose round your neck. What! abandon the Missus and Miss Mealy, cause they 're in distress, and through you, too! Arn't you ashamed o' yourself, you onnatural thing, you?"

The lawyer became at once aware of the impossibility of propitiating the enraged veteran, and, therefore, he thought to intimidate him. "I tell you what it is, my fine fellow," said he; "you bully it well now, but when I come again I 'll make you remember this insolence. You shall turn out directly, and perhaps something worse; yes, I 'll make you remember it."

"And, lest your honour should forget it," said the old man, giving the baronet a smart blow with the flat of his hand upon his ear, "there 's sommut to log it down in your head! You lubberly bragmedoxy," added he, with a strong expression of contempt, "how you made your lucky

into this here port rather flabbergasts my calkilations. But you arn't master yet, and never will be, please God. But I 'm saying you arn't master yet, and in course arn't never got no manner of right to dirty these here carpets; and so"— grasping the back part of the lawyer's coat collar, and with the strength of a giant lifting him at arm's length from the ground — "by yer leave," he carried him in this manner out of the glazed doorway, and, dropping his burden over the terrace, cried: — "Bear a hand out o' that, or I 'm blest if we do n't show you a flea in the blanket yet!"

The young man took his departure, for he had on more occasions than one proved that discretion is the better part of valour, and he felt no further inclination to come within the grasp of the choleric old seaman. Lady Esdaile and her daughter were both amused and gratified with the conduct of old Tom, who thenceforth installed himself champion to the ladies.

Several days passed on, when, one night, just as a dense fog, which had continued for twenty-four hours, was clearing away, a loud knock was heard at the main entrance to the mansion. The servants were hastening to withdraw the bolts, but the stentorian voice of old Tom resounded through the hall, as he shouted, "Avast there, boys! keep all fast till I 've brought the stranger

within hail:" for the veteran, having become better acquainted with the term "ejectment," had taken especial good care to see, as he called it, "the gangways made up, and the ports shut down." From an upper window, therefore, he projected his body, so as to command a view of the porch, beneath which the visitant was concealed, and he was soon heard calling out:— "Ship ahoy! who and what are you?"

"A messenger, on urgent business to Lady Esdaile," returned the stranger, without, however, displaying his person.

"All right, in course," uttered the seaman; "but just have the goodness to turn out and show us your colours." He then muttered to himself: "No jackments any how."

There was a momentary bustle under the porch, and then a tall stout man in a riding-dress presented himself to view. "I hope you will not delay my interview with Lady Esdaile," said he; "it is absolutely necessary that I should see her at once."

"Mayhap so, brother, mayhap so," ejaculated the veteran; "but I've larned never to let boats alongside arter hours, without knowing what lay they're upon. Now, if so be as you means honest, and have got any letters for the lady, just stow 'em in this here basket, will you?" and he lowered one out of the window by a cord.

The stranger hesitated for a few moments, and the quick ear of the tar detected a whispering sound. "My communications for her ladyship are not written—they are verbal."

"Werbal, you lubber?" returned the seaman; "you'd better not pitch none o' your 'long-shore sauce at the ladies. Werbal, indeed! But I 'm saying, shipmates, if you 've got no letters, why, then, you can speak to her ladyship by word of mouth."

"That is what I wish to do," responded the man; "and, as I am in a hurry, the sooner you open the door the quicker will my mission be accomplished."

"But, I say, owld un, you can talk without unbarring the gangway port," argued the veteran. "Here 's her ladyship herself coming, and mayhap your comrade there, who keeps under hatches, like jack-in-the-box, will just show us the cut of his figure-head."

"I am entirely alone," responded the stranger; but at this moment one of the gardeners ran hastily up, and shouted:—"Are you all safe? there 's robbers, plunderers, murderers, about the grounds. Do n't open the house, Mr. Thomas. Fire and thieves! help! help!"

A shrill whistle followed this appeal, and in a few minutes a band of sturdy-looking men emerged from the plantations, and assembled near the porch.

"I tell you what it is, my fine fellows," roared Tom; "I 'd advise you not to be too familiar with that ere porch; for there 's a four-pounder chock-full of musket-balls just inside the door, and the cook with a red-hot poker close to the priming. Stand by, cook; if they attempts to board us that passage, just touch the powder, and blow 'em all to Davy Jones."

"I 'm all ready," responded the cook, and it was evident that the communication had a sensible effect upon the party; for they drew up on each side clear of the range, and a man came forth from the porch, who appeared to be the leader, and whose voice, while giving orders, was quickly recognized by old Tom as very like that of the baronet.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the veteran; "the wind sits in that quarter, does it? What it 's you, Muster Dismal, is it? Then, bad weather to me if I did n't think so! Howsomever, we 've beat to quarters, and I 'm blest if we do n't sarve out the gruel afore long, if you arn't out of that! What! did you think to catch owld Tom hove down under the lee of his night-cap, eh?"

"What does this intrusion mean?" inquired Lady Esdaile from the window. "If you are there, Dimsdale, answer me."

"I must have admission, Lady Esdaile," returned Sir Edward in *propria persona*. "If you refuse me, I will force an entrance."

"There 's two words to that, you lubber," shouted old Tom; but his mistress commanded him to be silent.

"Was I not right," exclaimed her ladyship, whilst prompt attention prevailed: — "was I not right, Dimsdale, when I rejected your offers with scorn? This violence is additional proof of the injustice of your cause."

"Ownly give the word, my lady, and blow me tight if I don't pepper 'em!" said old Tom.

"You have compelled me to resort to these measures," rejoined the baronet. "Resistance is utterly useless. I have every implement for breaking in, and these men only await my commands to batter down the door."

"Remember the four-pounder, Muster Dismal; I'm bless'd if it arn't there," shouted the veteran, "charged to the muzzle, too!"

"Will you admit me or not, madam?" demanded the lawyer, in a voice of anger. "I must and will have possession."

"Leave me to manage him, my lady," entreated the seaman. "These here matters, as they calls bellygereant, arn't not by no manner o' means fit for women. The gardener's gone to get assistance, and we can howld out till they come. The lubber's nothing more nor a coward, arter all said and done."

"Do you still refuse to admit me?" once more demanded Dimsdale, raising his voice still higher.

"I do," responded her ladyship, firmly, as she retired.

"Ay, that we do," repeated the veteran; "so go your hardest. Up ports, my lad—we're all prepared," and the open windows displayed the servants with their missiles.

"Then I've no alternative," said Dimsdale. "Rush on, men, and break down the door."

The invading party once more gathered in front, and were proceeding to the attack, when old Tom's voice, "Stand by your gun, cook!" brought them to a halt, and again they separated on each side.

"Cowards!" ejaculated Sir Edward, who, however, took care to keep away from the porch. "They will not dare to fire—on, on then, to the attack!"

"Lay hold of a crow-bar, and take the lead then," uttered one of the party to the lawyer. "That Jack Tar won't stand for trifles—if we are to be shot, why not take your chance with the rest?"

But this the baronet declined. "Try the windows then," said he, "and perhaps they will the soonest yield."

The crashing of shutters and the ringing of

broken glass gave indications that the attack had begun; but a charge of swan-shot, scattered among the assailants from a blunderbuss, again drove them away.

"Thomas, I will have no firing," whispered her ladyship, "unless they resort to it. It would embitter the rest of my days, should a human life be sacrificed—I would rather surrender at once."

"Surrender, your ladyship!" repeated the tar, whose ears were scandalized by the very term. "No! not whilst owld Tom is able to defend you. Here they come again."

"The blood of my men be upon your head, madam!" shouted the lawyer, in a state of great excitement.

"Oh never you mind that," responded the veteran: "it worn't her ladyship as fired the swivel. But I'm saying, Muster Dismal, just make sail with your squadron, and part company, will you?"

Again the attack was renewed, in spite of the missiles of every sort that flew from the windows—for firing was prohibited. "Bravo, my lads!" shouted the lawyer; "a few minutes more and the place is our own. Prize that shutter open with the crow-bar. Twenty guineas and a dozen of wine for the first man in—"

"Wine!" repeated Tom; "it's wine you want, Muster Dismal, is it? then there is sommut to drink it out on," and away flew a china jug,

of no small dimensions, direct at the baronet's head — a slight movement, however, brought it to the back of his neck, and he measured his length on the terrace, by the side of two or three others who had fallen before him.

"Hurrah!" bellowed the veteran. "Hurrah! he's gone to the bottom! All hands repel boarders!" and away he started for the room in which the windows were being forced in.

At this moment, a second party appeared upon the lawn, in something like military array, and the frightened assailants instantly quitted their labour, and attempted to escape, but without avail, as every man was made prisoner. Old Thomas saw this scene through the fractured shutters, and immediately concluded that the gardener had promptly brought the expected succour, and, therefore, without a moment's delay, he ordered the massive doors to be unbarred, and lights displayed in the hall, where the four-pounder really stood, but harmlessly charged with nothing but powder. Lady Esdaile and her daughter, having been informed of the rescue and Dimsdale's defeat, came themselves to welcome their deliverers. The doors were unclosed before the candles or lamps were brought in, and instantly a dense body of men rushed forward, uttering to Tom's ears the most uncouth noises, but which her ladyship at once recognized as the French language;

and, a few minutes afterwards, when the hall became illumined, a strong body of armed men had taken full possession of the place.

One of them, in something like a uniform, approached the ladies, and, removing an enormous cocked hat, made a very ceremonious bow as he uttered: "It sal give me beaucoup de plaisir — not for to make de offence to de jollie Anglice dame — mais mes enfans," pointing to his ill-looking scoundrels, "have de grand penchant for de argent — de plate — de moniesh—vat you call guinea—for make de petite feast for les demoiselles de la grande nation."

"Dead beat, by ——!" ruefully exclaimed the old seaman, eyeing the Frenchman with stern indignation and contempt, yet perfectly convinced that all attempts at resistance were utterly useless. "Pray, Mountseir, where do you hail from?"

"Ha, ha, mon ami," returned the officer, "you sal be von Anglice sailor—parbleu—ver good dat —oui—oui, bien bon."

"Parblue! where the blazes is that?" demanded old Tom. "I never haarde of such a port in the Channel afore."

"Monsieur," said her ladyship, in French, to the officer, "to what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"We are poor privateers-men, my lady," responded the man, in the same language, again

bowing with deferential respect, "belonging to the port of Cherbourg. Fortune has favoured us to-night—our necessities and not our inclinations compel us to levy contributions; but, rest assured, madame, no personal incivilities will be offered."

While this conversation was passing, old Tom had gained sufficient from one of the Frenchmen, who spoke imperfect English, to comprehend that three large row-boats had taken advantage of the thick fog during the day to cross the Channel on a marauding excursion. They had succeeded in reaching the British coast without interruption; and, the nearest object of attraction being Belle Vue, the party, under the guidance of an old smuggler, had quietly gained the place, and, though they turned the tables upon Dimsdale and his gang, were themselves in the most polite way imaginable determined upon plunder.

"Well, I'm blest," ejaculated the old seaman, "if this here doesn't beat me out-and-out—captured, colours down, and not a gun fired! Avast though, just for the honour and credit of the thing;" he stole quietly away, and in another moment the four-pounder bellowed forth as if by magic.

"Who sal have been de coquin for fire de signal?" inquired the French officer, angrily. "Diable! — ayez la bonté for tell me dat, mes enfans."

No one could afford him the required information, though suspicion strongly pointed out old Tom, who in fact it was; nor did the signal remain long unanswered, as, to the veteran's great gratification, a blue light sent forth its bright flame from some vessel afloat, which no doubt was cruising on the station.

The servants of the hall were locked up in an apartment, together with Dimsdale and his gang; the only restraint the ladies experienced was a watchful sentry over them, but Jessop was permitted to accompany the Frenchmen over the hall to witness the work of plunder. Every article of plate, jewellery, and all valuables, were packed up in the most orderly manner, though somewhat hurried in the performance. It had just turned midnight when the arrangements were completed; and the whole party, with their booty and prisoners, after searching the hall, proceeded down a sloping descent to the beach. Nor had the stunned and wounded been left behind, the cautious Frenchman carefully removing every possibility of raising an alarm. But his astonishment and horror may be more readily conceived than described, when, on reaching the spot where the boats had been left, he could no where perceive them, while an irresistible party, nearly treble the number of his, called upon him to surrender. But this event will necessarily take us back to an earlier part of the day.

It so happened—and which is generally the case—that during the fog which prevailed, there had been little or no wind, and consequently a gallant, but rather antiquated frigate, recently returned from the East India station, and now going round to the river Medway to be paid off, was lying nearly becalmed at no great distance from the shore. The evening, however, brought a light breeze, with clear weather, so that, at the period when Dimsdale made his attack, she was nearly abreast of Belle Vue, barely holding her course against the current, that was running strong down Channel. The night was beautifully fine—the sails just slept in tranquillity—the watch were seated together in groupes, while the look-outs at their respective stations gave the challenge, "All's Well," every time the bell was struck. Captain Davenant, the commander of the frigate, had been for some time standing upon one of the quarter-deck guns, and, with his arms leaning over the hammock-netting, he gazed intently on the shore. He had seen severe service, and nearly the whole of his servitude, from the period of obtaining his first commission, had been in the East Indies, till he had attained his present rank, and a fame that had nothing to tarnish or sully it. Pacing to and fro, on the weather-side of the quarter-deck, was the lieutenant of the watch, (who, by the way, was the captain's son, and had

shared all his perils) carefully attending to his duties, and occasionally whistling for a breeze.

"Well, Bobbo," hailed one of the boatswain's mates, addressing the look-out forecastle man at the larboard cathead, "and what do you make of the land now, boy?"

"Just what it always was," answered the other; "white cliffs and green hills—shingly beach and black rocks."

"Why, ay, shipmate, I thinks you hail from somewhere away in this latitude," remarked the boatswain's mate.

"I do, Bill, I do," responded the look-out, raising himself from a recumbent position. "It is many years since I last saw the ould spot, but I'm blest if it don't bring to my mind all the consarns of my boyhood, and when I was a gay, rollicking young fellow as never cared a bite of pig-tail for nobody whatsomever. Many's the spree, Bill, I've had down alongshore there—and many's the drop of raal stuff I've landed—I wish we had a toothful now, messmate."

"Why, ay, Bob, just for what the Yankees calls a fogmatic—seeing as we've had thick weather all day," feelingly returned the boatswain's mate. "But keep a sharp look-out, my boy, and mayhap we may twig a tub-boat creeping in for the land."

"It's a perilous life, Bill, that of a smuggler," urged the forecastle man, "and I shouldn't much

like to fall in with any on 'em. Hang it, no—it would be dog bite dog, and who can tell, mayhap, some o' my own kindred may be in the craft. But I tell you what it is, Bill, there's a sommut as is always weighing down upon my mind in regard o' that place, and though I was ounly a youngster then, and had no say in the matter, yet when it comes athwart my conscience—"

"Avast, shipmate," interrupted the boatswain's mate; "a man-of-war's man arn't never got no right to have a conscience, seeing as he's not master of his own actions. It's only the officers as has got consciences got sarved out among 'em, and then they're shared pretty nearly according to the paying o' prize-money."

"Well, well, Bill, mayhap you're right, ould boy," assented the other; "but, if it arn't conscience, why then it's where the carpenter's handsaw stuck—and that's gizzard — and it makes me molancholly whensomever I thinks of it."

"Why, what was it, Bob? it's just the time for a yarn, and I say, shipmate, it ud be sommut new to enter in the log that larking Bobby had got the molanchollies," exclaimed the boatswain's mate.

"Ther's many a merry face as hides a sorrowing heart, Bill," asserted the other, mournfully, "and many a smooth surface as hides a sunken rock. But I'll tell you all about it, messmate.

My owld father owned a boat or two as used to go across to Garnsey and Jarsey, and thereaway, without clearing out at the Custom House, and in course I was brought up to the trade from a child, and so took to it in the natral way. Well, Bill, we'd all sorts of luck, sometimes running our cargo quite safe, and at other some losing the tubs, but saving the boats. I say, shipmate, do you see them lights moving about up there, like fireflies in the bush?"

"What at top of the cliff?—why ay, to be sure I do," answered the boatswain's mate, pointing in the direction of Belle Vue.

"Ay, ay, shipmate, that's the place," continued the other, "and there lived one o' your great men as they calls a barrownight, and he was a magistrate, and a precious hard-hearted one, too, for he never wouldn't let any on us have a moment's peace — sarching the houses and ramshackling the people; and, my eye, if he cotcht any on 'em with a bit of contraband, but there was stone walls and darbies directly."

"Well, Bob, but that was all in the way of dooty, you know," argued the boatswain's mate.

"I arn't never going to say nothing again dooty," returned Bob, "though it was never yet made out clear to my satisfaction what right they has to put high dooties on a drop of stuff, so as only to let the rich share it out among 'em, while

the poor must be content with swipes. But it was the rich as made the law, Bill, and then they built custom-houses, and rigged cutters, and set a fleet o' wagabones adrift as they called officers; but, Lord love your heart, they warn't no more like officers than the main-tack is like the skipper's happylet. But, the law being made, why in course it was the magistrate's dooty to see it kept—just as the capain does the articles of war, and I arn't never got a word to say again it. But setting a case just as this here, Bill — spose the skipper was to take it into his head that some on us had a little grog concealed in our berths, and he was to set spies and watch us, and pipe the boys up three or four times a day, and overhaul 'em, wouldn't you call it wexatious, shipmate?"

"Why, in course I should," returned the boatswain's mate; "and now, Bob, I sees what your meaning is."

"Ay, ay, Bill, there's nothing like making the shoe pinch to diskiver where the corn is," argued Bob; "and so, d'ye see, the magistrate not only did his dooty, but he made a precious long stretch beyond it; and, to come slap to the pint, my owld dad was marked out for his vengeance, and many's the time he tried to catch the owld-un upon the ground-hop; but, Lord love you, it warn't a thing easily to be done. At last, however, as ill-luck would have it, one of the boats

was seized and brought in, and an onfortunate brother o' mine was in her, and got grabbed, and so they takes him afore Sir James — I remembers the time as if it was but yesterday, shipmate — Jem was younger nor me, and the owld woman doated on him, and when she haarde that he'd been puckylow'd by the sharks, every body thought she'd have gone mad. As for father, he took it sadly to heart, and he went down on his stiff and stubborn owld knees to Sir James — and mother got the lady to speak for her, but it was all of no use. Father had often set him at defiance, and so he swore he'd wipe off all long-standing scores, and poor Jem was clapped in the stone safe, and put in ierns, and arterwards sent to the county jail to take his trial. Well, Bill, the way to the county jail was lonely, and so a party of the boys stowed themselves away among the hedges and tried at a rescue, but it failed, and there was a good many broken heads and bruised limbs, as my poor onfortunate skull can testify, and the upshot on it was that Jem suffered for the attempt, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation."

Here the poor fellow paused, as if overcome by remembrances of the past, but at length he proceeded. "It's many years ago now, Bill, but somehow or another whenever I thinks of it there's a curious kind of a choking comes up in my throat, and I feels as if I was going to be

strangled. It broke poor owld mother's heart—she never held up her head from the day he was sent away, and she pined and pined, till news came of Jem's death, and then she laid down and died. It was a sorrowful day, Bill, when they laid the owld woman under ground—for she was a kind neighbour, and though now and then a squall would blow itself out, yet every body loved her; and deep and deadly was the oath father took upon her grave to be revenged. Well, shipmate, and now I comes to the pint that has always been a rock ahead of me during life. Sir James had two youngsters, a boy and a gal, but the boy was the eldest, and father used to go watching round the grounds just like a tiger on Saugor island; but I was a long while before I could make out what he was arter; but one evening he comes hurrying into the cottage, and, 'I've done it, Bob, at last,' says he; 'bear a hand down to the boat—get the boys together—we must go across this very night, and not a moment must be lost. Ask no questions,' says he, for he saw I was a bit mazed, 'but do my bidding.' In course I went out; but, thinks I to myself, 'I'll just watch what you're arter, owld chap;' and I saw him go into an outbuilding and bring out a youngster, with its hands and legs bound, and its head muffled up. He cotcht sight of me: 'What, not gone?' says he; 'howsomever it's all well as it

is — here, lend me a hand down with this brat. Sir James, too, shall feel what it is to lose a child.' Well, shipmate, I trembled like a Lascar in a snow-storm, for my thoughts were upon the tender mother, and not upon the hard-hearted magistrate, who, mayhap, wouldn't care much about it, and so says I, 'But there's the lady, father—Sir James won't be at all hurt, and —' 'Silence, boy,' says he, 'the magistrate is proud —this is his heir, his first-born—away with you! carry him down to the beach — no words, but do it.'

"So, Bill, I makes sail for the boat, with the young un in my arms, and I whispers to him not to be frightened, but he took no notice of it, and when we got to the beach none of the men were there. 'Bear a hand, Bob,' says my father to me; 'stow your crop in this here cave,' and he pointed out a little cave in the rock, 'and run and call sky-rocket Jack — he lives the nighest.' I did as I was towld — shoved the youngster into Owld Betty's Nook, as they called the cave, and then carried on a taut press for the birth of sky-rocket Jack. I wan't long away, shipmate, and when I comes back, in course I runs to the stow-hole, afeard that the poor boy would be stuffocated — but he was gone, Bill, and there warn't never a sowl there. I natrally thought father had removed him; but when he came, about half an

hour arterwards, as soon as the boats was ready for launching, and towld me to fetch the child, a horrible thought came across my mind, that took away my strength. 'Where is he?' says I.—'Where you left him,' says he.—'He's not there,' says I; 'and I thought you'd taken him away—he was gone when I come back.'—'It's a lie,' says he, and he gripp'd howld of my throat, 'a lie, a lie; tell me, wretch, what you have done with him!—you have gone too far—I did not purpose his death.' It was plain, Bill, he took me for a murderer. But the long and short on it is, shipmate, that the child couldn't be found, and when I last left England, which was four or five years arterwards, never had been found."

"That's a strange tale, my man," exclaimed the mate of the watch, who evidently had been listening to the recital; "is it really true, or pure invention?"

"It's as true as gospel, Muster Wilkinson," answered the man, "though I little thought that any but our two selves and God Amighty haarde what was said."

"Halloo! what is that!" exclaimed the mate, as a bright flash shone from the cliff, (it was when old Tom discharged the blunderbuss). "A signal to some smuggler in the offing, no doubt," and he walked aft, where the captain and the lieutenant were in earnest conversation. He approached,

and, respectfully touching his hat, reported what he had observed.

"We saw it, too, Mr. Wilkinson," said the lieutenant, and then shouted, "The watch, out pinnace — aft here, and lower away the large cutter."

The boats were soon in the water, and manned and armed. "Take the pinnace, Mr. Wilkinson," said the captain; "keep the cutter in company. Mr. Sandom," (one of the midshipmen) "follow Mr. Wilkinson's orders, sir;" then, turning to the mate, "Pull close in-shore, and board and overhaul every boat you meet with. Three lights and a gun will be the signal of recal."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the young officer, and then, advancing close to the lieutenant, he said, "may I take Soames with me, sir? he is a native of this part of the coast, and knows every nook and corner—he will make a good pilot in—"

"How do you know that, Mr. Wilkinson?" asked the lieutenant, somewhat sharply.

"He says so himself, sir," answered the mate; "indeed I accidentally overheard a long yarn he has been spinning on the fokstle about his stealing a child from here, several years ago—"

"What! what is that?" demanded the captain abruptly; "who has been talking about stealing a child? eh, sir? who dare talk of such things on board this ship?"

"I was speaking of Robert Soames, sir," returned the mate, respectfully, touching his hat; "Soames, the fokstle-man, sir,—he knows every inch of the place, sir?"

"Bear a hand in your boat, sir," ordered the captain; "take a blue light with you, and, should you want more help, burn it. Away, sir, and keep a sharp look-out." The mate promptly obeyed, and the captain, turning to the quarter-master at the con, quietly said, "Send Robert Soames aft here."

In a few minutes, poor Bob stood before his commander, who had retired aft to the taffrail, and, dowsing his tarpaulin hat, waited for the captain to begin. Their conversation was long and earnest, till it was disturbed by a hail from the gangway. "Boat ahoy!" and immediately the voice of Mr. Sandom was heard answering, "No, no." In another minute or two, he was alongside in a fine row-boat, and reported that they had captured three of a similar kind lying concealed among the rocks, the crews having gone on shore to plunder Belle Vue. This was ascertained from the boat-keepers; and Mr. Wilkinson, fearful of alarming the party, (who were treble his numbers) by showing the blue light, had sent off young Sandom with the prisoners, and to request further assistance. The prisoners were ordered on board and questioned, about the time the four-pounder on the cliff was

discharged, and the captain instantly directed that the French boat should be remanned and well armed with both seamen and marines, gave the frigate in charge to the first lieutenant, and, commanding his son to follow him in the barge, hurried over the side, as the blue light of Mr. Wilkinson sent forth its lurid flame upon the ocean. The row-boat pulled eighteen oars; and, now they were double-manned, and every soul, fore and aft, pulled with a willing and free spirit, she flew through the water at a tremendous rate, and in a short space of time Captain Davenant, with nearly fifty stout fellows, was on the beach. The barge, with twenty more, was not long after him; but, to make assurance doubly sure, without endangering the life of a single man, the row-boat was sent back for a reinforcement, which was not long in arriving. The disposal of his force was promptly arranged by Captain Davenant; the boats were hauled out to a distance, and laid at a grapnel, and, every thing being completed, the commander resumed his conversation with the forecastle-man.

"This, then, is the spot," said the captain, looking around him, "but you spoke of some small cavern."

"Owld Betty's Nook, your honour," returned Bob; "it's just here-away, if your honour wishes to see it."

They walked towards the foot of the cliff, and the seaman pointed out the place. "But what became of your father, Soames?" inquired the captain.

"He did not hold to windard long arterwards, your honour," replied the man, "and was soon laid alongside of the owld woman."

"How came you in the service, my man?" asked the captain.

"I entered in a Garnsey privateer— got taken by the French — made my escape from prison — was crimped for an Ingeeman — had the voyage out—was pressed in Madderas roads, and drafted into the frigate," replied Bob.

"This is a strange tale you have been telling me, Soames," said the captain; "and, if the child has not been discovered since, you may be arraigned for murder."

"I hopes not, your honour, for I'm as innocent as an onborn babby," returned the seaman.

A signal from one of the lookers-out apprised them that the enemy was approaching, and in an instant every soul was crouching or lying down, so as not to be perceived. The Frenchmen, with their captives and their plunder, descended to the beach — the ladies weeping and terrified, surrounded by female domestics — Dimsdale (who had recovered) and old Tom, bound together, with their arms lashed behind them, venting their anger

in reproaches and imprecations. The men who accompanied the baronet, as well as the male servants, carried the booty, whilst the Frenchmen, escorting the whole, were priding themselves on the cleverness with which they had executed their project.

"What are your intentions, monsieur?" inquired Lady Esdaile of the officer who walked by her side. "You surely do not mean to carry us to France?"

"Non, non, madame," returned the Frenchman; "mais every one must remain here till my men have embarked, and we put to sea. Then you are free. It gives me much grief, miladi, to put you to such great inconvenience, but our own personal safety requires it."

"I do not think you will meet with encouragement from your countrymen for such an act, monsieur," said the lady, "to say nothing of the want of courtesy and kindness to females; I think the fact of your turning robber will meet with retaliation and punishment. The law of nations—"

"Pardonnez, madame," interrupted the officer, "it is the law of necessity — the prize we have made, if once across the Channel, will help to support existence, and enable us to fit out a larger vessel than these boats. Eh, mon Dieu, where are they gone? Jaques! Pierre! Jean!"

No answer was given to his hail, for Jaques, Pierre, and Jean were safe on board the frigate. The whole detachment were by this time close to the water, and yet nothing could be seen, to the excessive consternation of the Frenchmen.

At this moment a shrill whistle was heard reverberating from the cliff — the next instant four or five blue lights were burning in different directions so as to show the overwhelming force of Captain Davenant, who rushed singly forward, commanding them to surrender, or, as pirates, they should meet with no mercy. Had not terror paralyzed the faculties of the Frenchman, he might have been assured that the English would not have fired a shot whilst their own countrymen and women would have been exposed to its destructive effect. But Captain Davenant, as soon as he heard the voices of females, suspected what had taken place, and consequently had passed the word for the lights to be shown, that the enemy might at once perceive all resistance to be useless. And so it turned out, for, on the British officer ordering them to lay down their arms, they turned and gazed with dread upon the opposing array, and promptly complied. Some, indeed, who detected the boats lying at their grapnels, plunged into the sea and swam towards them, to find that they were in other hands, and to resign themselves as prisoners.

To secure the Frenchmen, hail the boats, and put the whole on board, was the work of very short time. Old Tom got released from the baronet, who, apprehensive that his own conduct might not appear very proper in the estimation of Captain Davenant, was seeking an opportunity to steal away, but the veteran stuck close to him, and charged a sergeant of marines to take him into safe keeping, which, being backed by Lady Esdaile, the Dimsdale party were taken into custody — the main body of the seamen embarked with orders to return on board, and Captain Davenant, having directed that none but his own barge should wait for him, offered his arm to Lady Esdaile, and, requesting his son, the young lieutenant, to render the same assistance to the fair daughter, they quitted the beach, a party of marines under a sergeant guarding the captives.

Sweet to the heart are the effusions of gratitude from female lips, and fervent were the thanks of Lady Esdaile as she walked by the side of her gallant deliverer, and narrated the events connected with the attack of Dimsdale, &c. But the captain's responses were few, and, having been many years in a hot climate, the cold air as he ascended seemed to make him tremble. On the other hand, the young lieutenant was never more communicative — he related to the fair girl the cause of their coming to the rescue, with every

particular that had since occurred, and expressed, in warm terms, the happiness he felt at having been the humble (!) instrument of service to one so young and beautiful. The maiden, on her part, was not backward in describing the attack of Dimsdale, the intrepid behaviour of old Tom, and their astonishment when they found their supposed succour converted into a desperate enemy. Delightedly did the young officer listen to the commendations of the fair girl, and, when they reached the lodge at the entrance to the grounds, they were happy in each other's society, and reserve had been banished from both their minds.

In a very short time, the Belle Vue was (comparatively speaking) restored to order. Lady Esdaile and her daughter retired to change their dresses, and Captain Davenant embraced the opportunity of having the lawyer brought before him.

"You are, sir, I understand, an Englishman and a relative of Lady Esdaile's," said the captain, as he stood, a noble-looking figure, in his handsome uniform, leaning against the mantel-piece by the fire. The lieutenant was standing a short distance from him, and near the door were the sergeant and Soames.

"I am, as you observe, an Englishman, and a relative of the late Sir James Esdaile, to whose title I have succeeded," answered the lawyer.

"And yet, sir, you not only insult the widow and her daughter, but, like a thief, a robber, you break in upon her dwelling, and endeavour to rob her of her right, and murder her peace!" sternly exclaimed the captain.

"I am not accountable to you for any of my actions, Captain Davenant," returned the baronet proudly, "nor do I see by what law you have thought fit to detain me here."

"Wretch! do not assume the bully," vociferated the officer. "Let it suffice that I have detained you—that I will detain you. You may seek your remedy afterwards, in any way you choose."

The lawyer found he had a determined man to deal with, and, sensible that he had himself exceeded the law, he changed his tactics to a more humble position. "I admit, Captain Davenant," said he, "that my conduct must appear extremely strange and even indecorous to you; but remember, sir, you have only heard an *ex-parte* statement, and much as gentlemen of your cloth are attached to the ladies, yet I have heard that justice in your decisions prevails over even that. Have I your permission to proceed in my narrative?"

"Go on, sir," said the captain, "and that I may not appear discourteous—though I do but usurp authority—I beg you would be seated."

The lawyer, however, declined; he had been accustomed to stand whilst speaking, and to sit

now might weaken his arguments. With the well-initiated adroitness of his profession, he entered upon the history of his case, so as deeply to interest the passions and feelings of the naval chief. He spoke with energy and warmth of the early attachment of Lady Esdaile to young Blakeney—insisted upon a union between them having taken place, and his having incontestable evidence to prove it. He then skilfully described in glowing colours the anguish and grief of Lady Esdaile at being compelled to marry Sir James during Blakeney's absence at sea — the return of the young man — the means that were used to soothe him — his quitting his native land, but having been again seen since the births of the children—his once more embarking for India, and sinking in a wreck in the Atlantic Ocean — in short, nothing was omitted that could possibly tell in his favour; and to those parts that were adverse to him he gave such a false colouring as to make the worse appear the better cause. "Thus, Captain Davenant," he continued, "you must perceive that, in the delicacy of my situation, I have done all that could be required of me. Had Miss Amelia graciously listened to my proposition —which I call Heaven to witness was made as much in consideration of her welfare as my own happiness—had she consented, I should not in a moment of intemperance and disappointment have

acted with the rashness of which they certainly have just cause to complain. By the death of the late baronet, the title descended to me—the estates he had willed to his heirs lawfully begotten—mark that, sir, for it is the most important feature of the whole—the estates, I say, he had willed to his heirs lawfully begotten, and, as the lady had committed bigamy—"

"Liar! detestable liar!" shouted the captain, in a voice of thunder, just at the moment when, unperceived by him, the door of the room was opening. "The fame of her whom you would sully is as pure as that of an angel! Villain! wretch! coward! I am WILLIAM BLAKENEY!"

Dimsdale recoiled in real alarm, so angry and determined was the countenance of the naval commander, and it is probable that the latter, in his indignation and wrath, might have been induced to inflict personal chastisement, but the opening door was suddenly thrown back, and Lady Esdaile, who had heard the announcement, uttered a hurried exclamation, and, rushing into the room, seized the captain by the arm. The light from a powerful lamp fell strongly on his face; the features, though time-worn and furrowed, were promptly recognized, and the gasping lady, to the astonishment of the young lieutenant and Miss Esdaile, ejaculated, "It is! it is! it must

be William!" and fainted in his arms. Old feelings and affections, that had never been thoroughly subdued, burst out with renewed vigour; the captain pressed the woman he had once so tenderly loved to his brave and generous heart; restoratives were promptly applied, and Lady Esdaile recovering, exclaimed, "William! William! can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Amelia!" uttered the captain; "oh, there is much on both sides to be forgiven. I must tell you all, but promise, promise that when you have heard what I have to communicate, you will not — yet, no, it would be dishonourable to exact promises; and as my narrative will, in a great degree, affect this would-be baronet, he may remain and hear it. I must first revert to that soul-sickening moment when, with eager hope and ardent love, I returned from my voyage to find you the bride of another. As for that fellow's tale of a previous marriage, it is a vile fabrication of his own inventing, and I dare him to the proof — he will not attempt subornation of perjury with a living witness to refute the whole—and as for his title! — but I will proceed. Almost heart-broken and despairing, Lady Esdaile, many were the weary and heavy hours I passed concealed in this neighbourhood, that I might at times unseen behold you; and, the better to disguise my purpose, both name and habit were

changed, and, on my return from every voyage, I have lingered after nightfall round this dwelling only to catch one glimpse of the woman I had so ardently loved. I cannot divine the motive that urged me to this — it seemed a species of monomania, for, notwithstanding the bitter anguish almost to madness that it caused me, I could not refrain, and the only pleasure in life I experienced was being near you, though unseen, unknown, uncared for. It was about twelve months after this event that I entered the service of my country —officers were scarce, and a burning, inextinguishable desire took possession of my breast to rise in my profession, that at some future time you might ascertain that the man whom you had abandoned was not unworthy of you."

Lady Esdaile was about to speak: —"Do not interrupt me, my lady, I entreat," said the captain; "hear me before you utter praise, or pronounce my condemnation." The lady was silent.

"We cruised for some time upon the Portsmouth station, and my visits were necessarily short—long absence not being allowed—but every moment I could steal from duty, every four-and-twenty hours' leave I could obtain, was spent disguised in the neighbourhood of Belle Vue. One evening, I was going to say chance, but it must have been the hand of Providence, directed

me to the foot of the Blackgang Chine — it was dark, very dark, and, hearing voices approaching, I retired into a small cavern, and concealed myself in a recess at the extremity, beyond the reach of any person walking about, unless they stooped purposely to grope for me. I had often been in the place before, and now, as I said, holding my breath, I overheard a conversation between two persons relative to a child—a boy that one of them had stolen from his home."

"William — Captain Davenant, or Blakeney, whatever your name may be — for the love of Heaven do not keep me in suspense!" exclaimed Lady Esdaile: "that child—the boy—say—was it—" and she looked imploringly in his face, "was it my own, my lost one?"

There was not an individual in the room but had listened with eager, almost breathless, attention to the captain's recital; but it was evident that towards the latter part none were more excited than Bob Soames. He gasped convulsively —uttered occasional ejaculations—crushed his hat between his hands, and seemed ready to start away. But when he heard the appeal, he cried like an infant, and, running forward, fell at her ladyship's feet, almost choked with agitation. Lady Esdaile looked upon him, at first supposing that he might be her long-mourned son—but the age of the man forbade the hope.

"How's this, Soames?" inquired the captain. "Silence, sir," and, turning to the young lieutenant, "have the goodness to remove him from the room, and remain till sent for." The officer obeyed. "And now, Amelia — that is, Lady Esdaile — I will readily answer your question. I have every reason to believe it was your son."

"Does he live, William? was his life spared?" eagerly asked the lady. "Oh, pity the agony of a bereaved mother, and tell me all!"

"I will, my lady, I will," replied the agitated captain; "but for the sake of all, I must pursue my own course — rest satisfied, Amelia — dearest Amelia, rest satisfied — I will conceal nothing. From the conversation of the two men, I feared that murder was contemplated — however, they quitted the cave, leaving the child behind. I crept from my concealment, found where the boy was lying bound, and, taking him in my arms, succeeded in getting away unperceived. At first my purpose was to carry him to Belle Vue, and prove to you that I still had your happiness at heart— but some demon instilled a vengeful feeling into my soul—it whispered, 'You have been despised once; what if you should be again spurned!' and then revenge took possession of my faculties. I will not, however, harass you or myself by a repetition of my motives; let it suffice that I took the boy on board with me—framed an excuse to my

commander, with whom I was an especial favourite —that it was my own — its mother dead — and earnestly implored permission for it to remain with me." Lady Esdaile drew her breath convulsively. "The prayer was granted — the very next day our foretopsel was loosed for the East Indies, and the day following we were running down Channel with a fair wind." He rang the bell. "Lady Esdaile—as James Davenant, that lad has shared my fortune, which has not been niggardly." The lieutenant entered, and the captain, taking him by the hand, said, with strong emotion, as he approached the lady, "And now I have pride and joy in presenting to his mother Sir James Esdaile."

Earnest was the gaze of the affectionate parent as she held the young officer at a distance, the better to look upon his features, then, throwing her arms round the neck of the astonished youth, she exclaimed, "It is, it is my child! Amelia, embrace your brother!"

The affair was promptly explained to the lieutenant, whose gratification was unbounded. "And now, sir, I presume," said the captain, addressing Dimsdale, "you must be satisfied that your claim to title or estate vanishes into nothing, and you are at the mercy of Lady Esdaile."

"I have nothing but your bare assertion, sir," returned the lawyer. "The child you found

might not have been the lost son of Sir James Esdaile."

"You shall have further proof, sir," declared the captain. "Sergeant, call in Robert Soames."

Poor Bob made his appearance, and, at the command of his superior, repeated his strange, eventful tale, and this time, being the third, he did it well, leaving not a shadow of a doubt of the young lieutenant's identity. There were joyous hearts that night at Belle Vue, and old Tom was in his glory. Dimsdale and his party were turned out with ignominy, and Captain Davenant gave his protégé leave of absence. But his own immediate duty demanded his presence aboard, and, taking leave, he was soon on the deck of his frigate.

The rest may be summed up in a few words. The lawyer saw that all his plans were defeated, and stayed the suit. Lady Esdaile was married to her first lover, and several years afterwards Captain Sir James Esdaile followed the remains of his father-in-law, Vice-Admiral Davenant, to the house appointed for all living. Lady Davenant and old Tom did not long survive him, and both were buried in the same tomb. Old Betty's Nook may be seen unchanged to the present day.

THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

The Peasantry of England,
  The merry hearts and free;
The sword may boast a braver band—
  But give the scythe to me!
Give me the fame of industry;
  Worth all your classic tomes!
God guard the English Peasantry,
  And grant them happy homes!

The sinews of old England!
  The bulwarks of the soil!
How much we owe each manly hand,
  Thus fearless of its toil!
Oh, he who loves the harvest free,
  Will sing where'er he roams,
God bless the English Peasantry,
  And give them happy homes!

God speed the plough of England!
  We'll hail it with three cheers:
And here's to those whose labour planned
  The all which life endears!
May still the wealth of Industry
  Be seen where'er man roams;
A cheer for England's Peasantry!
  God send them happy homes!

COUNT EGMONT SURRENDERING TO THE DUKE OF ALBA.

COUNT EGMONT.

Few examples in history show, in a more striking manner, how different individuals may aim at the same end, and how this may be attained by the one, and missed by the other, according to the fitness of the means employed, than the lives of Charles V. and Philip II. Both ambitious and enamoured of power, each strove still further to extend his boundless empire, and to deprive his subjects of their rights. To accomplish this latter purpose, the father shrouded himself in popular forms, and obtained all that he desired, whereas the son, the worthy husband of our Queen Mary, lost by his pride and inflexibility some of the fairest gems of his crown.

Among the manifold instances of [illegible] which history has preserved, [illegible] Count Egmont stands conspicuous. Regardless of the important services rendered to himself and his country by that highly accomplished nobleman, he abandoned him to the ferocious envy of that sanguinary executioner, the Duke of Alba, whose name is transmitted to posterity, clad in horror.

The struggle of the Low Countries with this

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Among the manifold instances of his unblushing ingratitude, which history has recorded, his conduct towards the Count Egmont stands pre-eminent. Regardless of the important services rendered to himself and his father by that highly accomplished nobleman, he abandoned him to the ferocious envy of that sanguinary executioner, the Duke of Alba, whose name is transmitted to posterity, clad in horror.

The struggle of the Low Countries with this

sovereign, Philip II. of Spain, and which, after a duration of eighty years, ended in the establishment of a new republican state in Europe, has justly been considered as one of the most remarkable and interesting events of modern history. A people unwarlike and unassuming, but jealous of the rights and liberties by which it was distinguished among the nations of Europe, sets the first example in modern times of raising the standard of revolt against its sovereign, who was the most powerful monarch of that epoch, and who had presumed to violate the laws which he had solemnly sworn to maintain. The atrocities that were intended to reduce them to subjection had no other result than that of calling forth the courage of despair; and the peaceful inhabitants of commercial cities exhibited to the astonished world a succession of heroic deeds, which prefer a just claim to the admiration of all ages. The ocean was principally the theatre of these exploits, which had the double effect of diminishing the means of the tyrant, and multiplying those of the champions of religious and political liberty.

Lamoraul, Count of Egmont, was descended from one of the most illustrious families in the Netherlands, and the splendour of his name was enhanced by his marriage with the Duchess Sabina of Bavaria. With the polished manners of the courtier he combined the frankness of the soldier.

The victories obtained over the French at St. Quentin and Gravelines, which were followed by the peace of Catteau-Cambresis, so advantageous to the Spaniards, had established his military renown, and caused him to be distinguished by the name of Liberator of Flanders.* His appointment to accompany Philip to England on occasion of the marriage of the latter with Queen Mary, proved how high he stood in the favour of the emperor, who, together with several other princes, had graced the court-wedding with his presence; and when Philip departed from the Netherlands, the general expectation was, that either this nobleman or the Prince of Orange, whose eminent qualities had also in a high degree obtained him the confidence of Charles V., would be placed at the head of the government. Indeed, when the king appointed his natural sister, Margaret of Parma, as governante-general, he attributed this appointment to the difficulty of choosing between those illustrious individuals.

The establishment of the Romish Inquisition in the Netherlands, and the atrocities committed by that sanguinary tribunal, grieved the Count Eg-

* In commemoration of the battle of St. Quentin, the monastery of the Escurial, so renowned for its magnificence, was built, at an enormous expence, by Philip II.; and at the battle of Gravelines, Count Egmont, with his own hand, took prisoner the Marshal de Thermes.

mont on account of the calamities which they brought on his country, but did not shake his fidelity to his sovereign. When he was sent by the governante to Madrid, to acquaint the king with the real state of things, and to solicit a relaxation of the rigorous edicts issued against the heretics, he was received with the most flattering marks of distinction, and loaded with favours and honours; and even the Spanish nobles overcame their envy, and treated him with the greatest regard.

This same mission, however, proved a source of great mortification, for the king, having lulled him with fair promises, couched in general terms, he, on his return, excited the most pleasing expectations for the future. But, these being soon disappointed by the severe measures of the court, pursued in consequence of secret instructions sent by the monarch, the count became sensible that he had been duped by Philip.

His fidelity, nevertheless, remained unimpaired; and when the Prince of Orange, at the commencement of the disturbances, retired from the council of state, upon pretext that, his advice not being heeded, his presence there could no longer be of any utility, the count, who, in the main, agreed in opinion with the prince, not only did not follow that example, as Count Hoorn, the third of this noble triumvirate, did; but when afterwards (the

state of things having constantly grown more inauspicious) a conference of some of the principal nobles took place at Termonde, in Flanders, at which a plan of reasonable resistance against the newly-projected oppressive measures of government was proposed, he decidedly declared himself against it, and thenceforth more closely attached himself to the governante, thereby completely defeating the plan of the Prince of Orange, who had reckoned upon his powerful co-operation.

It cannot be denied, that the count's adherence to the cause of the king was in a great measure to be attributed to his love of the pleasures and splendour of a court life, as well as to his solicitude for the fate of his eleven children, and above all for that of a beloved spouse, likewise accustomed to luxurious indulgences of state and wealth. If by the sacrifice of his life he could have promoted the welfare of his country, no one would have been more ready to offer it than the Count of Egmont; but to expose himself to the loss of his estates, to subject himself and his consort to a life of comparative privations, and to see the path of honour and distinctions closed against his children, this was the sort of courage which surpassed his strength. Moreover, he could not believe in the possibility of such a degree of ingratitude and perfidy in Philip as the suspicions of the Prince of Orange seemed to lay to his charge.

As the governante was particularly desirous that the latter nobleman should resume his seat in the council of state, among other means it was proposed to him to hold a conference with the count. He assented the more readily to this proposal, as, being resolved to place himself beyond the reach of the storm which he saw approaching, he hoped to prevail upon his friend also to do the same. The conference took place at a village between Brussels and Ghent, called Willebroek, and in the presence of two or three other noblemen who accompanied Egmont. They employed their united eloquence to induce the prince to change his resolution, but in vain. The count, having drawn him towards a window, said:—"If you persist in your designs, Orange, you will pay for it with the forfeiture of all your property."—"And you, Egmont," replied the prince, "you will forfeit your life, if you persist in your's. I shall at least have the consolation of having tried to serve my country and my friends in the hour of danger, but you will carry your friends and country along with you in your fall."

Neither of the friends could convince the other; they took an affectionate leave, and were never to behold each other again!

The firm and, at the same time, prudent measures of the governante, energetically seconded by the Prince of Orange and the Counts Egmont and

Hoorn, in their capacity of governors of their respective provinces, had completely succeeded in quelling the disturbances that had broken out, and in putting down all public display on the part of the new religionists, who indeed had mostly fled the country, and many of whom had been executed. She rejoiced at having it in her power to send this intelligence to the king, whom she strongly advised, under existing circumstances, not to send the armed force, under the command of the Duke of Alba, which had been announced, and which she said could have no other effect now than exciting uneasiness and fear, which undoubtedly would lead to fresh disturbances. Philip, however, was not satisfied with the triumph obtained: vengeance it was that his soul panted after. Alba and his army, consisting of men selected from the choicest troops in the service of Spain, soldiers for many years accustomed to victory wherever they beheld a foe, were sent. They arrived in the Netherlands preceded by terror, for the fame of their cruelty and depravity was not inferior to that of their valour. Panic-struck, more than a hundred thousand mostly of the wealthiest inhabitants left the country, and Commerce, which had established her throne in it, was terrified into complete stagnation.

On Alba's arrival in the Low Countries, most of the nobles went to compliment him, and the

Count of Egmont was one of the number. When he approached the duke, the latter said to those near him, but in a loud voice: "Here comes a great heretic." The count, having heard these words, was much startled by them, and changed colour, whereupon Alba, wishing to repair his blunder, stepped smiling towards him, greeted him cordially, and even embraced him. Egmont, surprised at so much politeness, was ashamed of his alarm, regarded the exclamation as a mere joke, and confirmed the new friendship by the present of two beautiful horses. Alba's caresses succeeded in lulling the principal noblemen, and particularly the Count Egmont, into entire security; and the wonted splendid festivals began to revive. Even the Count of Hoorn had been induced to leave his estates, and to repair to Brussels.

The duke deemed the favourable moment to have arrived. The least untoward occurrence, he thought, might again disperse his assembled victims. He therefore fixed a day for the execution of his infernal design. On the 9th of September, 1567, he convoked an assembly of the knights of the golden fleece, to deliberate on matters of importance. Egmont and Hoorn were among them. Alba protracted the deliberations until he had received tidings of certain individuals, for whose apprehension in the mean time he had issued secret orders, being actually secured, upon which he

closed the session. He then went with Egmont into another apartment, and there said: "Count, surrender your sword, and yourself a prisoner; this is the king's pleasure." The count, being much startled, made an attempt to escape, but was immediately surrounded by a party of soldiers, who had been concealed in an adjoining room. Thus betrayed, he surrendered his sword, saying: "Many a time this weapon has been useful to my king and to my country." Count Hoorn was arrested in a similar manner by Don Frederick, one of Alba's sons. When he inquired for Egmont and learned the melancholy fact, he said: "I have suffered myself to be guided by his counsels; it is just that we should suffer the same fate."

When the news of these events became public, they spread general consternation, and Egmont was not less censured for his confidence than he was pitied. At the same time, the penetration of the Prince of Orange, who had retired to his states in Germany, was the theme of universal admiration.

It is scarcely necessary to relate the ultimate fate of the two victims, although the semblance of a trial was given them before a totally unlawful extraordinary tribunal, of which the Duke of Alba himself was president, and which acted on the principle proclaimed by the supreme junta of the Inquisition, that all the inhabitants of the

Netherlands were guilty of high treason, some on account of their enmity to the established religion, and the others because they had not sufficiently exerted themselves in its defence.

In order to make a great show of the prisoners' guilt, Egmont's impeachment contained no fewer than eighty-eight, and that of Hoorn sixty-three articles, many of which were of the most frivolous nature, and every one could be victoriously refuted; but the prisoners principally dwelt on the incompetency of the tribunal, because, as knights of the golden fleece, they could only be judged by their peers. In the mean time, the intercession of almost every court in Europe was invoked by the relatives of the unhappy noblemen, and particularly by the Countess of Egmont, in consequence of which numerous applications from the highest quarters were made to Philip in their favour. All was, however, in vain; and, notwithstanding the assurance of the Emperor Maximilian to the countess, that she had nothing to fear, they were, on the 1st of June, 1568, declared guilty, and ordered to be executed on the 5th, consequently after having been nearly nine months in prison.

To add to the awfulness of the scene, and to strike the people with terror, during the three days which preceded the execution, twenty-five noblemen, among whom was Egmont's secretary, were, many of them in the most cruel manner, put

to death at Brussels; and when, on the latter of these days, the high-minded Countess of Egmont stooped so far as to prostrate herself before Alba, and crave her husband's liberation, the monster not only remained unmoved, but ironically answered: "Never fear, madam; to-morrow your husband will be free."

The Bishop of Ypres had been selected by Alba to communicate the sentence to the unfortunate nobles only in the night between the 4th and 5th. When the venerable priest received these orders, he threw himself at the duke's feet, and implored pardon, or at least some delay; but the reply, pronounced in an angry tone, was: — "You have not been called upon to oppose the sentence, but to render it supportable to the condemned."

As the love and esteem which the people entertained for the two noblemen, and particularly for Count Egmont, were well known, every precaution was taken to prevent disturbance, and a great military display made. To render the scene as impressive as possible, the scaffold was covered with black cloth. When the count's hands were about to be bound, he begged to be spared this affront, and he had himself cut off the collar of his doublet, in order to facilitate the task of the executioner. He wore a scarlet robe, and over it a black Spanish cloak, set off with gold. When he had ascended the fatal spot, he seemed inclined to

address the public, but the Bishop of Ypres, who accompanied him, induced him to relinquish this idea. He expressed his regret at not dying in a manner more glorious for his king and country; and even still he imagined that the king could not be sincere in wishing his death, and that it was only intended to frighten him. At last he accosted an officer, Juan Romero, and asked him if he had to expect no mercy, at which the latter only shrugged his shoulders, and gave no reply. The count then threw off his cloak, knelt down on the cushion, and prayed. The bishop gave him a crucifix to kiss, after which the count made him a sign to retire, covered his eyes with a black silk cap, and received the fatal blow.

Immediately afterwards Count Hoorn appeared, and underwent the same fate. This nobleman had been much more vehement, and at first he had even refused to submit to any religious ceremonies. The heads of the two victims were for several hours placed on pikes. The consternation at this tragical event was great, and spread all over the country. It is said that even the soldiers who surrounded the scaffold could not help shedding tears.

It may be observed in conclusion, that, by Alba's own confession, during the six years of his administration in the Netherlands, more than eighteen thousand persons perished on the scaffold!

E. Corbould. pinx.t London Pub.d by A. Siermann & Co. 1840. C. Mills Sculp.t

THE MASQUERADE.

THE MASQUERADE.

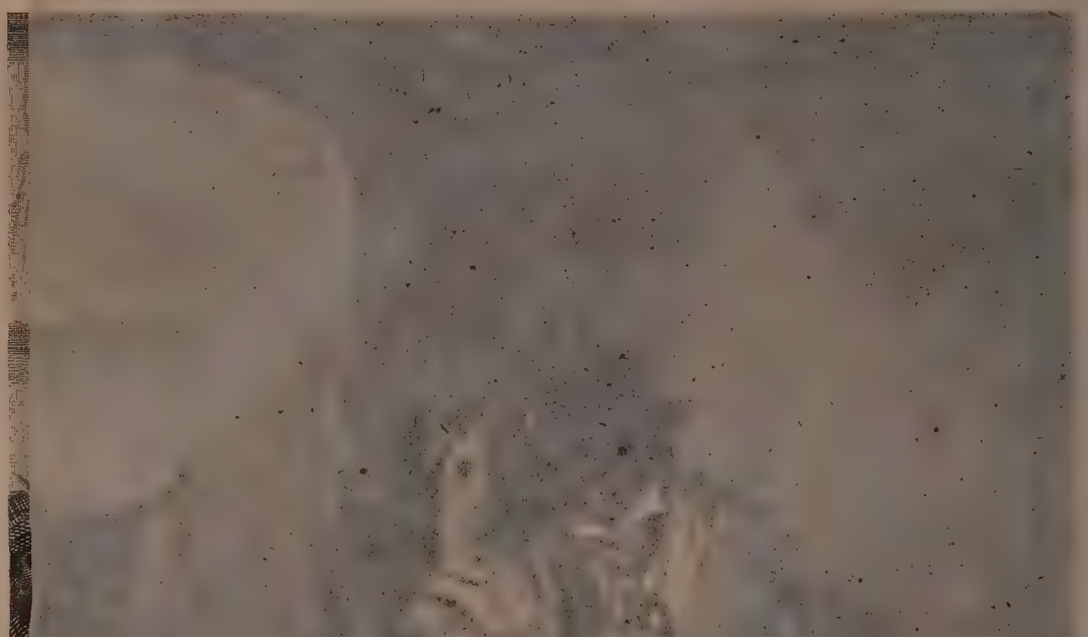
A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

Oh, come to my side, oh come, spirit of love!
Of the land of all beauty, the land of the south,
Where the sun is not veiled in the shimmer of sky
But shoots on the earth all the energy of fire
With which he has mixed all the odors and all streams
Of the rose-tinted East. Oh, come to my dream

Fanny.

The finest season of Italy, and, of course, of the world, is the Neapolitan spring. The earth is then covered with a vegetation pure and green as the emerald; the sky is soft, serene, and reinvigorating. The air breathes the very spirit of exuberance, and as for the water, it is all dancing, sparkling, and brilliant as if Neptune and Amphitrite held coronelays from week to week, and invited all the men, women, and children of Naples to be of the party. For all the world every human being is rushing, scrambling, rushing and tearing all day and probably all night. But this season of captivation lasts—but two days!

It was on one of the evenings of this very pleasant season that the Count Conte Wendt issued one of his occasional summons to the Royal Family, and to everything resembling it in or near Naples, to meet at the door of his splendid villa on the Chevalier Andreas Swedinski on the Chiaja. The door



THE MASQUERADE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

Oh, come to my side, oh come, till I tell
Of the land of all beauty, the land of the spell,
Where there is not a star in the summer eve's sky
But sheds on the earth, or the water, its dye;
Where Love is the spirit of mount and of stream,
And Life glides away in one exquisite dream.

TASSONI.

THE finest season of Italy, and, of course, of the world, is the Neapolitan spring. The earth is then covered with a vegetation pure and green as the emerald; the sky is soft, serene, and enchanting. The air breathes the very spirit of existence, and as for the water, it is all dancing, sparkling, and brilliant, as if Neptune and Amphitrite held court-days from week to week, and invited all the men, women, and children of "Napoli" to be of the party. For on those waters every human being is sailing, swimming, rowing, and singing all day, and probably all night. But this season of captivation lasts—but ten days!

It was on one of the evenings of this very lovely season, that the Count Carlo Vivaldi, cornet in the mounted chasseurs of the Royal Guard, and reigning *merveilleux* of the moment, touched lightly at the door of the apartment of the Chevalier Andreas Gradinski on the Chiaja. The door

opened, and the chevalier was seen enjoying all the luxury of that most delicious of the twenty-four hours, stretched on his sofa in front of a huge casement, with the breeze fanning the curtains, cool from the Bay, and with the whole unrivalled panorama before him, covered with all the red, blue, and green of a southern sunset, and Capri in the midst, more glittering and golden than any thing since the car of Apollo.

The chevalier was apparently about forty, with a countenance of strong and rather stern lines, a powerful eye, and a lip whose involuntary curl, from time to time, showed that he could sneer and smile with equal effect. But he was evidently an admirer of the Neapolitan taste in furnishing apartments; for all round him was a melange of that luxury and irregularity which is to be found in every opulent chamber of the South. The tesselated floor had probably not been washed since the accession of the Spanish line. The curtains, though worthy of the looms of Turkey, and embroidered like the trowsers of a Persian Sultana, exhibited the work of time, as well as the hand of man. And under their shadow stood so many bronze Apollos and alabaster nymphs, piled on so many pedestals of marble, mixed with so many glaring specimens of the Neapolitan school, the most varnish-loving in the world; so many charming antiques, with so many formidable modern imitations; that the chevalier might have been taken,

as one was in the mood, for a prince, or a pawnbroker; an antiquarian, smit with the rage of *virtu*, or a trafficker in those wares which extract so many pounds sterling from the capacious pocket of that most innocent and curiosity-loving of all human dupes, the travelling John Bull. A guitar and a cremona resting on a table mosaicked with the whole Napoleon dynasty, exhibited his taste in music; and a magnificent hookah, from which he was inhaling the smoke of a mixture of sandalwood and rose-leaves, showed that the chevalier had not been among the followers of the Prophet in vain.

The count's entrance was recognized by a slight bow and a slighter smile, but it was not suffered to disturb the equanimity of a countenance which seemed to be that moment in the highest state of epicureanism.

"What, still here?" said Vivaldi; "you will be too late at the Corso."

Gradinski, leisurely taking the pipe from his lips, and in a tone scarcely above a whisper—it would have been too much trouble to have spoken louder—said, "I see it all before me; what can I get by joining in it worth this Turkish tobacco and the breeze through this casement?"

"What can you get! why you can at least get rid of being alone; besides, you will see some remarkably pretty women."

"Probably; but at this distance I see them,

without hearing them talk; so they have all chances in their favour. The sex to me are like opera-singers, delightful at the distance of the stage, but both their rouge and their voices require distance for complete captivation."

"No, no," said Vivaldi, "I abhor sentiment of any kind. But I see there three English heiresses, rich as Crœsus; every soul of them dying with delight at every thing Neapolitan, from a lazzarone up to a field-marshal, and ready to fall into the hands of the first dancing-master, valet, or chevalier d'industrie, who calls himself a duke, wears an order of St. Januarius at his button-hole, and promises them a principality at the top, or — the bottom, of Vesuvius."

"Well, Count, do you want me to fall in love with any one of the three, or with them all? Am I to supersede you, or act the Grand Turk? You need not be so desperate. If one wife tries a man's philosophy, what must the triple chain be? I have not fortitude enough for the experiment."

"Yet one of them is certainly very handsome," said Vivaldi, with a conscious look.

"Well, then make her my compliments, and tell her that if she is matrimonially disposed, and will be content to purchase me with her rent-roll, while dukes and princes are to be had for nothing; I shall have the honour of recommending to her notice a noble chevalier of the Guards of his Majesty of all the Russias, who will spend her

guineas in the most brilliant possible manner. Now, go, and lose no time."

"The truth is," said Vivaldi, hesitatingly, "that I wished to talk to you upon this very subject. The English *dama* is really lovely, and worth venturing for. I met her at one of the court balls, danced with her, and thought that she had no particular objection to my devoirs. In short, the affair seemed so obvious, that I had to cut off the moustaches of a prodigious German baron, who threatened to sabre me for superseding him; and within these twenty-four hours I have been obliged to run the chance of having my throat cut by a French colonel, who swore ten thousand *sacres* that I had insulted the whole French army, Napoleon and all, by carrying off the lady on whose purse he had fixed his affections. Luckily, I ran him through the sword-arm, and thus escaped—for the time."

"Capital! of course this settled the affair with the lady. I never knew any woman resist a fellow who has fought for her. A soldier, a swordsman, and an Adonis, any one of the titles would be strong, but the three together are irresistible. But what will you have me do? Is she to run away with you, or you with her? Am I to fight the guardian, or bribe the priest? Are you to turn knight-errant, or act the regular bridegroom? In all cases, I am perfectly at your service."

Gradinski rose from his sofa, threw off his robe de chambre, and, taking a jewel-hilted rapier from the wall, began to practise fencing. His tall and muscular figure, brought out into full action, seemed made for the champion, and the vigour and rapidity of his thrusts showed how formidable an antagonist he might be in a real encounter.

"Bravo, chevalier!" said Vivaldi, gazing at his feats; "I see you can be as good as your word; and the fact is, that you *have* saved me infinite difficulty. There *is* a rival in the case. My Englishwoman has jilted me in the most intolerable manner, and for *him*. For the last month she has avoided me; but, at the court-ball last night, she absolutely forgot my existence. Her eyes were occupied with another object; and, on my venturing to ask the honour of her hand, in the most submissive manner, for the next gallopade, she absolutely lost the faculty of hearing. It was fortunate that I could not apply to any other of her senses, for the result would evidently have been to deprive her in succession of them all."

"The most common case in the world, my dear Vivaldi," said the chevalier, turning with a patronizing look on the glowing countenance and elegant figure of the young soldier. "You have made *mauvaise tactique*. Your blushing innocence in the matter of women has betrayed you. Rely

upon the experience of one who knows them well; that, if you wish them to kick you, the true way is to throw yourself at their feet: and the equally true way to make them follow you is to turn your back upon them."

"But what is to be done? I am in a state of distraction." The handsome count strode up and down the apartment, with the energy of his countrymen on all occasions, of debt, dancing, and despair. "This rival of mine is the talk, the gaze, the holiday wonder, of the court; certainly one of the handsomest fellows that has ever appeared there. I think he calls himself a Greek, Count Cantacuzene, royally descended, and so forth. I must run him through, or shoot him, for all that; and you must help me."

"With infinite pleasure," was the reply. "But *can* the lady, can *any* lady, be serious in declining the very Vesuvian heart, and, I will allow, the very well-made figure of the Count Vivaldi? What will King Joachim say? what will the women say? what will the world say?"

"That I am mad!" was the answer.

"Well, the case is common. But, you should have waited for half a dozen years more, until the volcano that is born within every man was burnt out. Then you might have fallen in love — with the lady's equipage and estate; without caring the value of a Neapolitan order whether either she or

yourself had a heart. Come, the day is hot, take a glass of this sherbet; it was made by the receipt which I had from the lips of the reigning Sultana. Her highness could not have written it for the diadem of Constantinople. Or take this guitar, and like a true son of the Campagna Felice, thrum away all your sorrows to a sonata."

Gradinski offered him the guitar, was refused, threw his fingers across it with the skill of a proficient, and sang a wild, bold air: which he declared to have been his introduction to the heart of a princess of the Uralian mountains. He suddenly broke off, and asked the name of the lovely and right honourable jilt.

"The Lady Caroline Mordaunt."

Gradinski's bronzed cheek grew as sallow as his friend's. A quiver of the daring features showed that he too could writhe. He laid down the guitar, paused for a moment; one of those moments in which such a world of thought may run through the mind; then, like a true son of the continent, tossed his cares to the winds, with something not unlike a decided devotement of her ladyship to a less auspicious protection than that of the saints; and with a Neapolitan twirl of his fingers finished the whole.

This pantomime would have probably produced questions from the young Count, but that for the time he had lost ears, eyes, and tongue; or rather,

his eyes had absorbed all his other senses, they being fixed like two flames upon the slow-moving pageant of a chariot which had just made its entrée upon the Chiaja. It was an English chariot, drawn by a showy pair of English horses, and exhibiting that most superb of all things, a superb English woman; surrounded by half a dozen cavaliers on horseback, who, of course, lived but on her smiles, and to whom she dispensed those smiles with the most generous profusion. An exclamation broke at once from the lips of the two friends — the count's scarcely above a sigh, the chevalier's not far from a sacré.

"So there goes your enchantress," said Gradinski, at last. "To which of those fellows about her am I to carry his death-warrant?"

Vivaldi glanced upon the groupe, as it now passed close under the casement. "To none of them. The gentleman by whom I am superseded I strongly suspect never attempted so rude an experiment as sitting on a horse; he is fitter for sofas, guitars, and cavatinas. Yet he is perhaps only the more suitable to the endless caprices of woman. He is singularly handsome, with that winning tone of voice, half song, half sigh, which the Venetians pronounce perfection; and which his gondola life has taught him, for the honour of our country."

"Well, well," said his friend, "the breeze is too

pleasant for us to waste it in this hot room. Are you for a ride to Pausilippo, or a sail on the Bay? Apropos, to-night the Diamanti makes her debut at the San Carlos, and every villa for ten leagues round will be emptied to see her. *Ah! la bellissima.*" And Gradinski threw himself into an opera attitude, and hummed a popular air.

"I am weary of the world," was Vivaldi's dejected reply.

"Very well. If you are sick of the land, we have only to try the water."

He touched a bell on the table; a valet entered; orders to have the barge prepared were given, and in a few minutes the two friends, with a pair of Neapolitan guitarists, the common appendage of opulent establishments, tinkling their strings to the eccentric but often sweet airs of the lazzaroni, were floating far away from the noise of the city, over waters as smooth and as brilliant as the skies above them.

That night was a memorable one in the city of the Loves and Graces. La Diamanti, who was pronounced to be the daughter of them all, performed *à merveille*. The Neapolitans, the most *cognoscenti* race that ever were enraptured with a cavatina, were in greater raptures than any on record: — "She was a Circe, a Calypso, a living spell!"

But Italy, which has been described as a lovely child, this night showed that the truer comparison

might be—a lovely woman—provided that woman were an Italian. From the smiles of a sunset, which might have figured in a Mahometan paradise, the first caprices of elemental displeasure began to display themselves in flashes and sparklings; soon came clouds that might well pass for frowns of the skies; and then, to drop the picturesque of the portrait, came all the rage, rollings, and roarings of a genuine storm of the South. All Naples was in its usual state of consternation when any thing happens, from the arrival of a new saint or a new fiddler, down to the fall of a dynasty. But the consternation now proceeded to lengths unheard of in Neapolitan annals, for it broke up the opera! For a while the peals of thunder and the glitter of the lightning rather added to the picturesque of affairs upon the stage, and the audience were laying wagers on the rivalry between the prima donna, the kettle-drums, and the tempest. The blue gleams of the lightning, which shot in from the numberless interstices that ventilate roof and wall in every public building of the fairest of all peninsulas, made a brilliant addition to the spangled *jupons* and glass jewelry of one of the shapeliest *corps de ballet* that ever tripped it in Parthenope. All was odd, gay, and wild.

But the plot suddenly thickened. Nature, like truth, is powerful, and *will* prevail. The tempest, as if tired of this child's play, suddenly rose into

vengeance; and, with a roar, to which even the orchestra gave way, a bolt of blue flame darted direct on the royal box, filling the house with livid fire, and throwing actors and audience into colours and attitudes, which made them all look like the circle of winged and fanged chamberlains that attend Don Giovanni in his last capriccio. The blood royal were all on their feet and flying down the steps of the theatre in an instant. The whole audience followed headlong, and the lightning was left to dance at its will among the world of paper palaces and pasteboard parterres.

But a new perplexity was at hand. The storm had raged at least as violently without as within; every vehicle that *ought* to have waited had fled. There was not a *lettura* to be seen approaching the crowd of high-dressed and high-born, who now stood crouching, shuddering, and indignant in the open corridors of the theatre. Monarch and mime, marchesa and milliner's maid, stood in equal discomfiture. Even the royal guard had felt the inequality of "man and steel" to thunder and lightning, and, determining to reserve their lives for the good of their country, had consulted their constitutions by galloping off to their barracks, at the first shower.

The hour was midnight, the darkness was excessive; there was not a lamp burning in all Naples; for the little links which light the little

Madonnas had failed two hours before, through the customary want of oil; and the wind had settled the question with the rest.

But the crowd, already sufficiently squeezed together, seemed suddenly to be squeezed together still more. Cries of wonder, wrath, and quarrel were heard. They were now followed by cries of robbery. Duchesas screamed out that they had lost watches and necklaces worth a year's revenue. Marchesas were stripped to the last pearl. Knights of a dozen orders were left bare of all the emblems of their valour in the campaigns of the drawing-room. In fact, it became clear, without the aid even of the Virgin's little lamps, that a general system of plunder had been suddenly organized; that the thieves of Naples had joined the cognoscenti; and that nothing but an instant rush, even into the tempest, could save them from developments even more formidable: into the torrents and the thunder they rushed accordingly. But every thing in this world has an end; day came at last, and the whole population had a topic of condolence, anecdote, and laughter, as is their custom, for the next four-and-twenty hours.

At the hour when Naples began to be alive again, Vivaldi was duly in the apartment of his friend, with all the impatience of a cornet of the Guard, determined to put his adversary to the sword. Gradinski received him with a graver

look than usual. "I have settled that affair for you," said he; "but I think that it would be advisable for you to consider a little on the subject before you go further."

"Have you seen him? is he ready, or does his Greek countenance hide a Greek heart? Those fellows will talk for ever, but to make them fight is the question," exclaimed Vivaldi.

"You are mistaken," said his friend. "He talks well, and is full as ready as yourself. He is evidently determined to run all hazards for the lady; and the true point now to consider is, whether your Englishwoman, or any woman, is worth having the point of a rapier in your throat, or a brace of bullets sent through your brains."

Vivaldi half drew his sabre, and then sent it with a dash back into the sheath.

"Well, well," said Gradinski; "I advise no more; you shall take your own way; but the count has particularly requested, for the purpose of avoiding éclat, that the affair shall be settled at least a little out of the high road of the city. You shall have my servants and carriage, and I have seen to-day a little quiet spot a league off, with a wood, where you may screen yourself perfectly from observation; with a little church, where, in case of accident, you may have a mass or two said for your recovery; and a burying ground, unused, I believe, since the days of Julius Cæsar, where, if you are in luck, you

may deposit your adversary. And now go, settle your arrears with your confessor, if you have any to settle; and meet me here exactly as the moon rises. Adio: I commit you to San Januario. Begone!"

The moon was just "tipping with silver all the fruit-tree tops," when the two friends again met on the Chiaja. They had entered the chevalier's carriage, and had driven along a few streets, when an unexpected difficulty arose. One of Gradinski's servants came up full speed with a note, which compelled his master's return. The perfumed and rose-coloured paper, with the dance of Cupids painted round its border, sufficiently showed from what quarter it had come, and that the chevalier was bound to obey instantly.

But here another difficulty arose. Where was the count to find a friend at that hour? Gradinski's ready genius solved the problem. They had stopped under the palace windows. It was the night of a court-ball. "There," said he, "you will doubtless find some of the officers of your corps. If it be possible, I shall dispatch this affair of mine at once, and overtake you in time at the place of rendezvous."

Vivaldi sprang from the carriage, and in another moment was in the midst of the royal festivity. In a whisper, he drew one of the officers of his troop aside, and communicated his wish that he

would accompany him instantly and secretly. But Vivaldi's air had attracted observation. There was a look at once of thoughtfulness and triumph in his fine features, of which he himself was wholly unconscious, but which could not escape the quick eyes of his gallant countrymen. To avoid the questions of the circle, he suddenly broke away with his friend; but they had scarcely reached the open road, when they heard the trampling of horses behind them, and found that they were followed by a groupe from the ball-room. It had been discovered that an adventure of some kind or other was going forward; and in the gay idleness of the hour any thing was a resource; the night, too, was tempting, the air delicious, and, accordingly, ten or twelve of the most brilliant figures at the *fête*, with all their orders and badges of office on them, were seen glittering and galloping at the wheels of the britzska. It was in vain that Vivaldi and his friend protested against the pursuit. The more they protested, the more amusing the adventure promised to be, and the more determined the dashing intruders were to see its result, wherever it might lead them.

At length the rendezvous was reached. Gradinski had certainly chosen well, if his purpose was concealment; for the only avenue was by a thicket-path, which led into the bosom of a basin of rocks, apparently the bed of a dried-up lake. A

small open space in the centre, on which a torch fixed in the ground threw a sullen light, showed two figures evidently awaiting their arrival. On their alighting, one of those came forward, and expressed his surprise at the cavalcade "that had so strangely broken in upon a matter in which secrecy seemed so indispensable." Vivaldi again tried his power of remonstrance, and succeeded; but only to the extent that his officious friends should retire out of sight till the event was decided.

His personal opponent now came forward. The slight and elegant figure seemed ill matched with the tall and showy stature of the guardsman, but the step was stately, and the attitude into which he threw himself on drawing his sword showed that at least the graces of the science had not escaped him. Vivaldi also put himself on his defence. But scarcely had he advanced the first step, when a musket-shot struck a branch of the tree above his head. A general discharge immediately followed, which wrought fearful havoc among the trunks and leaves; and a whole troop of as ill-looking banditti as ever scoured Calabria poured in upon both parties. A scuffle in the wood showed that their friends had not fared better than themselves, and in the next moment the whole groupe were brought forward, in the hands of their new masters. Resistance was wholly im-

possible, from the total absence of weapons. Vivaldi himself could make no use of his rapier and pistols, further than to surrender them to a circle who stood round him with their long Calabrese muskets pointed to his ears, and their fingers on the triggers. The *duello* was, of course, at an end; the adversary having made his escape at the moment of the irruption, and Vivaldi being anxious only to follow his example. But the banditti had a preliminary business to settle; they had more serious matters in view than the folly of affairs of honour, and they proceeded instantly to disburthen the whole groupe of every valuable about them. Nothing could be more complete than the operation. Stars and garters, epaulets and aiguillets, brooches and rings, were cleared away, with all the skill of practice. The vanities of purses and watches never had a more thorough purification. The young lovers of adventure discovered in the most convincing manner that even novelty was not always delightful, and that frolic itself might be bought too dear.

But, at length, a trampling of horses caught the ears of both parties. The banditti dispersed with the dexterity of their vocation — they never fight without the best reasons, nor even shoot a passing gendarme, but for a particular purpose. They slipped away through the forest like so many ghosts. The horsemen were Gradinski and a

pair of his valets, who, after having despatched his business, had come with all speed to be present at the single combat. His astonishment at the change was to be equalled only by his indignation. "Regarding," as he justly did, "the duel as wholly unnecessary, and, therefore, glad that it had not taken place," he could not conceive a stronger stigma on a civilized government than "its suffering the high roads to be thus molested with robbers. In his conception it was wholly unaccountable, except on the ground that they were patronized by the government for a share in their plunder." The chevalier next applied his consolations to the losers of the epaulets and watches. He was indignant there, too; and, before they had emerged from the thicket, his fertile genius had already projected a dozen plans for the extermination of every gang in the kingdom, any one of which would be infallible.

The discomfort of the groupe, as they privately stole home to their noble mansions, did not prevent their story from being told with infinite laughter before the night was over. The ball-room rang with the unrestrained merriment of the Italian, on a subject that so touched his fancy. The muscles of monarchy were as flexible as any of the rest; the story spread to the valets, from them to the streets, and, by the earliest hour at which the lazzarone opens his eyes, the shore, the market-place,

and the Strada di Toledo, were in an uproar with the adventure.

But what had become of the elegant Count Cantacuzene? He had wholly disappeared, like "some gay creature of the element," too exquisite for this vapoury world. What had become of the superb Englishwoman? She had *not* disappeared; but nothing could be plainer than that she was prodigiously disconcerted with either the world or herself. She drove daily along the Chiaja as usual, surrounded of course with the same troop, for nothing is so faithful as the cavalier of the South to his *dama*, his guitar, and his toilet. But, if she had been the princess of the fairy-tale, with a snow-ball for her heart and an icicle for her tongue, she could not have been more sparing of either speech or smile. From the court balls she had wholly withdrawn. To the *soirées* even of the French ambassadress she expressed an utter antipathy. The world, in short, was flat, stale, and unprofitable, and this noblest of creatures was evidently letting her very handsome countenance grow sad, sunken, and hollow; without seeming to care the wing of a butterfly whether she prevented or not this startling catastrophe.

If it be allowable to tell the secret of a belle in possession of twenty thousand pounds a year, the secret was, that the Lady Caroline Mordaunt found herself desperately in love. Nothing could,

certainly, be more surprising to her, and nothing more vexatious. She had calculated on marrying in good time, according to the custom of her country, when she had amused herself sufficiently with making all mankind miserable. But her own turn was come. Not that she had passed up to the charming age of five-and-twenty, without occasional *penchants*—without slight scars of the arrows that are always showering themselves about the world—without some glowing symptoms of that little rebel in the centre of the human susceptibilities, which poets call the heart; but all had been so lightly awakened, or so completely rubbed away by the friction and polishing of a life of fashion; the rapid rolling of the Lord Charleses over the highway of the feelings had so utterly effaced the traces of the Lord Williams; that the brilliant Englishwoman decidedly set herself down as having paid all the necessary tribute to Cupid, in order to be happy and callous for life.

But tears shed in secret, thoughts of painful, yet delightful, perplexity, sighs as frequent and as unconscious as the thoughts, and a cheek in which all the radiant bloom of health and hope was condensed into one hectic spot of sad and startling crimson, but too convincingly told even herself that the true arrow was shot at last, and that it had reached her heart's core. All this phenomenon had come since the day when Cantacuzene had so

mysteriously made his exit. And now—she felt that to find him again she would have willingly given the crown of the Paleologi.

Lady Caroline had not been without suitors of high rank in her own country, and even among the *far-nientes* of Naples she had found serious worshippers. Vivaldi's showy figure, Italian eyes, and rapturous enthusiasm for her beauty, could not be overlooked by any woman to whom such homage was so offered. She had even suffered him to think himself not beyond hope. But this angling in the court stream, with all its gold and silver fish darting at the hook, now seemed to her the most trifling of all possible employments of time. Her vanity had been amused; but vanity had altogether been expunged from her soul during the last week. Palaces and pomps, counts and chamberlains, appeared to her among the most tinsel things of the earth; happiness to be totally incompatible with living in sight or sound of any of them; and the only hope of terrestrial enjoyment to consist in abandoning cities and Corsos, and flying to some thicket of roses in Alp or Apennine, where, the world forgetting and by the world forgot, a cottage should be her dwelling, the feeding of goats her occupation, and Cantacuzene her fellow-hermit.

All this revulsion of life burst upon her with utter astonishment. "She could not conceive how

she had been so deeply entangled. It was a folly, it was an infatuation, it was a fever, it was a frenzy." Then the ague of the soul had its cold fit again. She would "order post-horses, set off immediately for England, forswear society, and occupy herself in attending to her estates; there were quite poor and peasantry enough to fill up her entire time. She would live single, and declare her intention of so doing: and, by distinctly breaking off all intercourse with her noble connexions, and determining to form no others, she might hope to get to the end of a tranquil, unexcited, useful — dreary, most miserable existence." Then tears followed, and the torture sank into shapeless vision and bitter reverie.

One indulgence, and one alone, she allowed to herself in this penitential state. La Diamanti was still going through her opera engagement, was still the wonder of the amateur generation, and, to Lady Caroline seemed, night after night, to display more exquisite talents than ever. With all the force and facility which belong to the first order of the native voice, her style had a sweetness in which it often fails, and a delicacy that is soon lost in the whirl of bravuras. Her canzonets and cavatinas were never introduced among the bolder displays, without eliciting the more expressive admiration of sighs, and silence like that of death. Then, as the last tones closed, the burst of sponta-

neous acclamation which followed from all parts of the crowded theatre showed that Nature is powerful, even among a people of fiddlers.

At home, Lady Caroline's chief contemplation was a popular print of this charming performer, hung up in her boudoir, and on whose fine, though rather strongly-marked features, she dwelt for hours, with some strange feeling between old recognition and new delight, wholly inexplicable to herself, but which brought a melancholy pleasure to her mind.

But the lovely solitaire was not to be suffered to go on thus burying herself by degrees. A court masquerade was announced. It was to be the most superb affair since the siege of Troy. Its glitter was to extinguish all that had ever glittered before, south of the Alps. Murat, who had conquered the old dynasty in the field, was determined to give it a still more signal defeat in the ball-room. Lady Caroline Mordaunt's presence was not to be dispensed with, when the court of King Joachim was to shine; and while her ladyship would have wished the ball-room at the bottom of the ocean, rather than leave her sofa, her boudoir, and the portrait of La Diamanti, still the command of royalty must be obeyed; and, with an aching heart, and a countenance where the "lily had outfaced the rose," she ordered her equipage, and proceeded to the palace.

The *fête* was in "Murat's best style;" and those who visited Naples during his reign know what a meaning was attached to the phrase. The ball was unrivalled, even by all his former performances, in point of taste and profusion. But the noble Englishwoman was not to be charmed, nor scarcely to be persuaded to look, or listen, until the concert; in which the strains of La Diamanti exerted their customary captivation, and she lived again. Then came the dance, and all was the gay confusion of the masquerade. Lady Caroline was gazing listlessly on the dazzling multitude, as if they were the figures of a dream; when a low voice caught her ear. Whisper as it was, it pierced her heart like a pang. Half fainting, and unable to speak, she turned, and, in an Hungarian uniform, she instantly recognized Cantacuzene. "You are not safe here," said the whisperer:—"follow me, for a moment." She rose, and instinctively followed. The form, as the moonlight glanced on its singularly rich costume, looked almost spiritual; and a strange and sickly feeling came over her at the sight.

They reached one of the palace-gardens, and there her conductor, laying a gentle touch on her arm, said:—"Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive *you?*" were the only words which her lips could utter, but her glowing countenance told how ample was her delight at seeing him again.

"We have no time, now," said her mysterious guide, "for apology or explanation. But you are in infinite and immediate peril; the Chevalier Gradinski has, I have just discovered, formed designs on your hand and fortune. You were to have been carried off on your return from the ball, and *I* was to be the wretch"—Here the voice was lost, and tears rolled down the expressive countenance.

"*You*, count? you, Cantacuzene? *You* deceive? I can believe any thing but that; no, not that — you, the *wretch!* — it is *impossible.*" No answer was given. "Tell me," she again implored, "what is the dreadful truth;—if you will not have me die before your eyes!" was the wild exclamation of the agitated and trembling beauty. But the large eye that now fixed all its lustre on her was mournful.

"Then, listen. The truth is, that I *have* deceived you. But I myself was deceived first. Ask me no more, but *instantly* order your carriage, return to your hotel, and at daylight fly from this wretched country."

"Who are you?" gasped the hearer. "In the name of honour, in the name of common humanity, who *are* you?"

"A woman," faintly uttered her companion, turning away with a blush that covered her countenance with feverish crimson. "I am the wretched

wife of the wretched Gradinski. For purposes of which I could guess nothing, long acquainted as I was with his arts, he counselled me to seek your society, to exert my slight accomplishments to attract your notice, and finally thus to enable him to obtain intelligence of all your intentions. Imagine in what pain this hourly involved me. But his threats were terrible, and I knew his vengeance. And now, farewell, and once again I implore you to forgive me!"

"Mille Diavoli forgive you, traitress!" exclaimed a furious voice from behind the thicket, and instantly a man with a mask and a domino rushed forward, and aimed the blow of a dagger at her bosom. Whether it struck or not Lady Caroline had no means of knowing, for she found herself, the next moment, in the hands of three or four maskers, whose fierce gestures and rough Calabrese voices showed her that she had fallen into the power of banditti. Still, startled as she was, the spirit of her country did not desert her; she boldly asked by what authority she was thus insulted; and, with the dagger at her throat, continued to cry for help. But she was carried on through the garden, and approached the fence, beyond which she saw a carriage waiting. To this she was borne along, and was already entering the door, when she heard the report of a pistol, and felt the ruffian who carried her stagger. He plucked a pistol from his belt, and returned

the fire, but his hold relaxed; he tottered a few paces, and was flung on the ground. The banditti now felt that the enterprize had failed, and fired only to cover their escape. A few shots from the thickets and into the thickets ended the skirmish, and Lady Caroline found that for her championship she had to thank—her jilted friend, the Count Vivaldi. All was now congratulation. A note put into his hand at the ball had told him that the attempt was to be made, and, to his astonishment, that it was to made by Gradinski.

We must hasten to the close. In a few weeks, Naples was enraptured by the news that the handsomest of Englishwomen, the "Donna of Donnas," alarmed at the idea of living alone any longer, bound in gratitude to the gallant count, and determined to enjoy life, love, and Naples together, was on the point of giving her well-endowed hand to the Guardsman. She kept her word; and even Murat's festino was outdone by the feast, the fireworks, and the fascination. All delights were there but one. There was no La Diamanti. That enchantress had wholly disappeared. She, in fact, had never been seen since the night of the court-ball. All Naples wept, but—tears bring back nothing!

Two years afterwards, as the count and countess, now calmly matrimonial, and with a beautiful boy in his mother's arms, were passing through Laybach, on their return from a tour on the Continent

to their castellated mansion among the Derbyshire hills, the traces of their carriage broke; and, as those difficulties require peculiar time among Italian workmen, the count, with a fine summer evening on his hands, went out to take a promenade on the ramparts. The countenance of one of the convicts labouring on the works struck him as one which he had seen before. He looked again, and the man, instead of hanging down his head, burst into a loud laugh. "I suppose, count," said he, "you did not calculate on meeting an old friend here. But here I am; Gradinski, *in propria persona.*"

"How is all this possible!" exclaimed the astonished count.

"Nothing easier, either to happen or to tell. But, if you want any further facts from me, order me a cigar and a bottle of wine, for they stint us abominably in the common necessaries of a gentleman in this villanous place." The request was acceded to, and the man in chains proceeded.

"When I met you at Naples, I was in chase of that superb Englishwoman; whom, I suppose, you have never seen again. I had carried on the trade of the highway for some years on the grand scale. I have no concealments, you see, with a friend. But, in pursuit of her, I fixed on Naples as my head-quarters for the English season, as *we* call it. There my banditti did a good deal of very effective

business. The plunder of the opera audience, helped by the storm which you remember, was a piece, half of skill, the other half of luck. The capture of the young hunters for duels was another piece of the same kind; my original intention actually having been only to plunder you of a remarkably heavy purse and diamond watch which I had seen on your person; and both which appeared to me much too effeminate for a hero of the Guard. The young fools threw themselves in my way, and, you know, Fortune is the brave man's mistress."

"But what brought you here, at last?"

"My having had the infinite absurdity to fall in love. I really felt a passion for the Englishwoman, and was ridiculous enough to let another woman into the secret. Of course I was betrayed, fell into my own trap, received a bullet in the affair, was caught by the gendarmes, was brought here without ceremony, and was deserted by every body —but one." He turned away his head for a moment, then burst into a wild laugh again. "But, to be sure, that one was my wife, and you know that fidelity *à toute épreuve* was *her* duty. So, if you are married, you have at least — a drudge. But, the bell rings, and I must bid you farewell."

He turned again. "Apropos. Do you not think that I made a capital chevalier of the Guard of his majesty of all the Russias? Ha, ha, ha! *Au revoir!*"

A TALE OF THE TOWER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"——We smother'd
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That from the prime creation ere she fram'd."

SHAKSPERE.

"He shall not faint—who in the Lord
Lays up his hope and trust;
Whose staff is still God's holy word,
Whose monitor, the Just.

"He shall not faint—though in his path
The wicked lurk alway,
And, like a dragon in his wrath,
Prepare to rend and slay.

"He shall not faint—though thick as weeds
Around him snares are spread;
And ev'ry brake its serpents breeds,
To sting the trav'ller dead.

"He shall not faint—though on the deep
Beset by rock and sand;
And lightnings blaze, and thunders leap
From God's avenging hand.

"He shall not faint—though made the prey
Of slander, badly bold;
For what to man is base allay,
To God is purest gold.

"In pilgrimage of weary length;
In battle with the vain;
In bonds of adamantine strength;
In tempest on the main;

"And, yea, in that most trying hour,
When smit by scoffer's taint,
Still, still rejoicing in thy pow'r,
Thy servant shall not faint.

"Oh God! for ever make this thought
The music of our minds;
With more delicious sweetness fraught
Than India's sweetest winds.

"Make it our only hope and stay,
Our right arm's only might;
Our counsellor in wakeful day,
Our guardian in the night!

"With thankfulness for mercies shown,
With pray'r for joy in store;
We bend before thy awful throne;
Our God, for evermore!"

Yea, such the strain, the pious words
Pour'd forth in solemn hour,
By royal children—captive birds
In London's flinty Tow'r.

Thus Edward, King of England, pray'd—
Thus little York, and then
Adown their guiltless heads they laid
In bloody Gloster's den.

Adown they lay, and blessed sleep
Fell on them—soft and light
As dew that stars on flowers weep
In summer's balmy night.

Thus innocent, thus nobly meek,
—Devoted to the death!—
With cheek aye nestling unto cheek,
They mingled breath with breath.

And Richard's face was lit with smiles,
As beautiful to see
As drowsy infant's laughing wiles,
When rock'd on mother's knee.

Oh, Gloster! is thine angel flown?
Incapable of good,
Doth Satan call thee all his own
In this dark hour of blood?

Oh! is thy soul already lost
By deeds so fierce and fell,
That none of heaven's warrior-host
Will rescue thee from hell?

Will seek thee, where—possess'd by rage
As stirs the panther's kind—
Thou tread'st, as in a narrow cage
Of bloody thoughts confin'd?

Where thou dost hideous smile and frown
As works thy heart's desire,
To take from Murder's hand a crown—
A crown of lasting fire?

Doth Mercy send no spirit there,
To spurn the demon thence,
With looks so soft, so brightly fair,
Of sleeping innocence?

T' appal thee with two placid brows,
Made holy by their years;
By brother's blood that in them flows,
And by the widow's tears?

Nor Mercy spoke? Alas! she knew
The tyrant's tiger sway:
And when the dagger Gloster drew,
Still Mercy ceas'd to pray.

THE TAPESTRIED CHAIR.

So Murder, do the Hunchback's hest,
And lift him to a throne;
Grim king-maker, with serpent crest,
And sullen eye of stone!

The chamber door is open'd wide,
And, silent as a shade,
Doth slink remorseless Homicide,
To do his fiendish trade.

See Forrest, with a bloodless face—
And ghastly Dighton now—
Mark traitor Tyrrell's coward pace,
And sacrilegious brow!

With stiffen'd lips and stinting breath,
They pause within the room—
As they shall stand, when wak'd from death
To hear their burning doom.

Brief pause! The tempting devil, gold,
Yet holds them to the track;
As famine to the shepherd's fold
Goads on the wolfish pack.

'Tis done: behold, grim Murder takes
His death-inflicting stand!
His face is flint—like writhing snakes
The sinews of his hand.

Oh God! how terrible the strife!
  Like heaving wave, the bed
Now rises, falls—now, big with life,
  Now silent, spent, and dead!

The shriek is hush'd—the sob—the pray'r—
  And, breathing not a sound,
Like sated tiger in his lair,
  Each murd'rer looks around!

And now, they fearfully and slow
  The hellish deed disclose!
E'en now each flow'r did sweetly grow,
  Now, wither'd is each rose!

And Tyrrell look'd with brassy eye,
  Nor trembled, blench'd, nor sigh'd,
But, scoffing murder'd majesty,
  "God save King Richard!" cried.

"God save—" cry Forrest, Dighton; then
  The stifling tear-drop rolls
Adown their cheeks—remorse-smit men!—
  "God save—our wretched souls!"

SPIKE ISLAND.

A LEGEND.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

WHOEVER has looked on the Cove of Cork, especially if he were fortunate enough to see it under the magic influence of a fine summer evening, must acknowledge it to be one of the loveliest spots he has ever beheld. The small islands that speck its western bay, the fine sheet of clear water spreading, broad and unbroken, from Spike to the eastern extremity of Cove Island, the softly swelling outlines of the hills by which it is in a manner surrounded, and the bold headlands, which, from most points of view, appear to meet over the harbour's mouth, combine to form a picture of almost peerless beauty.

What must it have been, then, years ago, when Cove was a mere fishing village, ere the circling hills were stripped of their native woods, or their green sod broken by the innovating plough; when Rockey was not the site of a powder-magazine, and the unsightly government stores on Haul Bowline were not, and when Spike Island arose from the clear waters, like a priceless emerald in

a setting of silver, undeformed by the hideous barracks and wretched cabins which now crown its summit and dot its green turf!

So I thought, one fair evening, as I sate on a fragment of rock near White Point, and gazed on the splendid scene before me. There is scarcely a furlong of the beach of Cove which does not present some beautiful or curious object to the eye of the visiter. Now it is some strangely formed mass of rock; now an overhanging bank; now there is a profusion of smooth pebbles gathered on one spot; now a like accommodation of bright-coloured shells; and now a crystal spring outgushing from the living rock, which, though covered by every tide, produces water of singular purity and freshness. Indeed, I believe there is scarcely a sunken well in Cove; every body fetches water from the springs on the beach.

It was, as I have said, a fair summer evening, and I had sauntered along the shore in the direction of White Point. My eye was suddenly caught by the sparkle of water at the foot of the high bank, and a bright green gleam, which I never had observed before, though I had passed the place many times. It was a slanting sunbeam, resting there for a few moments, which had revealed to me a small natural well, lying like a large crystal beneath the most lovely little arch imaginable, a tiny cavern, tapestried within by

the greenest of all green moss. It was a tempting spot, notwithstanding its insignificant dimensions, and I drew near and tasted its waters, which were exquisitely cool and pure. I sate down by the spring and gazed around me. My mind was deliciously calm. It seemed as if a holy influence had been breathed over it by the mild evening air, and the gentle sunset and that draught of clear water had completed the charm. "What a dwelling for the fairy people! what a scene for their revelries!" I exclaimed aloud.

"I 'm for ye, ma'am," said a voice beside me; "and here they used to be, sure enough, though *sorra* a *wan* myself heard of since the time of Pierce Kennedy!"

I turned quickly round, conceiving that some eaves-dropper was making a jest of my involuntary expression, or, to use a national phrase, "taking a rise out of me." One glance convinced me of my error, and that the reply had been made in all simplicity and good faith.

The speaker was a tall slender lad of fifteen or sixteen, whose long pale visage, large dark eyes, and grave earnest mien, would at once have fixed him in my mind as the *beau ideal* of a "poor scholar," even if his threadbare garments, and the tattered grammars and copy-books under his arm, had not spoken of his character still more plainly. He wore an old black coat, evidently

once the property of some shorter and thicker personage, for, while its sleeves were considerably too wide for his meagre arms, they scarcely reached so low as his wrists, while the skirts, ample in width, were of ridiculous brevity. His trousers, of tattered corduroy, terminated immediately below his knees, and a pair of footless grey stockings supplied their place to his ancles, where the luxury of a covering ceased. Altogether, there was something in the lad that struck and interested me exceedingly; something in the peculiar tone of his voice and the seriousness of his manner that induced me to enter into conversation with him; and I soon found that he possessed an extensive fund of varied, though not particularly *useful*, information, which was really a marvel in one whose opportunities of instruction must have been very limited.

"And so, my friend," said I at length, "you really believe in the existence of fairies?"

"Indeed, ma'am, small blame if I do, seeing that *you* credit the same, as I would not question you do, and seeing all my great grandfather knew of *his own knowledge* in the time of the Kennedies."

"And who *were* these Kennedies?" I inquired with much interest.

"Musha, then, 't is a long story, and, may be, you'd be in a hurry, or else 't is I could tell you

things you'd wonder to hear. But you see the sun 's setting, and the dew 's not good for the likes of you. So, may be, you'd not grudge a thrifle to the poor scholar, to help him on wid the learnin'."

The trifle was given, and received with a bow that would have done honour to a courtier. "But," said I, unwilling to lose the chance of a new legend, "I should really like to hear more of the Kennedies. Cannot you manage to write down your story? If you bring it to me at the end of a fortnight, the *trifle* shall be made of more consequence."

The poor scholar's eye glistened with pleasure. I could not possibly have given him a task better suited to his taste. I believe he was full as much pleased with the performance of it as with the payment; and, before the fortnight had expired, I received a roll of most eccentric-looking Ms., which bore the title of "A Legend of Spike Island." After divesting it of sundry uncouth idioms and extraordinary specimens of orthography, I discovered its substance to be as follows.

"*Och hone, och hone!*" said Pierce Kennedy, "is n't it a hard case to have all the world against me in this way? Father and mother, and the whole box an' dice of them at home, calling me a consated puppy for casting my eyes on the likes of

her, and ould Maney Burke giving me the cold *shouther* at every turn, and forbidding me to set foot in his desmesne, or to offer to touch the island, if I 'd keep my health. All the world 's again me, barrin' my own Grace; and, now she 's shut up between the four walls of the ould tower of Spike, she might almost as well be again me too !'

As Pierce Kennedy said these words, he heaved a sigh, which might have melted the heart of a stone, if stones could ever give way to the "melting mood," and, with his back leaning against the steep bank, he stood gazing across the moonlit bosom of the harbour towards Spike Island, which, crowned with its single round tower, rose dark and massive from the lake-like waters. It was a beautiful night in the midst of June; the faint crimson flush yet lingered in the west, but the moon was lighting her bright face above the eastern hills, and turning the dim grey sky to a flood of dark clear blue. Only a few large stars were visible, and the white clouds, which the climbing moon already surmounted, lay beneath her as still as a slumbering flock of sheep, for the soft south wind was scarcely strong enough to stir them. One large vessel lay at anchor, opposite to that part of the beach now called "Fitzpatrick's Quay," and the song of her seamen that floated to the shore could scarcely be believed to

come from on board her, so lifeless and picture-like did she look as she sate on the glassy waters, her dark hull reflected in their depths, and her naked spars as clearly defined against the sky as if they were drawn with a pencil.

But while the beauty of the scene touched Pierce Kennedy to the soul, it brought him little comfort. It reminded him but too forcibly of the fair evenings when Grace Ronayne was his companion, when he had wandered hand in hand with her along that very shore, in all the happy confidence of an affection which had "grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength," loving each other better than all the world besides, and never looking to the future as the magician who had power to dissolve their blissful dream. Alas, for the cold-hearted worldly prudence, whose dictates are to be respected in preference to the true impulses of the heart!

Grace Ronayne was the daughter of a personage whose property would in England have been reckoned "a comfortable independence," but which, in poorer Ireland, passed for a "*power of money*," and "*a thumpin' fortin.*" His wife dying when Grace was an infant, the babe was consigned to the care of Nelly Kennedy, a faithful servant, who had married a tenant of her master's, and was, of course, settled on the estate. Mr. Ronayne was a man of somewhat dissipated habits,

and, though fond of his children, was quite content to *hear* often of their welfare, and to *see* them occasionally. He was satisfied that Dick was happy at a distant school, and that Grace throve well under Nelly Kennedy's roof, and would have been really perplexed could he have been convinced of the necessity of receiving them (his daughter especially) as constant residents with him. His sister, indeed, one Mrs. Manus Burke, a tall awful woman, and the very pink of propriety, *did* give many hints on the expediency of removing Grace from "such people as the Kennedies," ere she should contract what that well-bred lady, in somewhat *Malapropish* language, called "the vulgarities of their condition of society." She even offered to take upon herself the charge of Grace's future education, but Mr. Ronayne could not, or would not, see any advantage in such an arrangement. "The child," he said, "looked the very moral of a happy crathur, with her lightsome step and her rosy cheeks; and, as to learning, did not she attend Pat Vickery's school, and him as learned as the priest himself; and did n't young Pierce Kennedy, who every body knew was the cutest lad in Cove, take all the pains in life to help her with her lessons? It was a picture to see them reading out of the same book, the crathurs!"

"But the more feminine branches, the refined subtleties of her educational acquirements? Who

is to teach her these?" and Mrs. Manus Burke looked *incontrovertible*, to use a favourite expression of her own.

"Sure they'll come in due coorse of time! Is n't Nelly a real good hand with a needle, and does n't she knit every stocking myself wears with her own hands?"

"Oh, brother, brother," Mrs. Manus would reply, "do you call this a fitting state of mental improvement?"

Sometimes Mrs. Burke changed her ground. She was sure Grace was looking pale—the smoke of the Kennedies' cottage did not agree with her.

"I'll mend the chimney and glaze the window to-morrow," said Mr. Ronayne.

"But sure you must be tired yourself, Grace, of living so long with nobody but the Kennedies?"

"Is it the Kennedies, aunt dear?" Grace would reply: "sure they are like my own people entirely! my heart would break to be laving them!"

"Do you not hear yourself, brother," pursued Mrs. Burke, "how her accentuation is barbaricated already, and she not twelve years old yet? What *will* she be at twenty!"

Mrs. Burke's representations were all unheeded, and Grace Ronayne grew from a beauteous child into a lovely girl, nay, to the very verge of womanhood, and still was almost a constant inmate with

the Kennedy family. True, she now nominally resided at home, spending about one week out of five or six with her father; but then business, real or fancied, continually called Mr. Ronayne either to Dublin or England, and then Grace found the place lonely, and was sure to obtain permission to go and stay with Nelly Kennedy until his return. And when he *did* return, he was generally accompanied by some roistering officer or sporting friend, who set the house in an uproar, and Grace was far better off and quieter with Nelly, there could be no doubt of it. Mr. Ronayne, it is true, *did* hint sometimes that Mrs. Burke had often expressed a wish that the time of his absence should be that of a visit from Grace to her; but Grace looked so very dismal, and hung her pretty lip so sadly, whenever the subject was mentioned, that Mr. Ronayne invariably said:—"Well, well, darling, please yourself, and you 'll please me;" and Grace cleared up her brow, and ran off to Nelly Kennedy to announce her triumph.

But let it not be imagined that Grace's personal comforts were abridged during these visits, or that she had to share the inconveniences of a common Irish cabin. Mr. Ronayne had added a couple of good rooms, and piece by piece of useful furniture, to the mansion and goods of the Kennedies, increasing from time to time the quantity of land under their management, until, from a mere

cottier, Michael Kennedy had become a small farmer, and the inhabitant of a very decent farm-house. One room was especially appropriated to Grace, and far better did she love to rest within its lowly walls, than in the bed-chamber allotted to her at "the great house," which she felt to be stiff and cold and lonesome, and which was, moreover, embellished by a family ghost, every sleeping room in the mansion being in the same condition.

So, unto her sixteenth birthday, Grace felt that her home was with the Kennedies. On that day a "change came o'er the spirit of her dream"—her father died. One month afterwards, she received intelligence of the decease of her only brother. Thus was she changed at once from little Grace, the foster-child of Nelly Kennedy, into Miss Ronayne, the last scion of an ancient family, and the heiress of its estate. Her first feelings on the alteration of her prospects cannot very easily be defined. She loved her father, simply because he was her father, but without any of those high and holy feelings which dwell in the heart of a daughter who has been brought up under a father's care, confided to him her early joys and sorrows, and found him ready to share and sympathise with them. She did weep most heartily when she looked on the silent face and kissed the rigid brow; but her affections, if not absolutely alienated from her relatives, certainly clung with more confidence

and fervour to those among whom she had been nurtured; and even her brother's death, though it shocked and in a manner terrified her, did not, by any means, go nigh to break her heart. There was something indefinitely dreadful in the idea that in so short a space she had been rendered an orphan and brotherless, but she was far more grieved at the idea of the thing at first than at its reality; she thought about it more than she felt it; and all the Kennedies tried so kindly to comfort her, and Pierce pitied her so much, that after all she was not so miserable as she fancied she ought to be.

The real blow came when Mr. Manus Burke announced himself as her legal guardian, and insisted on her leaving the home of her humble friends, and residing beneath his roof until she should be of age. This was a decree to which poor Grace found it indeed hard to submit, and her only comfort was in the thought that she should see the Kennedies almost every day. It was only a run of a couple of miles, and she could be there in no time! Young and simple girls like Grace are easily beguiled into new hopes, when old ones give way; so she laid this vision to her heart, and was consoled.

It was not to be. Mrs. Burke had many reasons for wishing to separate Grace Ronayne from her humble friends. She had an only son, a

tall, pedantic, solemn-looking youth, and he had lately communicated to his mother his very favourable opinion of his cousin Grace, and of the Ronayne estate. And, though Manus Burke scoffed at the idea of his niece caring "a *traneen* for a slip of the Kennedies!" his better half had her misgivings, which almost reached a dire certainty, when she witnessed the parting of Grace and her friends. Every one had a kiss and prayer and blessing for the fair young orphan—every one but Pierce. He was silent; and when Grace, turning to him the very last, laid her little hand in his, she spoke not. The colour rushed to her pale brow, and she sprang hastily upon the car, which behaviour, together with the fit of hysterical weeping which seized her as they drove away, discovered, as Mrs. Burke oracularly observed to her husband, "very sad symptomatical affections."

To say the truth, Pierce Kennedy might have attracted the eyes, if not the hearts, of wiser and more experienced damsels than our simple-minded heroine, who, in spite of her natural refinement of manner, the fruit of instinctive propriety of feeling, was, it must be owned, lamentably deficient in worldly wisdom and knowledge. Tall and well made, Pierce's figure was a combination of strength and lightness, never seen but in one accustomed to much out-of-door exercise, and a temperate mode of life. His features were regu-

larly handsome, with something of an intellectual cast; and the clear hazel eye, and the joyous smile that played about his mouth, relieved and illumined the face, to which a large pale forehead and dark hair and eyebrows would otherwise have imparted a tinge of melancholy. Truly, he was a fine young man — Mrs. Manus Burke herself allowed that — and then Grace had been brought up with him. Being five years older than his foster-sister, she was generally consigned to his charge during play hours, and his was the face that was associated most distinctly in her mind with the memories of her childish rambles, when she gathered flowers and chased butterflies. This was the same face that had leant with her's over her lesson-books, the face that ever looked gladdest and brightest when she returned to the farm after her short absences. In the morning it was ever smiling welcome to her, and its image floated through her happy dreams the moment sleep closed her eyes.

Besides, Grace Ronayne might be superior in rank to Pierce Kennedy, but, in strength of mind and native quickness, the fair daughter of a long line of ancestry was not to be compared to the son of the undistinguished peasant. Taught from the same books, and sharing only equal advantages, Pierce's superiority of intellect naturally became manifest, and Grace as naturally looked up to him

as a miracle of learning and wisdom. To him she looked for the praise that was sweetest to her heart; and so that her task was performed to *his* satisfaction she was content, for sorry am I to say my dear little heroine cared nothing for knowledge for its own sake. What Pierce wished her to acquire she was willing to learn, but no more, so that her accomplishments were necessarily limited to a very narrow circle. She read with tolerable fluency, knew something of arithmetic, wrote a large schoolboy hand, and could knit to perfection; but, of any tongue save her native Irish and the perverted English, common among the middle ranks in the south of Ireland, of drawing, of music, and those thousand ornamental arts by which maidens of her rank are generally overlaid, poor Grace was as ignorant as on the day of her birth.

Her heart had been cultivated, not her mind; yet the neighbourhood of that kind and true heart kept her mind singularly pure and innocent in all its ideas and aims. If she had been in rank the peasant maiden she really was in character and habits, she would have been the fairest and dearest wild-flower that ever shed fragrance around its humble birth-place; but they transplanted the flower to an ungenial soil, and how could it choose but droop!

For full two months after Grace's removal from

the home of the Kennedies, she was truly miserable. Mrs. Burke, in her provident care, never suffered her to have a minute to herself, and to obtain permission to visit her early friends when she liked it was not to be expected. Moreover, her exemplary aunt had provided a certain middle-aged lady, who was to act the double part of governess and duenna, and who not only insisted on inflicting on her sundry accomplishments, which Grace most heartily detested, but mounted guard over her whenever Mrs. Burke was otherwise engaged. But, at the end of those two months, one fair evening caused a wondrous revolution in her feelings. By some miracle, she found herself, unattended by either aunt or governess, rambling on the beach — yet not alone, for Pierce Kennedy was beside her!

She walked not as she was wont. Her little hand rested confidingly on his arm, and her fair downcast face, now pale, now flushed with sudden crimson, her dewy eye, and the varying expression of the smile which played round her beautiful mouth, told a tale of great but not unpleasing agitation. She had just made a discovery that gave her joy unspeakable. It had been revealed to her that Pierce Kennedy did truly love her, and she felt for the first time convinced of the real nature of her attachment to him. The difference of their fortunes, the terrors of Mrs. Burke, all

were forgotten or engrossed in her pervading feeling of exquisite happiness. Pierce, indeed, had remembered these things, and, even in avowing his feelings to her, had entreated her pardon for his presumption, and declared his utter hopelessness of ever obtaining one "so much above him." But then, in all the simple confidence of girlish affection, she had entreated him not to say so — it made her so very miserable; and finally had promised, freely and unconditionally promised, to be his wife — his alone. And then came the gradual subsiding of the lover's scruples, and the severing of locks of hair, exchanged with vows of endless constancy, and the planning of future interviews to be obtained without the knowledge of the "old ladies."

They prepared to part, for the sun was already set; but, as they stood beside the little well on the beach, their attention was arrested by a strange noise, which seemed to come from the water. It was like the buzz of many soft voices, and as they listened they could distinguish words: — "Is he set, then?" said one small sweet voice. "Indeed and he is," said another, "and the rim of the sky is red and clear, so now we may venture forth."

The last voice came from behind a large piece of rock on which Pierce Kennedy was leaning; and, looking down, he perceived one of the oddest

little beings imaginable peering out of a crevice. The small sharp curious features wore an expression of extreme caution, and the little red cap which surmounted the wrinkled forehead was set on one side with a most knowing cock. Suddenly, the restless peering eyes encountered those of Pierce, as he gazed down on the queer little man, who instantly uttered a sharp cry and drew back his head.

"Arrah, what's ailing you at all, Drusheen?" said a small gruff voice. "Is it at the dacent boy, Pierce Kennedy, or the pretty *colleen*, Grace Ronayne, ye're frighted? 'Tis they would be long sorry to hurt or harm you. Pierce, *ma bouchal*, will you just lift your hand off the stone, and let the crathur pass, for he's afeard of you, the *omadhaun!*"

Pierce did as he was desired, but Grace clung timidly to his arm, and inquired in a whisper who spoke. Low as she whispered, the fairy speaker overheard the question. "As for you, Grace Ronayne, mind my words *a cuishla;* be true and faithful. You 'll have much to try you, but your's is the kind and tender heart, and my own has been warm to you ever since you were loath to pull the pretty primroses that smiled up at you from the green grass. You did not know then, Grace, that they were the tents of the fairies, but we were pleased with you, and so never fear us, but just stand aside, and let us pass."

And a fair sight they were — the elvish people in their tiny splendour, issuing from the well, the rocks, and the tufts of grass. One by one, they glided past, each looking prettier than the others; but the very last paused and spoke to Grace. He was a little old man, with a white beard and fine fresh colour, and his was the voice that they had heard before. "Grace," said he, "our hearts are warm towards you. You'll have trouble, *a chorra machree*, but we will not forget you. Make haste home, now; say nothing of what you have seen, and spare the pretty primroses for the sake of them that love them." Just then there was a shout from the troop of fairies, and Grace and Pierce saw them standing by the water's edge, making the sands look as if a flight of humming-birds had settled there. And presently a fleet of tiny vessels, built of the richest pearl, and rigged with silver cordage, seemed to rise from the depths of the water, and were quickly manned by the fairy crew. Away they went, and the light wind filled their gossamer sails, and their shouts, and songs, and merry silvery laughter, came back to the shore like the sounds of a dream.

"They are bound for Spike," said Pierce; "often have I heard tell that the good people dwelt there, though I never believed it before."

"But may there not be ill in them, Pierce?" inquired Grace.

"Ill! no, darlen, at least, not to such as thee. But come, 'tis getting late, I'll go a step of the way home wid you." And the lovers departed.

It was about three months after, that Mrs. Manus Burke entered Grace's room, with an ominous scowl on her brow and an open letter in her hand.

"So, Miss Ronayne," said she, "here is the reward of all my trouble and reflection to accomplish your perfectability! and it is but yesterday I told you that my son, Mr. Feargus Burke, had deputed me to honour you with a negotiation of his hand in marriage, yet to-day you dare to receive such scrawls as the present."

So saying, she read the billet aloud. It ran as follows—

"True for you, darling Grace, it is a grievance, indeed, that they watch you and shut you up as if you were a prisoner, instead of a born lady, and an angel into the bargain. But, cheer up, my own heart's love, there's a good day coming. Indeed, if I had my way, 'tisn't for all the estates in old Ireland I'd be barred your sweet company, for I have the same home to take you to, you used to be so happy in, and we would welcome you to it, and bate the world for happiness, if you had not one shilling to knock again another. But never would I be persuading you to do any thing you might be sorry for afterwards; and so

with all anxiety will wait your own time. But, *mavourneen*, 'tis more than a week since I looked on your blessed face, and if you could slip out easy, about five o'clock, to the big ash-tree, I could just see you, and tell you in words, what I now do in this writing—that I am, and always will be, your

own true, faithful lover,

PIERCE KENNEDY.

"Take notice—little Jerry will wait about till you give him a token."

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Burke, "I *have* given little Jerry a token, which I think will be of serviceable efficacy to him for the future. Oh Tempola, oh Moses! when the scum of the country are courting Miss Ronayne, and the heir of the Burkes treated unwarrantably."

Poor Grace saw plainly that every thing was discovered, and, quiet and meek as she usually was, she hesitated not to reply, being somewhat roused by the contemptuous manner in which Mrs. Burke had spoken of Pierce and his family.

"I'll not deny it—I'd be sorry to stand up and tell a lie, and myself a Ronayne, and, what's more, the choice of a Kennedy. Deny my own Pierce! I'd as soon deny that the light of the sun is warm and pleasant to me, as that the sight of Pierce Kennedy is joy to my heart. Was n't

I bred up under the *wan* roof with him? Is not he kith, kin, and friends, to me? Sorry and shamed I'd be, indeed, ma'am, to deny *him*, any way."

"And pray, Miss Ronayne, may I ask, is it your future intention to engraft this noble bough into the bosom of our domestic circle and family tree? Have you the impudence to stand there and tell me you thus mean to insult both myself and Mr. Feargus?"

"Both you and Mr. Feargus, ma'am, might be proud if you could any way bear comparing with Pierce Kennedy;" was Grace's reply, while the flush which overspread her face and bosom, and the unwonted energy of her manner, showed how completely her gentle nature was stirred.

But, not to enter into further detail of a scene of mutual upbraidings, suffice it that the results of this discovery were twofold. Grace was sent, under the care of the cross governess, to the tower of Spike, which belonged to the Burkes; and the Kennedies received notice to quit their farm, of which the lease had unfortunately nearly expired. Alas! Manus Burke had a legal authority over Grace's person and property, which enabled him to act in this tyrannical manner.

I have said that it was a beautiful evening, when Pierce Kennedy stood gazing towards the island, where the lady of his love was, in fact,

a prisoner. Three days afterwards, he and his family were to remove to a farm some miles off; and, though Pierce would have cared little for the distance, under other circumstances, he felt most keenly the hardship of quitting the scenes, which were not only endeared to him by the usual recollections of childhood, but doubly hallowed by the memory of his beloved Grace. It was nearly midnight, and many an anxious look did Pierce direct towards Spike, vainly wishing he were a wave to wash the foot of her prison, or a bird, to perch on its turrets. Suddenly, a faint strain of music stole across the harbour, and, as Pierce turned in the direction from which it came, he perceived that the water was flashing, and sending up tiny showers of spray, and presently there came in full view a number of small boats, which he recognized as those belonging to the "good people." The first boat soon touched the shore, and out sprang the same old fairy who had before spoken so kindly to himself and Grace.

"Ha, Pierce!" said the little man, advancing briskly towards our hero, "'tis I am pleased to see you this night, and pleased you'd be yourself, if you knew all I could tell you." And the little man laughed and writhed, and laughed again, at the same time joyously rubbing his hands.

"Tell me only *wan* thing," cried Pierce. "Is it about Grace Ronayne?"

"Why it is, and it isn't," replied the little man, "but wait awhile, and you'll see."

"Nay," said Pierce, anxiously, "tell me, oh tell me the worst at *wonst*."

"The worst, is it? Man alive, why didn't you ask for the best? But, since you want to know the worst, Mr. Feargus Burke and Father Phil Clancey are going over wid the first light, to marry Grace Ronayne, whether she will or no."

"To marry Grace Ronayne! — my own true Grace! Surely — surely — she will never consent!"

"Her consent's just what they'll not trouble themselves to ask for, Pierce. But, whoop! I have the thought. I only intended the circumventing of Maney Burke and his crew, but may be I'll do *you* a turn you'll not be sorry for."

"And what can *you* do for me?" asked Pierce, doubtfully; for he had heard of the deceitfulness of the fairies, and feared they might be about to put some trick on him.

"What will we do, is it?" replied his fairy friend; "come with us to the little well, and we'll show you."

With that, the elves all sprang ashore, three or four of the stoutest of them carrying along a bottle which seemed full of clear water.

"Now," cried their leader, "now, my brave

fellows, heave every drop of it into the well." The mandate was obeyed, and the contents of the bottle were rapidly blending with the pure spring.

"For twenty-four hours," said the fairy to Pierce, "that water will completely turn the rason of whoever tastes it. Now, well myself knows that Father Phil Clancey never comes to the boat-house without tasting Mickey Shea's punch; Mickey always uses of this water, for it's the best hereabouts, and as Mr. Feargus can't but be neighbourly, and take a tumbler too, we have them as fast as a thief in a mill."

"But myself?" said Pierce, "how is this to help or sarve me?"

"Leave it all to us, Pierce, *ma bouchal*," replied the fairy. "No fear but we'll manage your affairs as well as their's. But we must back and tell the darling of the world how we have sped; and, if you've any message for her, we'll take it with all the pleasure in life."

"Tell her," replied Pierce, vehemently, "that, whatever chance or change may do, I am true to her still. Time cannot alter, or death destroy."

"There, that'll do, Pierce; we know the rest by heart. Stop you there till we come back to you, and may be we'll not manage Feargus and ould Clancey."

Away sped the fairy boats, gliding over the waters like the shadows of a cloud; and Pierce Kennedy, as he sate down by the fairy well, very much doubted if all was not a dream.

Grace Ronayne sate alone that evening in her turret chamber. It was twilight, and she sate by the narrow window, watching the timid stars as they stole one by one into sight. There was deep sorrow on her pale brow, but no tears were in her eyes; for tears are the boon of the comparatively happy, of those whose sorrows are enlivened by a gleam of hope. Poor Grace had none. To-morrow! they had doomed her to become the bride of him whom her heart abhorred — to-morrow! she was nominally to be set at liberty — but, in reality, to commence a life-long captivity — how far more hateful than her present imprisonment! True, she had not consented — her lips never *should* consent to the dreaded union; but she felt that opposition was vain—that her worn and feeble spirit could contend no more—that her cup of helpless misery was full, and that there was nothing left her but to die. Then the thought of the fairies came suddenly back to her mind, and oh! how she envied them, the happy, chainless creatures! and, strange as it may seem that so sad a prisoner should sing, an old melody gushed from her memory to her lips, a fairy song that she had learnt in childhood. It was in the

Irish language, but may be freely translated as follows—

From the alder bushes,
  From the daisies' home,
From the bending rushes,
  Come, come, come!

I am spirit-weary,
  Weary of the earth;
I would be a fairy,
  Sharing in your mirth!

At my wishes take me,
  Little fairy elves!
By your magic make me
  Even as yourselves.

From the mossy hollow,
  From the lily's dome,
Follow, follow, follow,
  Come, come, come!

Shall we to the river?
  Shall we to the mead,
Where the dew-drops quiver,
  Where the rainbows feed?

In yonder airy palace
  I will lightest trip,
From your acorn chalice
  Deepest will I sip.

Bring me to the waters
  By the musk-wind fanned;
Let me see the daughters
  Of your lovely land;

Or where the monsters wallow,
'Neath the white sea foam,
Follow, follow, follow,
Come, come, come!

'Neath the glistering laurel
In the moon's pale light;
'Midst the branching coral,
Where sea-bones are white.

In earth, air, or ocean,
Stars, or flowers, or dew,
Any where for motion,
Any where with you!

So shall come forgetting
Of earthly tear and sigh!
So shall cease regretting
For the days gone by!

Skim we like the swallow,
Wheresoe'er we roam;
Follow, follow, follow,
Come, come, come!

The song died away, and shortly after Grace retired to her couch. She did not know what ears had been drinking in the music of her voice; she did not know that the tune was one which the fairy people love beyond all others: and that they had perched around her casement to listen. But a gentle calm seemed suddenly to fall on her spirit, and, contrary to her expectation, she had scarcely laid her head on her pillow, ere some unseen influence lulled her to slumber.

Now, on the northern shore of Spike Island there is a tiny bay, which, though full at high water, is left almost dry by the ebbing of the tide. The banks around are steep, and perforated with many small caverns, and in their summits are rooted large weeping willows, whose drooping boughs sweep the top of the waves when the tide is at flood. This was the favourite anchorage for the fairies; they loved to dwell on its borders, and in those caverns were stored their treasures. Beneath those willows did their lovely queen and her maidens delight to recline and gaze down upon the fretting waves as they crept gradually over the sands. For this bay the fairy fleet steered, and, bidding his attendants await his return, the captain of the principal boat bent his course alone towards the old tower of Spike, where, as we have seen, our fair heroine was wrapped in soft slumbers.

Every precaution had been taken to prevent communication between Grace and her friends in Cove — the sentinels who paced before the old tower had been exhorted to double vigilance; the governess occupied a room adjoining that of her pupil; and locks, bolts, and bars there were in plenty. But what were all these hindrances to a spiritual being, as subtle in essence as the wind or the sunbeam? Through the key-hole glided the tiny messenger, and soon had awakened Grace and related his adventures.

"But Pierce — my dear, true Pierce!—oh, my kind friend, what will you do to Pierce?"

"Just bring him here, my darling, with a decent boy I know of to play the priest, and put my *comehder* upon Maney Burke and the rest, so that they shan't know one from another. 'T is well for us, Grace, that they are not all so innocent as you, or I might labour long before I could find the spell to fit them. But it's easy doing for the like of them, the sarpents! *You'll* see the boys in their natural forms, but be sure you don't let on. Make as if you thought it was Mr. Feargus and Father Clancey, as the others will surely take them to be." And he whispered something in her ear, and, laying a tiny vial by the bedside, departed.

Morning dawned, and, according to the fairy's prediction, Mr. Feargus and Father Clancey arrived at Mickey Shea's "place," which was a medium between a boat-house and a *shebeen*. As might have been expected, they each took a tumbler *for luck*, and after sitting some little time arose to depart, on receiving a notification that the boat was in readiness. But, Father Clancey, stopping short, inquired aloud what had become of Mr. Feargus.

"What 's become of me, indeed! Why here I am, to be sure," exclaimed that worthy gentleman, "and I may ask what 's become of Father

Clancey, for never a bit of him do I see, only an old *boccough* with a big bag."

"Bad manners to me, then, if I'd enter the boat with the dirty vagabond of a beggar-man you are yerself," retorted the priest. "Whare, in the name of the three kings, did *you* come from?"

"Nay, what call have you to me at all?" answered Mr. Feargus; and so, from one word to another, they came to blows, and belaboured each other so heartily that they were soon very little fit for the excursion they had set out upon.

In the mean time, a handsome youth and respectable-looking priest had jumped into the boat, and were already half way to Spike.

Pierce had received full instructions for his behaviour from his fairy friend, who had also procured the attendance of one Johnny Maclean, known far and near as a droller at all wakes and weddings. The power of the fairy speedily transformed him into a correct likeness of Father Clancey, and, thus prepared, he accompanied our hero. They quickly reached Spike, and found Mr. and Mrs. Manus Burke already there, and the preparations for the wedding completed. Grace had used the contents of the vial so effectually, that all were deceived save the parties most concerned, and, the ceremony being performed by the mock-priest, Grace received the blessing of her supposed father and mother-in-law with all due gravity.

There being no further occasion to detain the bride at Spike, the party returned to Cove, and Grace and Pierce, slipping out on pretence of a walk, went to one Father Weyland, a friar, who had a great regard for Kennedy, and got themselves tied so fast that the knot could not be ripped again, even by the sharp arrows of Mrs. Manus Burke's reproaches.

You may imagine the "*Ullabaloo*" when the spell was broken, and the Burkes discovered that their niece was married to the very man to whom they were book-sworn not to give her. And dire was the tumult when Father Phil Clancey and Mr. Feargus (who, having fallen asleep after their battle, awaked in their sober senses) arrived post-haste, vowing vengeance on every one of the Kennedies. But it was too late. The deed was done, and there was nothing for it but making the best of it. So, the anger of Mrs. Manus being somewhat cooled, the young couple shortly afterwards took up their abode on the Ronayne estate, ten times happier than a king and his queen.

As for the fairies, they continued their good offices, though in a less open manner than before. The flowers were ever the fairest, the crops the richest, the orchards the most abundant, within Grace's domains. Carefully did that gentle being watch over their favourite haunts, and preserve them from desecration, with all the tenderness of

a grateful heart. But years afterwards the estate went to other owners. The lawns were ploughed up, the primroses destroyed, and a row of houses built on the bank above the well. Then did the fairies leave in sorrow their homes and haunts, to seek some other spot, where they might hope to find the same peace and security which they enjoyed in the days of Pierce Kennedy and Grace Ronayne.

LAST WORDS OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"He cometh! Death is here. Leave me alone!
Hence! hence! Ye shall not see me when I die,
If die I must. I would not that the men
Whom I have led to battle saw me yield
To any conqueror. Shall my warriors hear
From this undaunted breast the gasp, or groan,
As when a woman dies?

"How cold the dew
Starts o'er my temples! Wipe it not away.
Shame on your tears! Leave me alone with Death!
For I will meet him as a brave man should,
And hurl defiance at him.

"What is this?
Ha!—He hath smote the lion! Was it well,

To steal upon me, in my unarm'd bed,
Most potent Enemy? How hast thou cut
The nerve of that strong arm, which us'd to cleave
The proudest foeman, like the sapling spray!
Oh friends!—the dimness of the grave doth steal
Over those eyes, that as the eagle dar'd
The noontide sunbeam. Let me hear your voice,
Once more! once more!
"In vain! That ear is seal'd
Which caught the rustle of the lightest leaf,
Where the close ambush lay. Come back! come
back!
Hear my last bidding, friends! Lay not my bones
Near any white man's bones. Let not his hand
Touch my clay-pillow, nor his hateful voice
Sing burial hymns for me. Rather than dwell
In paradise with him, my soul would choose
Eternal darkness and the undying worm.
Ho! heed my words, or else my wandering shade
Shall haunt ye with its curse!"
And so, he died,
That pagan chief, the last strong banner-staff
Of the poor Senecas. No more the flash
Of his wild eloquence shall fire their ranks
To mortal combat. His distorted brow,
And the stern grapple, when he sank in death,
Sadly they grave upon their orphan hearts,
As to their rude homes in the forest glade
Mournful they turn'd.

THE EVE OF THE BRIDAL.

BY MRS. WALKER.

"In vain! That ear is sealed
Which caught the rustle of the lightest leaf
Where the close ambush lay. Come back! come back!
Deserter to his bidding, friends! Lay me my bows
And my broad arrows. Let me see the trail
Of the base hireling. Ha! I'll drink his blood
And heart yo with its curse!"

And so, he died.
That pagan chief, the last strong-hearted one
Of the poor Senecas. No more the dash
Of his wild eloquence shall fire their ranks
To mortal combat. His distorted bones,
And the stern grapple, when he sank in death
Stuffy their grave upon their orphan hearts
As to their rude homes in the forest glade
Unarmed they turned.

THE EVE OF THE BRIDAL.

BY MRS. WALKER.

The gorgeous light wanes fast away,
Yet still the heavens look bright and gay,
For clouds are floating o'er the sky,
Of rosy, golden, purple dye,
Through which the stars burst one by one,
To tend and watch the setting sun.

On balmy flower, and verdant leaf,
Lie glittering tears — oh! not of grief —
For who could wish the silver dews,
Which mingle with their rainbow hues,
Were chas'd away! — or deem the stain,
Like earthly tears, the type of pain!

The breeze steals softly from the west,
And rocks the trees to transient rest,
Within whose deep and sheltering boughs,
The nightingale pours forth her vows.

It is the soft and silent hour,
When mighty Love hath mightiest power

To bind the heart, subdue the will,
Bid Reason's cold stern voice be still.
Oh! never sounds in Beauty's ear
The whispered word so sweet and dear,
As when the gathering shadows hide
The tell-tale cheek, which Feeling's tide,
In one full happy, joyous gush,
Hath tinted with a crimson blush!

So calm, so still, the scene around,
Almost the heart's own echoes sound!
How many a breast, on eve like this,
Is steeped in rapture — filled with bliss!
But, 'mong thy maidens, sunny France,
No eye beams forth a brighter glance,
No bosom owns a deeper spell
Of holy joy, than thine, Estelle!
The loved one wanders by thy side,
He who the morrow claims thee bride.

Though wooed and won in humble guise,
A lowly peasant in thine eyes,
Ere yet another sun is pale,
Fair damsel, thou shalt hear a tale
Of fond deceit — shalt learn that Fate
Hath destined thee to wealth and state.
But not more dear will Leon be
With pomp and power, Estelle, to thee,
Than now, when, Fortune's gifts above,
Thou deem'st thine only dower is — Love!

THE YOUNGER SON.

"I TELL you, Clara, and tell you truly," said the lively Rosina, "what perhaps you know already,—that you have no ambition. What! a girl with your pretensions, your youth, your beauty, your talents, the sole representative of an ancient house, with no brother even to share with you the paternal honours, and a young, handsome, and wealthy suitor ready for your acceptance; and yet you pretend to view them all with scorn, and to renounce all these brilliant prospects for a whim! *Pardonnez moi, ma chère,* but you are a greater fool than I took you for. How many would envy you your lot;" and she half sighed as she concluded, as if to intimate "and myself among the number."

The fair mourner whom she addressed bent listlessly over her employment, and even the landscape which was growing beneath her skilful touch seemed to take a sombre hue from the languid complexion of her thoughts. She could only muster courage to say, "Leave me, Rosina, to choose my own path to happiness. Would that I could see my way through the difficulties by which I am beset. But, if I am content with mediocrity, why

should I not be left to my own choice, in a matter which shapes my destiny for life?"

"Mediocrity! *bah, ma chère!* where did you pick up your homely phraseology?" responded her flippant adviser: "why I, with not half your talent, not *half your beauty*," (pausing at intervals with the vain hope of having the last assertion contradicted) "a few years unhappily your senior, and my vanity but too often mortified with the *brusque* manners of my *parvenu* mamma, still cannot be contented to pass through life without snatching at some of the prizes, which, to those who look for them, sometimes fall in the way of the fortunate. Rank and wealth are not to be despised in this world, and I have for ever in my mind the old story of the *petit nez retroussé*, which won its way to a throne. Give me some of the glitter, some of the pomp, of life. Let those who will study contentment in an humbler sphere — I am for flourishing in the eyes of—"

"Of a bitter, heartless world," interrupted Clara, gravely, "who will follow in your train, just as long as the dazzling baubles you prize so much remain, but who, on the first chill blast of adversity, will disappear, one by one, like the perishing flowers of the field."

"Adversity, my fair moralizer! no, I mean to soar so high as to be beyond its reach, as you might do at this moment, if you chose."

"Beyond the reach of adversity, in your acceptation of the word, I hope and trust you may be, Rosina; but there are other calamities, of a deeper nature, from which none can pronounce themselves exempt; and, believe me, in the hour of keen suffering, of sickness, or of sorrow, you would find the memory of one good deed, or the sympathizing voice of one sincere friend, of more avail than the recollection of all the gay scenes in which you had mingled, or the idle admiration of an unthinking multitude."

"A truce to morality, for to-day at least," responded Rosina; "descend from your heroics, and tell me in plain English, what is your determination in the present perplexed state of your affairs; act the part of a dutiful daughter—no such great sacrifice, I should deem—or confess all, and prepare for the terrible *dénouement* of Sir Frederick's wrath."

"It is my present intention so to do," sighed Clara; "concealment presses like a leaden weight upon my mind; I will tell him my little tale of sorrow, throw myself upon a father's love, a father's compassion—tell him that my heart has long been given, and my faith plighted, to Charles Mordaunt, and see if he will dare to urge me to the altar with another. He knows, admires, and esteems him, and I am not without hope."

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,

infatuated girl. Do you think that fathers see with the same eyes as daughters, where so much is at stake. I think I hear Sir Frederick's angry voice; I see his terrible brow; I hear him discarding you for ever, threatening to disinherit you, and heaping all the vengeance in his power on your devoted head. Nay, Clara, how is this?" stopping short, and evincing something like human feeling, when she saw the effect she had produced, for Clara had sunk overpowered in her chair, and was sobbing bitterly.

Leaving poor Clara Beresford to the idle attempts at consolation, so thoughtlessly adopted by her heartless companion, we will pause awhile to explain the relative positions of the parties, at the period when our story commences, and their connexion with each other. The foregoing dialogue between the two young ladies took place in a handsome *salon*, in the Place Vendôme, in Paris, in the year 1814, at the period when the first overthrow of Napoleon, and his subsequent imprisonment at Elba, gave a brief interval of peace to the world, and induced many of our countrymen to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them of a continental trip — an enjoyment from which they had been long debarred. Among these idle tourists, was Sir Frederick Beresford, the father of Clara; though he perhaps could have urged a better excuse than many of the absentees by whom

he was surrounded : it was one that he shrunk from acknowledging to the world — poverty.

Clara Beresford and Rosina Wilmot, as unlike in disposition and habits as in personal appearance and manners, though brought together by the strange caprice of Fortune, had no tie of blood between them, and no other connexion than the mere accident of the marriage of their respective parents to each other. To explain what brought about this most inauspicious event, as it appeared, for Clara's happiness, it may be necessary to state that a long career of extravagance had led Sir Frederick to the brink of ruin, till nothing but a second alliance offered any chance of extricating him from his difficulties. In the early days of his youth, when the warm and generous emotions of the heart had not yet been stifled by that selfishness which gradually absorbs every faculty of the mere man of the world ; heir to a princely fortune, a baronet of an ancient family, his estate unincumbered, and the world all sunshine before him ; he had married, as his heart dictated, an amiable, beautiful, and accomplished girl, of good family, but small fortune, and the first years of their union would have been blest, but for the successive losses of three or four promising children, leaving one daughter, Clara, the sole survivor of their numerous family, and the only object remaining for his ambitious projects. The loss of his heir, who had

survived the first months of infancy, appeared the final blow, and, strange to say, he abandoned himself to a course of reckless expenditure, foreign to his usual habits.

He was perpetually murmuring that he had no one to inherit his vast property, for poor Clara appeared seldom present to his thoughts. Naturally irritable and subject to violent fits of ungovernable rage, he would not listen to a word of remonstrance from his gentle partner, whose health, always delicate, gradually gave way under the pressure of domestic affliction. Lady Beresford ventured to hint at the necessity of retrenchment, of retiring for a while from the world, and quitting the seat of their ancestors, which they could no longer support with their wonted hospitality. At first, Sir Frederick spurned the idea; but, on taking courage to look his affairs steadily in the face, it was plain that it was the only course which he could adopt. Sir Frederick ultimately followed the advice of his lady; and, having let for a term of years his princely mansion to a wealthy citizen, who had risen from the very depth of obscurity, ("and this was the unkindest cut of all") he retired to a distance from the scene of all his former glory, to vent his spleen upon the innocent members of his own household.

Lady Beresford, long failing in health, and broken in spirit, unsustained in her adversity by

the sympathy and affection of her husband, who became every day more irritable and morose, at last found refuge in the grave from her sorrows, cheered only in her last moments by the consoling attentions of her dutiful daughter, who, even long after the first violence of her grief had subsided, continued to cherish and revere her memory when she appeared forgotten by all the world besides.

The brief peace of 1814 afforded Sir Frederick the long wished-for opportunity of endeavouring to dissipate his *ennui*, and to escape from his impertinent friends, as he termed those who still visited him in his retreat, and whom he looked upon as spies come to sneer at and to report to the world his broken fortunes, by a trip to the continent, and thither he conveyed the reluctant Clara, who had a true English hatred of every thing foreign, and to the French especially, as a nation. Clara had another and private reason for her extreme reluctance to quit her native country.

Their residence for the last few years had been in the neighbourhood of Oxford, at which place they had a few agreeable and intelligent acquaintance, with whom Sir Frederick's misanthropic habits did not allow them to mix as much as his daughter might have wished, but with whom she occasionally passed some pleasant hours; and she had one intimate friend, a young widow of easy fortune, at whose house she was a frequent visiter,

and where Sir Frederick even permitted her to spend whole days without much inquiry or anxiety.

There she met Charles Mordaunt, a young Oxford student, of agreeable manners, and of more than common attainments, combined with a mixture of pleasantry and a touch of romance, which was just the qualification most calculated to win the susceptible heart of Clara. Charles Mordaunt was not even what the world would call handsome ; but he had an intelligent countenance, with an agreeable expression, pleasant conversational powers, upright and honourable principles ; was something of a poet ; had read much, and was not altogether the vapid country gentleman one is condemned to meet with perpetually, if one has the misfortune to reside far from the busy world of London. There was a touch of romance in his history, as well as in his character. Clara was romantic, and she knew from the first dawn of the attachment which sprung up between them, that it was one which could never be sanctioned by her ruined but still aristocratic father. Mordaunt was poor, worse than poor ; he did not even know the name of his parents. To Clara, when his attachment first broke forth in words, he told his simple and mournful history, and she listened with interest — oh ! how deep !—to every word that fell from her lover's lips.

Mordaunt had been brought up from his earliest recollection in the house of a clergyman in the

west of England; an amiable and excellent man, who treated him with the affection of a parent, but who denied all claim to that appellation. Mr. Waldegrave, at once his tutor and guardian, did not marry till Charles was ten years of age; but even this event made no difference in his paternal care of his adopted child. The anxieties attendant on an increasing family did not close the avenues of his heart against the claims of the orphan boy, as Mordaunt long supposed himself to be; but, of late years, a suspicion had often crossed his mind that his unknown parents were in existence, and watched his career with anxious eyes, though they denied him the sanction of their blessing and their name. This suspicion was strengthened as he advanced towards manhood by various circumstances, though he could obtain no clue to the mystery in which his fate seemed shrouded.

His purse was amply supplied from some unknown hand; for the allowance which he received was evidently far beyond the limits of Mr. Waldegrave's income. He was given to understand that he should receive a college education; an expence never even contemplated by his guardian for his own sons. He was told that he had a patron of wealth and influence sufficient to promote his interest in any professsion; the profession was left to his own choice, and a commission offered him, should the army be his inclination.

But here Mr. Waldegrave's communication ceased. He would neither be urged nor teazed into any farther explanation. To all Charles's entreaties that he would be less reserved, he made but one reply. "Be satisfied, young man," he would say, "you will have the education and provision of a gentleman. You must earn a name and fortune for yourself. I must hear no more of this."

To Mordaunt's young and enthusiastic mind, there appeared but one path to fame; the tempting offer of the commission seemed to fix his destiny:—his heart panted for military distinction. To Clara he revealed all his projects, all his hopes; for in these stirring times, he argued, promotion must be rapid; and he would return crowned with laurels, and force his unknown parent, if such existed, to acknowledge him, and win even the stern Sir Frederick to an approbation of their union. Clara inwardly shrank, with all the sensitiveness of her nature, alike from the pain of the parting and the hazard of the profession; but she had too much pride and spirit to oppose a project on which Mordaunt's heart appeared set.

While the choice of the profession was yet undecided, peace was proclaimed. Sir Frederick's hasty determination was taken, and the lovers parted, uncertain when or where they should meet again: with the secret of their rash engagement

still unrevealed to either parent or guardian. Sir Frederick whirled his daughter to Paris, quite unconscious of her secret grief.

It was at a brilliant *soirée* given by one of that frivolous nation, on whom the fiery trials of a long course of years seemed to leave no more impression than the tempest of a summer's day, that Sir Frederick and Miss Beresford first made the acquaintance of Madame la Comtesse de Montmorency and Rosina Wilmot, the Comtesse's daughter, by a former marriage. Madame la Comtesse was one of those lucky individuals who are marvellously indebted to Fortune, but not in the least either to Nature or education, for those more stable qualities which can alone secure the regard of the estimable portion of mankind. Awfully unconscious of the deep responsibility which devolves upon the affluent, who neglect the means of doing good, she had reached the meridian of life without having burdened her recollection with a single deed of benevolence.

That the gifts of Fortune should be so lavishly bestowed on beings so utterly beneath contempt as those into whose hands they frequently fall, is one of those problems in the mysterious ways of Providence which it is not for us to solve; but at least it conveys the moral lesson of the utter worthlessness of mere worldly possessions in the eye of Heaven.

Madame de Montmorency had not, as her high-sounding appellation would imply, any claim to hereditary distinction. A mere woman of the world, with some shrewdness and natural talent, her selfishness was made still more apparent by the glaring vulgarity of her manners. She had already been twice a widow, having been left by her first husband, a mere money-getting and money-loving citizen, an income not only immeasurably superior to her deserts, which were but *small*, but infinitely beyond her expectations, which were *large*. Still she had her mortifications. She was only queen of a certain set, and found it impossible to force her way into those aristocratic circles, which only laughed at her pretensions, and took a malicious pleasure in thwarting all her schemes. To earn a title was next the sole aim and end of her being; and, in one of her *despairing* moments, for every one has some secret source of chagrin, she fell in with the Count de Montmorency—as he called himself; one of that innumerable class of French emigrants with which England was overwhelmed in the first years of the revolution. It was one of the count's *despairing* moments, too, for he had just expended his last shilling, and he met the wealthy widow's advances with the most flattering and lover-like alacrity.

He gave a moving recital of his confiscated property in France — his splendid but ruined *château* —the morbid feelings of a man of his rank, com-

pelled to abandon all his hereditary possessions as the only chance of life. She listened, and believed—was wooed, and won. And so she became the wife of the penniless count. More fortunate than she deserved to be, he did not live long enough to dissipate the property of which she had so unwisely given him the command.

She had now run over to Paris on the first opportunity, to see if she could lay any claim to the confiscated estates of which the deceased count had so often boasted; or discover the splendid *château* in Normandy, which he assured her he had left with so much regret. The result of her inquiries was any thing but satisfactory, yet she shrunk from encountering the world's dread laugh, and still continued to bear the title, to which she strongly suspected she had no legal right. At all events, she had learnt both experience and caution. Her first instructions to Rosina, on introducing her to the gay world of Paris, were comprised in a single sentence; most especially to avoid entangling herself in a flirtation with a *Younger Son;* and so well did the young lady obey the maternal precept, that her obvious devotion to the heirs apparent laid her tolerably open to the malicious observations of her dear *five hundred friends.* The Countess's scheming brain was also soon at work on her own account, and she speedily formed the resolution of repairing by a third alliance the evils of her

second choice. She soon made herself acquainted with Sir Frederick's early history, and the knowledge of his present embarrassments was the very circumstance that marked him for her prey. She had a double plot in hand, for Rosina had danced and flirted at a ball with a young English nobleman only just of age, heir to an earldom, and an only son, and the Countess determined to secure him for a victim also. Two such desirable events accomplished, and who would dare to look down upon her?

That she succeeded in one of her deep-laid schemes has been seen; but many were the struggles in the proud man's mind ere he could bring himself to contemplate such a plebeian alliance. He felt, and felt deeply, the painful contrast between the accomplished being whose heart he had partly broken by his neglect, and her who was to supply her place. The harsh sound of her voice grated painfully on his ear. He shuddered as he thought of presenting a woman of her appearance and manners to the chosen circle of his friends; but he silenced the suggestions of his reason and of his heart, and turned a deaf ear to the gentle remonstrances of his daughter. Thus Madame la Comtesse triumphed once more; but the success of one of her schemes proved the means of defeating the other.

The young Viscount became a constant visiter

at the house of Sir Frederick from the moment of his marriage with the Countess; and the lady, rendered sanguine by success, contemplated an equally favourable *dénouement* to the plans which she had formed for the aggrandizement of her daughter. But these glowing visions were soon to be dissipated. The young Viscount made an offer of his hand and fortune, where it was least expected and least desired. It was to Clara Beresford that he gave the homage of what little heart he had; and it were idle to attempt a description of the overwhelming rage which swelled the haughty stepmother's heart at this discovery. In unmeasured terms she accused the astonished Clara of the most deep-laid schemes, having for their object the determination of snatching from the injured Rosina the prize already within her grasp. Clara's indignation was boundless. But she was too spirited to enter into a defence of her conduct from a charge so unfounded, and she contented herself by giving the most substantial evidence of her innocence of the treachery imputed to her, by a gentle but firm rejection of the splendid alliance proposed to her.

And now she had to encounter, on the other hand, the angry frowns, remonstrances, and even commands, of her father to retract her silly decision; in addition to which, she had the daily vexation of being still tormented by the assiduities,

or rather persecutions, of the Viscount, who was still encouraged by the assurances of Sir Frederick, that time and a father's authority would work a change in his favour.

Thus beset on all sides, Clara's life was made sufficiently miserable; the more so, as the young Lord Carlton was of all others the person least calculated to win her regard, even had her affections been disengaged. He was an empty coxcomb, with a mincing frivolity of expression and manner, which gave a sufficiently contemptible idea of his mind; and it was rumoured, moreover, that he had lost deeply at play.

Sir Frederick, having made the happy discovery, in the very first month of his second marriage, that his wife was supremely wrong on every occasion, laid down for himself the very simple rule of waiting till her decision was made, and then acting in direct opposition to it: and, as the lady formed her plans much upon the same conciliatory principle, it may readily be conceived that the domestic scenes in the life of this happy pair were any thing but harmonious. It was after a more than usually stormy scene between them that, being compelled to retreat from the violence of her invectives, he turned all the bitterness of his rage upon the head of his unoffending daughter, and announced to her his stern determination of insisting on her marriage with the Viscount. Clara, with

a gentle dignity that astonished and almost disarmed her angry parent, maintained her right to a freedom of choice. The conversation between the two young ladies, with which our story commences, took place immediately after this interview. Rosina, having delicacy or tact enough to drop a subject evidently distasteful to her auditor, Clara had walked to the window alike to conceal her tears, and to find some new object to divert her thoughts, when her attention was attracted by the sound of many voices, and the rush of a vast multitude down the street, composed of that class of ragged and ferocious-looking mortals which form the elements of a Parisian mob. Amid the din and uproar, the cry of "*Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!*" smote dismally upon her listening and anxious ear.

Even Rosina's laughing and playful countenance assumed a graver cast; they looked at each other in silent fear and wonder, when the entrance of the Countess, greatly agitated, seemed to announce that she had disastrous news to communicate.

"Have you heard, girls — do you know — can you guess — what has happened? Napoleon has escaped from Elba—is on his way to Paris. We must fly for our lives, ere another week has elapsed, or we shall be detained prisoners, as sure as I live and breathe."

"Preposterous!" said Sir Frederick, who just

entered in time to hear his lady's opinion at the present crisis, and consequently to decide his own —"preposterous! the cry of an insane and idle rabble, misled by vague reports, to upset all our plans! Have we not seen and heard enough of the fickleness of Parisian mobs to know that they will be just as ready to cry *Vivent les Bourbons!* to-morrow? Why, at this moment, it would puzzle you to tell which party most predominates."

In addition to the pleasure which Sir Frederick felt in opposing any proposition which originated with his wife, he had his own private reasons for suppressing any alarm, even if he felt it. His daughter was not yet a Viscountess, and her young lover, bound by innumerable attractions to the gay circles in which he had so lately become initiated, had declared his determination to await the event of things; and it would not do to part them at such a critical moment.

To part them till Time had worked a change in the sentiments of the faithless admirer, who had once seemed to live but on Rosina's smiles, and to trust to a more propitious moment for renewing the acquaintance, was Madame la Comtesse's bright idea at the moment — any thing for a reprieve.

Meanwhile the uproar increased, and all private concerns seemed banished from the minds even of the most anxious of the party, by the increasing

interest of public affairs. Bulletin after bulletin continued to arrive — messenger after messenger —but the intelligence communicated by private individuals was contradictory. One stated that the army had declared against Napoleon, another for him; the fleur-de-lis and the eagle were displayed in direct opposition — the tri-coloured flag was floating in one place, and the white flag in another. Yet all was gaiety and good-humour among the French part of the population. To them the prospect of a change, whether for good or evil, seems equally welcome. Revolution is their element, the very air they breathe. Balls and parties were carried on with the same, if not more, *esprit*. What is it to a Frenchman if the following day brings anarchy and bloodshed!—the present is all in all. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is their motto. Like the fair waltzer at the bal des victimes, who, meeting a sister, whose supposed death by the guillotine had been her title to admission, "Ah, true," said the fair mourner, after the first embrace, "I have found a sister, but I have lost my ticket."

Thus recruits were to be found ready to range themselves under either standard, and who frequently changed their opinions and their parties by the evening. Most joined the king, for it was the most profitable speculation. Napoleon's sergeants had no money; and the feelings of the lower

classes of any nation are only to be excited in one way — by an appeal to their interest. The innkeepers were equally busy in metamorphosing the obnoxious signs; royal was converted into imperial; at the lottery-offices beautiful spread eagles usurped the place of the fleur-de-lis; in a second, the Duchess d'Angoulème became the Virgin Mary, and the Duc de Berri was transformed in a few hours into St. Peter himself.

Yet all appeared tranquil. John Bull alone wore rather a sombre aspect, and showed many outward tokens of alarm. Many of the English fled with all the speed they could; but Sir Frederick, interested, amused, and obstinate to the last, still lingered, and while he lingered, Napoleon quietly drove up post, in a chaise and four, to the palace of the Bourbons, and Louis XVIII. as quietly drove off post in a chaise and four in the opposite direction.

It was not, however, till the Emperor left Paris to take the command of the army in Belgium, that Sir Frederick began to partake in some measure of the anxiety which had so long been felt by every member of his family. While the issue of the ensuing contest yet remained uncertain, he felt conscious that there was sufficient cause for apprehension. But, ere he had time to make arrangements for flight, flight became impossible. The double defeat of Blucher, the separationof the Prus-

sian and British armies, the consequent retreat of Wellington upon Brussels, the march of Grouchy upon that city, and the advance of Napoleon, were all events which occurred in rapid succession.

On the 18th of June, at daybreak, Sir Frederick was roused from an uneasy slumber by the roaring of artillery, and rose in haste and hurried into the crowded streets to inquire the cause. At first nobody could inform him; he soon heard that it was rejoicings on account of a great victory gained by Napoleon over the Prussians, and that the allies were in rapid retreat. It was soon generally known, however, that Napoleon's destiny was decided; that he had returned to Paris to take the command of a new army, and that the English were in full march to the capital.

During all this anxious period, Clara Beresford had never heard any tidings of Charles Mordaunt, and her heart beat wildly at each fresh report, for she remembered his burning anxiety to fight the battles of his country; she could not doubt that he had gratified his wish at such a stirring period, and, amid such scenes of slaughter, what might not be his fate?

Actuated by the fear of discovery, as well as a natural feminine delicacy, she had peremptorily forbidden him to write to her; though she would now have given worlds for a single line to assure her of his safety.

Paris was soon invested by the armies of the allies. The position of the few English now compelled to remain there was awkward enough; and Sir Frederick felt that he had brought himself and family into a more perilous position than he had any idea of; but, determined not to confess himself in the wrong, he assumed an air of indifference, and dragged his unwilling companions out on the Boulevards to listen to the roaring of the artillery, which was any thing but a cheering sound to a party of timid females, who could not but fancy that both life and liberty hung on the issue of that day's contest.

Yet even they, in the midst of their alarm, were amused by the *sang-froid* of the Parisian females, taking their ices at Tortoni's with the utmost tranquillity, and talking of balls and *soirées*, while listening to a roar of artillery, which announced death and bloodshed on all sides with as much indifference as if it had been a mere review, intended expressly for their amusement.

But soon the spectacle of the wounded and the dying, brought in detachments to the various hospitals, caused the most indifferent to turn with a sickening eye from the appalling sight.

Clara clung shudderingly to the arm of her father, who was hurrying her away from such uncongenial scenes, when a deep groan arrested her attention, and smote painfully upon her ear. In-

stinctively she turned her head to see whence the sound proceeded, when what a sight met her bewildered gaze! A litter borne by two soldiers, containing a wounded officer, in a state of insensibility scarcely to be distinguished from death, was passing at the moment. Did she dream! Could it be that in that pallid and blood-stained countenance she beheld the betrothed of her heart!—him from whom she had parted in the vigour of youth, and health, and hope!—and was it thus they met!

"Look, look, my dear father!" she almost screamed, as she convulsively grasped his arm, every feeling absorbed in the deep agitation of the moment, "pale and disfigured as he is, do you not know him? 'Tis our friend; 'tis poor Charles Mordaunt whom they are bearing yonder. Oh, fly and stop them, I implore you. Let him not perish without an effort to save him."

Sir Frederick gazed astonished at the agonized countenance of his daughter, a dim suspicion of the truth for the first moment entering his mind; but he was not wholly without a heart, and for once he suffered its dictates to prevail. The cautious selfishness by which all his actions were usually regulated was for once forgotten; his compassion was roused — Clara's fate hung upon a thread, and the decision of that instant fixed her destiny for life.

Sir Frederick gave directions that the litter containing the wounded officer, who he said was not unknown to him, should be borne to his hotel in the Place Vendôme, where he would see that proper attention should be paid to him. As the sad procession moved slowly on, Clara had leisure to school her features into something like composure, and Sir Frederick had almost argued himself into the belief that the emotion she evinced at first was no more than was natural in a young and sensitive female, exposed for the first time to scenes of war and bloodshed, rendered yet more distressing by the features of the sufferer being those of a friend.

But there was one among the groupe assembled on that memorable day who was not so easily to be deceived. The young Viscount saw with a single glance the reason why his suit had been so long unsuccessful; and, on his return home, when he surveyed his not ungraceful form in the splendid mirror before him, set off by every aid of dress, and called to mind the ghastly and distorted features of the wounded officer, and the difference of their rank and prospects in life, he could not help marvelling at the lady's taste.

He began now to repent in some measure of his conduct towards Rosina. He had once seriously speculated on an alliance in that quarter. But, before he took the irretrievable step, he had paid the earl, his father, the compliment of com-

municating to him his matrimonial project, and requesting the sanction of his approbation: not in the least fearing any opposition to a scheme which offered such obvious pecuniary advantages.

The Earl, not a little pleased to find that his son had made so prudent a choice, had only delayed his answer till he had taken a little time to make the necessary inquiries; and, having satisfied himself that the young nobleman had not been misled by any idle rumours as to the extent of the lady's expectations, he then wrote to urge him to expedition in securing the heiress, who might otherwise fall a prey to some needy adventurer.

But in the interval which elapsed between the Viscount's momentous communication and the Earl's reply, events, which had materially interfered with Rosina's prospect of being elevated to the peerage, had occurred, and among them the marriage of her mother to Sir Frederick, which was the means of first introducing Clara Beresford to Lord Carlton's notice. The result has been seen; but, ashamed of his own versatility, and feeling conscious that it could not fail to call forth severe animadversions on the part of the Earl, he had shrunk from communicating the change in his sentiments, trusting to Time and some favourable chance for making the unwilling disclosure.

Meanwhile, Charles Mordaunt, for three long weeks, lay hovering between life and death, vary-

ing only from the agony of delirium to almost total insensibility. But youth, and strength, and skilful treatment, bore him through the trial; his wounds though dangerous were not mortal, and as they gradually healed the fever subsided, recollection returned, and he became aware, with a deep sense of gratitude for the kind chance which had thus befriended him, into whose hands the fate of war had conducted him.

As all fears for his safety subsided, what a variety of new feelings began to agitate the various members of Sir Frederick's household! The baronet himself became extremely anxious to get rid of his guest, for he could no longer shut his eyes to the true state of the case as regarded his daughter. The Countess, actuated by an equally sordid but different motive, resolved to take advantage of every opportunity afforded by this unlooked-for event to promote a union which would remove so formidable a rival to Rosina. Rosina herself, though not so deep a manœuvrer as her more artful parent, had her own little notions on the present position of affairs, of which she thought it no harm to take advantage. Clara could only weep in secret over the parting hour, which every day brought nearer.

On the very day that Mordaunt found himself sufficiently recovered to join the family circle at the table of his host, the young Lord Carlton

had just risen from an unrefreshing slumber, after a night spent at the gaming-table, and was standing at the window, lost in meditation (if so vacant a mind could be said to meditate) on the best mode of getting rid of the next twenty-four hours in the idlest possible manner, when his ideas were suddenly forced into a new channel by the sudden stopping of a carriage and four at the door of his hotel, from which alighted the last person he could have desired to see at that moment—the earl, his father. The Earl de Tracy held the rank of general in the English service, and had commanded a division of the army under the Duke of Wellington; he had been slightly wounded in that glorious conflict which gave peace to the world. This had retarded his progress towards the capital; but, having heard nothing to the contrary, he flattered himself that he had arrived just in time to be present at his son's wedding with the heiress, and to give away the bride.

He was a little startled at the embarrassed air with which the Viscount returned his salutations, and at the vague answers he made to his numerous inquiries. But Lord de Tracy, short and decided in his mode of proceeding, was not to be thus baffled. He saw that something was amiss, and came to the point at once, by insisting on knowing every particular relative to the projected marriage with Rosina.

Thus urged, the young Viscount had no alternative but the last which he would have wished to adopt under such circumstances; but, as the explanation could not be long delayed, he felt that it was as well to get it over; and his story was told in a few words. Though expecting some signs of displeasure on the part of the Earl, he was not altogether prepared for the startling declaration which followed his narration.

"Then, young man," said the Earl, in a voice of thunder, "you have ruined yourself by your incredible folly. This idle infirmity of purpose, this miserable unsteadiness of character, has wrought its own punishment—you are undone."

The young nobleman's spirit was roused in turn: assuming an air of utter indifference, he observed that he considered himself of an age when parental authority may be exercised too far; that, with ample wealth, both in possession and prospect, heir to an earldom and a fine estate, he had a right to a freedom of choice.

"Heir to an earldom and a fine estate!" said Lord de Tracy, with a withering sneer, which smote dismally upon the ears of his auditor. "What say you when I tell you that your title and inheritance are not worth a straw; that a word from my lips can dissipate the splendid allusion like a vision; that the true heir lives, although as yet unconscious of his claims; and that he is one who,

my heart whispers to me, will not prove unworthy of the name and title, from which he has so long been unjustly excluded." At this terrible announcement the Viscount's lip quivered, his cheek became of an ashy paleness, and he sunk almost breathless in a chair. The next moment a smile of incredulity again passed over his features — the tale appeared so wild and improbable. He looked earnestly in Lord de Tracy's face, but the earl shrunk not from his scrutinizing gaze. Was the tale true?

Lord Carlton started up, and, grasping the hand not withdrawn, with frantic eagerness implored to be told the worst, that he might know exactly in what position he stood. But the earl had not yet made up his mind as to what course he should pursue. He had said enough to rouse his unhappy son to a sense of the impending danger, and bend him to his purpose. "Be satisfied," he said, "that I have not deceived you by any idle fiction. I have ample proof to substantiate the truth of my statement. There is but one course left to redeem your fallen fortunes. Try and retrace your steps, if yet it be in your power, and while the world still acknowledges you as my heir." So saying, the earl broke from him hastily, and left the unhappy young man to his meditations.

His reverie was brief as it was painful; his resolution was instantly taken. He determined, with some plausible story, to seek to re-establish himself

in the good graces of the deserted heiress. He felt convinced that his task would not be difficult; that Clara Beresford would be rejoiced to be freed from his persecutions, and that he should not find either Rosina or her mother very implacable. To Sir Frederick Beresford's he, therefore, repaired without a moment's delay.

In the mean time, affairs were drawing to a crisis in Sir Frederick's family. Mordaunt had obtained Clara's permission to lay his hopes and prospects before her father, and request his sanction to their union. Sir Frederick's wrath on hearing her decision was boundless. He vowed that nothing should ever win his consent to such a preposterous match, rendered yet more criminal in his eyes by the brilliant marriage which it had been the means of preventing; and in his wrath he uttered some opprobious expressions, in which the words nameless adventurer, and allusions to the unexplained mystery of his birth, roused all Mordaunt's insulted feelings to a pitch, which even the recollection of his being Clara's father could scarcely keep within due limits. He made, however, speedy preparations for quitting a house where he could no longer remain with any degree of satisfaction.

Sir Frederick, having exhausted all the epithets which his wrath could suggest, had walked forth, with perturbed brow and flushed countenance, to take his usual morning ramble, while Mordaunt,

so lately exhausted by the agitation of the morning, had thrown himself listlessly upon a couch to await his return, when he intended to take a formal leave of the baronet and a mournful farewell of his daughter.

The angry scene which had just taken place occurred about a week after the arrival in Paris of the Earl de Tracy, who chose that momentous morning to pay his proposed visit to Sir Frederick. Through some mistake of the drowsy porter, who was slumbering at his post when Sir Frederick passed out unobserved, the earl was admitted, under the supposition that he should find his friend at home, and was shown into the room where Mordaunt was seated alone, a prey to gloomy forbodings, and the disturbed state of his mind visible in every line of his countenance. He started when he heard the name announced, and at the same time recognized in the earl a frequent visiter at the house of his guardian, Mr. Waldegrave, from whom he had received many acts of kindness, and whom he had known only under the assumed name of Mr. Etherington. For a moment he felt bewildered; then considered that deaths or circumstances unknown to him might have been the means of raising his old friend to the peerage. At all events, the sight of a familiar face was most welcome in his present frame of mind. The earl soon saw that some new and painful occurrence had occasioned

this more than usual sadness; and, with an air of affectionate sympathy, and a winning gracefulness of manner, which Mordaunt found it impossible to resist, soon drew from him the little history of his sorrows; and when he dwelt with peculiar indignation upon the insolent and aristocratic sneer which Sir Frederick had levelled at the obscurity of his birth, as his voice faltered with emotion, he was astonished to perceive the increasing agitation of his auditor.

"Be comforted, young man," he exclaimed, "that stain shall exist no longer. I know your parentage, and have both the power and the will to force Sir Frederick to retract his arbitrary decree."

As he pronounced these words, Sir Frederick suddenly and noiselessly entered the apartment, his ruffled features plainly indicating that the last words of the speaker had not escaped his ear.

"What I have said, I fear not to repeat in your presence, Sir Frederick," said the earl firmly; "the moment of explanation is now come."

But another and unlooked-for interruption checked the words already upon his lips; a shrill scream was heard upon the stairs. The countess burst into the room with an air of well-feigned distress, and sank sobbing into a chair. Her daughter Rosina had eloped that morning — her flight, according to her statement, had only just been discovered. An open note upon her toilet, directed

to her mother, bidding her farewell, and informing her that, when her fate was irrevocably fixed, then and then only should the partner of her flight be known, was the only explanation of her mysterious disappearance. The countess of course affected utter ignorance on the subject, while her secret exultation was visible even through her dissembled grief. A domestic now entered with the intelligence that a carriage and four had been seen passing the barrier at an early hour that morning; that its inmates were the fair fugitive and the young viscount for her companion, and that they must now be beyond the reach of pursuit.

On hearing this confirmation of his worst fears, the baronet's brow became still more clouded. Turning to his wife, he bade her dry her hypocritical tears, as he had no doubt that she had been privy to the scheme; and he was leaving the room, vowing vengeance against Mordaunt, as the primary cause of baffling all his favourite projects, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the commanding voice of the earl, who, turning to Mordaunt, exclaimed in impassioned accents, "If you have lost a friend, young man, at least you have found a father. Come to my arms, my first-born, dearest, long deserted son! Summon your daughter, Sir Frederick," he continued, "she has a right to hear my repentant confession, and, when all is known, I trust to vanquish even your oppo-

sition to the union of those whose hearts have been so long united."

Clara, who had heard her name fondly called upon by another and a well-known voice, joined the assembled groupe, and implored her father's blessing and forgiveness.

The *dénouement* may easily be foreseen; but for the sake of brevity the history which the earl narrated to his anxious and listening friends, though it comprised the melancholy events of many long years, shall be told in a few words.

He had married clandestinely in early life, even in his boyhood, a young and beautiful Italian, whom he had met in a continental tour, which he had made previously to his coming of age. She was young, artless, affectionate, and accomplished, but the daughter of an obscure artist; the union was altogether unsuitable for one of his rank in life, and he felt it to be so. But he beguiled her for many a month after their marriage with promises of introducing her to his family as soon as he should return to England — promises never destined to be realized.

The late Earl de Tracy, his father, who was then alive, sent an imperative order for him to return home on business of importance. He took a hasty and painful leave of Madeline, who vainly implored permission to accompany him. He assured her that he would take this opportunity of disclosing

his marriage, and then, when all was satisfactorily arranged, she should receive the joyful summons to join him in his native country. But what was his consternation to find, on his return, that the earl had sent for him to propose a marriage with the only daughter of a nobleman!—a union which had been projected by the respective parents of the parties most interested, without having been communicated to either. As the young viscount had not courage to acknowledge the claimant on his affections whom he had left pining in a foreign land, he could not avoid an introduction, which accordingly took place; when, alas! for poor human nature! the beauty, lively manners, and fashionable appearance of the admired Lady Caroline Seymour so completely eclipsed in his eyes the humbler attractions of the once fondly loved Madeline, that the folly of his early choice overwhelmed him with regret and almost with despair. But the deed was irrevocable, and his situation appeared hopeless, while his letters, in spite of all the studied care with which they were written, assumed a coldness which struck a chill to the breaking heart of poor Madeline, and sounded the knell of all her hopes. She at length ceased to answer them with her former regularity; but penned, with a trembling hand, a few lines, her last farewell, and bade him forget that she had ever been, but earnestly implored him, as her only re-

quest, that he would acknowledge the claims of his infant son.

The lapse of a few days brought him tidings of her death, in a reproachful letter from her father, who entreated that he would forward his intentions respecting his heir. Once more free, his way seemed clear before him. He resolved never to reveal to any living being the secret of his first marriage, and to bring up the deserted boy in obscurity; as the knowledge of an existing heir might make a vast difference in the sentiments of the aristocratic old marquis, now so anxious for the alliance, and Lady Caroline's fortune was a prize not to be despised. The young widower, therefore, made his proposals in all due form to the lady, and, while splendid preparations were making for the wedding, went over to the continent to claim the only legacy which poor Madeline had left him in her orphan boy. He endeavoured to pacify the heart-broken father by assurances of restoring the child to his rights; but the stern old man was not so easily to be beguiled as the innocent Madeline, and meditated a journey to England to assert the claims of the helpless child, when he was seized with a sudden and fatal illness, and laid in the same grave with his much injured daughter.

Thus guilt triumphed for a while. But was the guilty man more happy than his victim?—she who had perished in early life, heart-broken by

his base desertion? No! her sorrows had been severe, but brief; his had been the anguish of years, the reproaches of a conscience that not all the turmoils of the world could silence. Years rolled on—Lady Caroline, the marquis, her father, and the old earl, had all sunk one by one into the grave, and none could be pained by the disclosure but he who had long since lost all hold upon the affections of his father — the supposed viscount. Then Lord de Tracy panted to acknowledge him whom he felt worthy of his name; and, when he saw the misery that he had it in his power to relieve by a word, he could forbear no longer.

"And now," said the earl, when he had finished his narration, "refuse your consent, Sir Frederick, if you will. Here is one," taking Clara's hand, "who has not been lightly won. She was not attracted either by a high-sounding title, or the parade of wealth; but gave her affections where alone she could give her esteem, and virtue has its own reward. And to you, madam," turning to the countess, who sat almost bursting with ungovernable rage, "to you also I appeal for pardon for the young couple who have eluded your vigilance this morning. The fair Rosina has wealth enough to be independent of chance. You must make up to her in possession for what she has lost in prospect, and the pretty manœuvrer must be content to be the bride of a YOUNGER SON.

LYRA.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

Still, still, fair minstrel! pour along
Thy wildering passion-tide of song—
For oh, the ear that once hath heard
Must treasure up thy every word.

And, if no *instant* burst of praise
Reward the pathos of thy lays,
How sweet—how exquisite must be
That voiceless eloquence to thee!

For Flattery's honeyed words will throng
To welcome *every* breath of song—
The tuneful and the tuneless strain
Alike *his* heartless praise can gain.

While Admiration—eye and ear—
Anxious will hold his breath to hear,
Inhale each silvery tone, until,
Even when 'tis past, he hears thee still.

And thus, sweet Lyra! pour along
Thy wildering passion-tide of song—
Who once hath heard for aye would hear
Such soft, sweet music soothe his ear!

THE ASCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

BY MARY HOWITT.

MINSTRELSY OF EARTH.

She lay down in her poverty,
And sorrowful, though so young;
And the words of human sorrow
Fell trembling from her tongue.

There were pale devotees around her,
And pomp and power in sight;
The walls of that poor chamber,
Where she lay down to die.

Two were abiding with her,
The lowly of the earth,—
Her feeble, weeping sister,
And she who gave her birth.

She lay down in her poverty,
And sorrowful, though so young;
And the words of human sorrow
Fell from her trembling tongue.

Oh Lord! thick clouds of darkness
About my soul are spread,
And the waters of affliction
Have gathered o'er my head!

[illegible]

[illegible]

And, if no *instant* burst of praise
Reward the notes of thy lays,
[illegible]

[illegible]

While Admiration—eye and ear—
Anxious will hold his breath to hear
Inhale each silvery tone, until,
Even when 'tis past, it hears them still.

[illegible]ise, sweet Lyre! pour along
[illegible]ering passion-tide of song—
[illegible] hath heard for aye would hear
[illegible] music soothe his ear!

THE ASCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

BY MARY HOWITT.

MOURNING ON EARTH.

She lay down in her poverty,
  Toil-stricken, though so young;
And the words of human sorrow
  Fell trembling from her tongue.

There were palace-homes around her;
  And pomp and pride swept by
The walls of that poor chamber,
  Where she lay down to die.

Two were abiding with her,
  The lowly of the earth,—
Her feeble, weeping sister,
  And she who gave her birth.

She lay down in her poverty,
  Toil-stricken, though so young;
And the words of human sorrow
  Fell from her trembling tongue.

"Oh Lord, thick clouds of darkness
  About my soul are spread,
And the waters of affliction
  Have gathered o'er my head!

"Yet what is life? A desert,
Whose cheering springs are dry,—
A weary, barren wilderness!—
Still it is hard to die!

"For love, the clinging, deathless,
Is with my life entwined;
And the yearning spirit doth rebel
To leave the weak behind!

"Oh Saviour, who didst drain the dregs
Of human woe and pain,
In this, the fiercest trial-hour,
My doubting soul sustain!

"I sink, I sink! support me;
Deep waters round me roll!
I fear! I faint! O Saviour,
Sustain my sinking soul!"

REJOICING IN HEAVEN.

"Oh spirit, freed from bondage,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world is 'neath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun!

"Arise, put on the garments
Which the redeemed win!

Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified from sin!

"Awake and breathe the living air
Of our celestial clime!
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou, who hast done with time!

"Awake, lift up thy joyful eyes,
See, all heaven's host appears;
And be thou glad exceedingly,
Thou, who hast done with tears!

"Awake! ascend! Thou art not now
With those of mortal birth,—
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!"

TO THE NIGHT WIND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Art thou a lover, wandering the green lanes,
And murmuring to thyself some legend old—
Strange tale of knight, from dungeon-tower and chains,
Led by some spirit from the vaulted mould?
Art thou a lover, through the moon's fond hours,
Fancying thy bride's cheek in the blushing flowers?

Or mourn'st thou now some faithful heart and dear,
That in the churchyard gray thou stay'st so long;
Leaving upon the tall, rank grass a tear,
Sighing thy wild and melancholy song?
Art thou a mourner, thou mysterious Wind,
O'er beauty lost? affections left behind?

Or com'st thou from the distant vessel's side,
With blessings laden to the widow's cot?
Her sailor-boy! her buried husband's pride!
Still his lone mother's home forgets he not?
Say; art thou herald of the thousand tongues
That pour on thee their joys, griefs, hopes, and wrongs?

Yes; sighs are on thee—musical as love—
Hopes which are half immortal in their flight;
Joys which, like angels, waft the soul above;
Wrongs that call Heaven to vindicate the right!
The cherish'd secrets of each heart and mind
Lie bared to thee, thou unrecording Wind!

All things of earth are radiant with romance;
A spiritual language breathes around!
Even thou, lone Wind! that touchest few perchance,
Art still the very poetry of sound!
From thy soft rising to thy wildest hour,
Thou sing'st of life, eternity, and power!

LE MILLIONNAIRE MALGRE LUI.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D.

Some years ago, I spent six weeks at Lyons, waiting the arrival of a friend whom I was to accompany to Naples. Old cities, old books, and old friends, are what exactly suit my taste. Therefore, Lyons —the mural queen of Eastern France—was calculated to challenge my attention. During nineteen eventful centuries, a crowd of historical associations have become linked with the city of Lyons: its aspect shows how antique it is; its commercial operations have made it a stirring and wealthy place now; its public institutions and buildings are unsurpassed out of Paris; the approaches (either from Chalons or Marseilles) are through a lovely country, which seems like a rich vineyard, skirted and sheltered by hills, and its inhabitants, enriched by industry, are hospitable and friendly. Is it wonderful, then, that Lyons is a place of which I keep a grateful and pleasant memory?

Loving to loiter in a strange city, I here indulged my humour to the full, and sauntered in

and about Lyons until I knew it so well, that, at this moment, I believe I could draw a plan of the city from mere recollection. It was pleasant to cross and recross, view and review, its six bridges over the sluggish Saone, and its three over the more rapid Rhone, to pace through its fifty-nine squares, with an almost daily visit of admiration to La Bellecour, (one of the finest in Europe) graced by the noble statue of that Louis* whose regal boast, "*L'état c'est moi,*" was scarcely an exaggeration; to hunt for antiquities where had stood the Forum Trajani; to examine the Hotel de Ville, inferior only to the palatial town-house of Amsterdam; to copy the most *outré* inscriptions on the monuments which grace the beautiful Necropolis upon the hill of Fourvières; to *feel* the "religio loci" while listening in hushed silence to the sweet and solemn

Stabat mater dolorosa,

or the yet more touching swell of the

Dies iræ, dies illa,

reverberating from harmonious voices through the Gothic aisles of the cathedral of St. John, or to regret that the then recent fall of the tall tower of Pitrat prevented my viewing to the best advan-

* Louis XIV., who, for more than half a century after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, governed without a prime minister.

tage the natural panorama of Lyons and the beautiful country around it.*

After all, these loiterings were merely episodal in my life at Lyons, after I discovered that the library there — one of the finest in France — was especially rich in manuscripts and books upon what D'Israeli names as three of the six "follies of science," alchemy, astrology, and magic. These are among the most graceful superstitions of our forefathers, and I confess that I have long had a strong curiosity to learn *what* it was by which gifted minds a few centuries ago were held in a strong and overmastering thrall. The public library of Lyons, rich in this peculiar lore, afforded

* This tower was erected on an elevation to the north of the city for an observatory, and fell down in 1828. It has been re-erected, and rises to the height of six hundred and twenty-five French feet above the river. The view from this is unequalled of its kind. Lyons lies at your feet, spread along the banks of the Saone and the Rhone which meet here. The city covers the peninsula between, and appears as the nucleus of a vast population, hived in clusters of villages which join its suburbs, and gradually break up into hamlets, manufactories, and *châteaux*. Many of the latter may be observed ten miles off, delightfully situated on the southern and western declivities of the hills which gird the plain. Far beyond, and towering above the north-eastern bound, Mount Jura and the eastern range of the Alps are visible, and, superior to them all, at the distance of a hundred miles, Mont Blanc may be seen like a huge cloud between the gazer and the verge of the horizon.

ample opportunity of research, and I spent many an hour in deciphering the mysterious revelations by which Geber, Artephius, and Nicholas Flamel communicated how *they* had made the wonderful powder of projection by which the meaner metals were transmuted to gold, and that Elixir, not less wonderful, which was at once to renew the springs of life, and bestow the boon of immortality! There, too, I read of the Cabala, with their ten numerations called Sephiroth, their holy Sigils, their sacred Pentacles, and the Tables of Ziruph, or magic roll-call of the seventy-two angels, whose names are duly recorded by Cornelius Agrippa and others, as if they were in the habit of daily communication with them. And there, above all, had I the opportunity of examining what is treasured as an autograph of the famous Astronomical Tables of King Alfonso. *

To me, much loving the wild imaginings by which our elders were self-deceived, there was much of interest in such literary rarities as I have mentioned. To examine them was fitting occupation for an idle man, fond of raising *Châteaux d'Espagne* of his own of a different order, and who regarded the splendid follies of science as the spray dashed up by the adventurous diver who boldly and blindly seeks the pearl of truth in the ocean of conjecture.

* King of Castile and Leon, in the thirteenth century. He was surnamed *El Sabio*, or the Learned.

It happened, fortunately for the peculiar course of inquiry I had fallen upon, that Monsieur Jean Hervieu, one of the sub-librarians, was something more than a mere hander-out of volumes. He soon saw into what line my researches traversed, and saved me a world of trouble by placing before me at once all that was richest and choicest in that peculiar line. When I left Lyons I had many regrets, for I had made friendships there which yet continue; but my chief sorrow was that poor Hervieu, with abilities and tastes of a high order, should be lost in a petty situation so much below his merits.

Two years passed, and I came to winter at Paris — a step which I recommend few to do, unless they are enamoured of arctic temperature. Shortly after my arrival, I met with my quondam acquaintance, the sub-librarian at Lyons. He was much changed. He had reached the dignity of wearing a coat out of the *mode*, which none but a wealthy man can afford to do! His manners, too, had the ease and self-possession of one who has not only an account at Lafitte's, but a pretty balance on the credit side. A few days afterwards, while soberly discussing some peerless Burgundy at Monsieur Hervieu's country-house, within six miles of Paris, the secret of this change was explained in nearly the following words.

THE FRENCHMAN'S STORY.

I perceive, my dear friend, that you wonder how I happen to have these comforts about me; how I have advanced to the dignity of a *millionnaire*. In truth, it is what I find myself frequently wondering at. My fortune was made by accident, in spite of myself, in a word, as fortunes scarcely ever are made.

When you knew me, two years ago, I contrived to exist upon eight hundred francs a year,* and, although not very extravagant, had a few debts, which it was extremely easy to incur and most difficult to pay. Two acquaintances were spending an evening with me, when the *portier* brought up an account from — my tailor. I had no means of settling it, but the ready answer arose, "Bid him call to-morrow." The bill threw a damp over all of us — for our circumstances were much alike — and our gaiety took wing. "It is a pity," said Louis Boyer, "it is a pity that we have neither wealth nor the reputation of it, which is just as good. What good luck it would be if some unknown relation should turn up, and bequeath a fortune to one of us!"

"There's little chance of that," said Charles Berget; "for my part, I have not a relation in the world!"

"And for mine," said I, "matters are very

* About £33 6s. 8d.

much the same way: but I remember hearing my father speak of a nephew of his, who went to Cuba or Martinique when I was a child. Nothing was ever heard of him since."

"Famous!" cried Louis Boyer, clapping his hands. "I have it all. We must bring him on the stage, endow him with immense wealth, and, as he must be childless, make him inquire after an heir, and find you not only next of blood, but his only relation. We must make you 'a young man of brilliant expectations,' with a rich liver-diseased cousin in the West Indies, who declares you his heir!"

"No, no!" chimed in Berget, with a laugh, "this 'expectations' story will not do. The cousin must die, so write his epitaph forthwith! Let me see — Jacques Hervieu leaves Marseilles twenty-five years ago, goes to Martinique, makes a splendid fortune there, leaves five sugar-plantations and hundreds of negroes to his cousin Jean Hervieu of Lyons. The whole are worth two millions of francs at least. Give me your hand, my dear Jean! I wish you joy of your change of fortune. And now, *mon cher*, we must drink your health."

"Of course," said Louis Boyer; "and, pray, now that he is at the top of the ladder, he will not forget those who were his friends in misfortune."

"Depend on me!" was my laughing reply.

Then we drank to the memory of Jacques Hervieu, and to the health of his heir: in effect, Monsieur, we had a very pleasant evening.

I was making my toilet next morning, when the door of my chamber was crashed in, and half a score of my young acquaintances rushed to me.

"We wish you joy, Hervieu!"

"Joy, my dear friends?"

"That you should become heir to such a fortune!"

"I do assure you ——."

"Just at the time, too, when West India produce has become so valuable!"

"Believe me, it is only a joke ——."

"Come, come," exclaimed a dozen voices at once, "this will not do. You owe us a *fête* on getting this windfall. Where shall we have it, and when?"

I scarcely know how I got rid of them all. But they did leave me. Presently I heard some one at the door:—"Come in!" it was one of them come back to borrow a hundred francs.

"My dear fellow, I have not a sou in the world."

"I see. Your remittances from Martinique have not yet come to hand?"

"Indeed they have not," said I, with a sigh. The borrower took his leave with some formality: the very report of wealth had placed a gulf between me and my fellows.

The news ran through Lyons like wildfire. I had quite a levee during the day. The worst was, it was useless to protest; every one took it for granted that I had become a rich man. It was recollected that I had a cousin named Jacques Hervieu, who had gone abroad early in the Consulate. There was an old sailor, who had even seen him take ship at Marseilles for Martinique. All the rest followed of course, that he had made a fortune, and bequeathed it to me!

There came a gentle tap at the door. Who can this be? thought I—it was my tailor. He sent no account this time. He no longer dunned by deputy; he, too, had heard of my luck, and came for his money, no doubt! I too well remembered that I had sent a message for him to call for his fifty francs.

"Good morning, Monsieur Passy," said I, "you have come for your money."

"Surely," said the broad-cloth artist, with a bow and a grimace meant for a smile, "surely Monsieur will not trouble himself about that trifle. You will permit me to measure you for the mourning."

At the moment, I had forgotten that there was such a place as Martinique! I allowed him to measure me quite mechanically, and scarcely heeded what he said. But, when he declared that he could not have more than *one* suit finished that

evening, I thought it right to put an end to the folly.

"I assure you, Monsieur Passy, I have received no money."

"Monsieur is too considerate. I beg he will not speak of payment. But," he continued, "Monsieur can do me a great service. You know my house; it is a fine building. Buy it from me! I want ready money. *You* are very rich. Fifty thousand francs will be nothing to Monsieur. You will want real property to invest your great capital in. I shall become bankrupt for want of some ready money. M. Bonnet has proposed to buy it, but is so long making up his mind, that I shall be ruined before he decides."

"But, why should I buy your house?"

"Because Monsieur may serve me very much, and get an excellent investment as well. It will be worth double the money in a few years. Thank you, Monsieur." And the man of measures hurried off before I could say a word, and proclaimed far and near that I had bought his house!

Half an hour after he had quitted me, M. Bonnet did me the honour to call. He made his congratulations upon my good fortune, and said: "You are an excellent man of business, Monsieur Hervieu, and a prompt one. I live next door to Passy, and want his house. I was sure of it. I had offered him forty-nine thousand francs, and

knew he could not hold out. You have outbid me, and, as I know it would be vain to attempt starving out *you* into a bargain, I am thus frank with you, and offer you fifteen thousand francs upon your purchase."

I did *not* jump from my seat in surprise, because the events of the morning had prepared me for almost any thing. I had the presence of mind and prudence to suppress my emotion, and affect indifference. I requested M. Bonnet to call on me in an hour. He was punctual.

"M. Bonnet," said I, with the gravity of a man of business, "I do not require the house, and you may have it on your own terms." He grasped my hand with energy, declared that he was ever my debtor, and, drawing from his pocket-book fifteen thousand francs in bills on Paris at thirty days, added: "You shall have no further trouble in the business, M. Hervieu, as I shall pay the purchase-money to Passy."

A few years before, I had received a small legacy from a distant relation through a commercial house in Paris, the only firm in that city whose name I knew, the only one acquainted with mine. I wrote, accordingly, requesting their advice as to the investment of some funds. I had an answer by return of post, telling me that my letter had reached them when the book for the Spanish loan, in which their house had a share, was closing, and,

as the investment was a very promising one, they had reserved an interest of fifty thousand piastres for me. If I thought the sum too small, I could readily and profitably sell out at any time, as that stock was rising. M. Mignon, the head of the house, appended a postscript in his own handwriting, congratulating me on my recent good fortune, and giving the assurance of his personal desire to be of service to me in any mode. So! the Martinique romance had taken wing to Paris!

Fifty thousand piastres! The amount of the sum startled me. What should I have thought had I known that, instead of this being the sum invested, as I believed, it was only the annual interest of my investment? I wrote to say that they had made a greater purchase than I desired, as I had not *yet* received any remittance from Martinique.

I had a prompt reply, stating that they had obeyed my intimation, sold out half my investment at an advance of a hundred and sixty thousand francs, taken the liberty of reserving thirty shares of a new joint-stock bank in Holland, which was certain to head the money-market before any call was made, would insist on making investments for me whenever profitable opportunities warranted speculation on their own account, and begged to add that, fully aware of the difficulty of an immediate settlement of a great colonial

property, they had opened a credit to my account with their house, which I might use to any extent.

I was puzzled. A hundred and sixty thousand francs! I could make nothing of it, except to think that Mignon and Company of Paris had lost their senses.

In the mean time I was the lion of Lyons. My mourning suit was proof positive of my heirship. I was teazed with calls of condolence and congratulation. The newspapers gave anecdotes of my cousin Jacques and memoirs of myself. Heaps of relations sprung up on all sides, claiming gifts and loans. With the name of a man of wealth, I was actually in want of money for my daily expences, having nothing but M. Bonnet's bills, which, from an utter ignorance of business, I did not know how to discount into current cash. My place in the library had been filled up without consulting me. But, I was *rich,* and people contended for the honour of my patronage. I was in high credit, and puzzled at my situation. I resolved to go to Paris.

M. Mignon and his partners received me with all the pomp due to the reputed possessor of two millions of francs. Then, like proper men of business, they opened their books.

" The Spanish stock," said M. Mignon, " is still rising. I am sorry Monsieur distrusted it."

" What may be the exact value of my remaining stock in the Spanish funds ?"

" Your account stands thus," replied M. Mignon, " taking it in round numbers. The Spanish stock, if sold now, would pay you four hundred thousand francs. We saw occasion to put your name down for a hundred shares in the new bank : each share is worth an advance of four hundred and fifty florins, about a hundred and twenty thousand francs more."

" Without my having paid any thing ?"

" Certainly."

" How could I realize these profits, and make a good permanent investment of them ?"

" Nothing safer, if Monsieur will take up his profits now, than our five per cents ; the actual rate is more than *six*. You have four hundred thousand francs in the Spanish, a hundred and twenty thousand Dutch, a hundred and sixty thousand first sale Spanish ; total six hundred thousand : income thirty-six thousand, say forty thousand, francs, in round numbers.

" And when can this be invested ?"

" Whenever Monsieur pleases. Will he favour our house with the negociation ?"

" Certainly, M. Mignon. You are entitled to my fullest confidence."

The banker bowed his thanks for the compliment and the commission. He placed a check-book be-

fore me, and requested me to draw any sum for present demands that I required. Not until that moment did I realize the truth of the good fortune which had been literally forced upon me. I accepted M. Mignon's pressing invitation to make his house my abode while I remained in Paris. When my funds were invested, including the fifteen thousand from M. Bonnet, I found my principal in the five per cents yielding me forty thousand francs a year. I had hired a *château* near Lyons, and, bidding adieu to my friendly bankers, proceeded to take possession of it.

My return from Paris was immediately known at Lyons. My friends Boyer and Berget — who had seen with consternation what full credence their Martinique romance had obtained — knew not what to think when they heard of my having gone to Paris; the general rumour being that I had taken that journey to prove my cousin's will. I suppose they fancied that I was mad enough to believe the heirship they had invented!

They thought it right to call upon me. My house, my furniture, my calèche, my greys, successively astonished them. I amused myself with their surprise for a few hours, and at last undeceived them. They praised the ability which, they said, I had shown. No; I had merely turned circumstances to account.

I had another visit about this time from M.

Felix, an old friend of mine. He was in moderate circumstances, and had known me from childhood. "I paid you no visit, my dear Jean," said he, "while I believed that a golden shower had fallen upon you. But I call upon you now, to say that it is time this farce were at an end. Wherever I go, I hear it whispered that you have lost your senses, or are willingly lending yourself to a monstrous cheat. What every one says I might have believed; but poor Louise—you have not forgotten Louise?—declares that she is certain your principles are not corrupted, and that, if the whole matter be a cheat, as, indeed, it seems to be, you are more deceived than deceiving. Give over this matter, mon cher Jean. If you want money to settle yourself in the world in an honest way, I will lend you what I can spare, and in a few years you can retrieve your character as an honest man."

"And dear Louise does not believe any ill of me?"

"No, indeed," said M. Felix. "At first, when we heard that you had become rich, she wept bitterly, and said:—'Then we shall see no more of M. Hervieu; he will forget his old friends.' But, when she heard, as every one has heard, that you were not rich, she recovered her spirits, and said: 'We shall have Jean with us again; when he is poor, he will be certain to come

back and visit us as he used to do.' I don't think I should have called on you to-day, mon pauvre enfant, if Louise had not desired me. She bade me tell you that, hear what she may, she never will believe that Jean Hervieu, whom she has known since they were children together, *could* do an act of dishonour."

I did not regret the aspersions upon my character, since they were the cause of showing me that I had one sincere friend at least. One of the uses of adversity is to try and prove regard. It was due to M. Felix that I should undeceive him as to the real state of the question. He was much surprised, as well he might be. "Louise will be *so* happy," said he, "for she insisted that you were slandered. But I hope that Monsieur Hervieu will not forget us because he *is* rich, after all."

"My dear friend," said I, "you must still call me your 'pauvre Jean,' as you used to do when you heaped kindness after kindness on the orphan, and it will go hard with me if I do not convince Louise before long that she is not one whom I am likely to forget."

A few days after this visit from M. Felix, the bubble burst. No one knew what to make of the whole story. The very existence of Jacques Hervieu became doubted; the old seaman who had seen him embark at Marseilles declared it was somebody else! Some people thought me crazy.

M. Bonnet said, "A splendid hoax! it cost me fifteen thousand francs!" At length the storm burst; my creditors came in a body to dun me. Charles Berget (whom I had made my steward) paid all their accounts, and then gave them a splendid entertainment. Public opinion veered round in my favour: Jacques Hervieu has not yet appeared, and people remain undecided whether I really obtained the Martinique wealth, or merely turned the chapter of accidents to account. The only man in Lyons who does know is Louis Boyer, to whom I lent a few thousand francs, with which he has joined a commercial firm, and will, probably, make a fortune — not quite so rapidly as I did.

This is my story, Monsieur. I take my place in society as a man of forty thousand annual income, and people call me a Millionnaire. I am wealthy, simply because people *would* have it that I was rich — though I protested I was not until I became so.

I have no more to say. Let us drink to the memory of Jacques Hervieu!

"It is a strange story," said I, "and it is a pity that, to give an air of romance to a narrative which is literally crowded with francs, bankers' accounts, investments, and speculations, it does not wind up—as all true tales do—with love and marriage."

"Precisely so," said Hervieu; "and, therefore, let it not surprise you if, in a fortnight from this very day, you receive an invitation to attend a ceremony which, while it will change the beautiful Louise into Madame Hervieu, will still leave her Felix—in every thing but name!"

THE BENEFACTRESS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Who asks if I remember thee? or speak thy
treasured name?
Doth the frail rush forget the stream, from whence
its greenness came?
Doth the wild, lonely flower that sprang in some
rude, rocky dell,
Forget the first awakening smile, that on its bosom
fell?

Did Israel's exiled sons, when far from Zion's hill
away,
Forget the high and holy house, where first they
learned to pray?
Forget, around their temple's wreck, to roam in
mute despair,
And o'er its hallowed ashes pour a grief that none
might share?

Remember thee! Remember thee! though many
a year hath fled
Since o'er thy pillow cold and low the uprooted
turf was spread,
Yet still doth twilight's musing hour thy graceful
form restore,
And morning breathe thy music tone, like Mem-
non's harp of yore.

The simple cap that deck'd thy brow is still to
Memory dear,
Her faithful echoes keep thy song that lulled my
infant ear;
The book, from which my lisping tongue was by
thy kindness taught,
Returns with all its lettered lines illumed with
hues of thought.

The flowers, the dear familiar flowers, that in thy
garden grew,
From whence thy mantel-vase was filled, methinks
they breathe anew;
Again the whispering lily bends, and ope yon lips
of rose,
As if some message of thy love they lingered to
disclose!

'Tis true that more than fourscore years had
bowed thy beauty low,

And mingled with thy cup of life full many a cup
of woe,
But yet, thou had'st a higher charm than youthful
bloom hath found,
And balm, within thy chastened heart, to heal
another's wound.

Remember thee! Remember thee! though with
the blest on high,
Thou hast a mansion of delight, unseen by mortal
eye,
Comes not thy wing to visit me, in the deep watch
of night,
When visions of unuttered things do make my
sleep so bright?

I feel thy love within my breast, it nerves me
strong and high,
As cheers the wanderer on the deep the pole-star
in the sky,
And when my weary spirit quails, or friendship's
smile is cold,
I feel thine arm around me thrown, as oft it was
of old.

Remember thee! Remember thee! while flows
this purple tide,
I 'll keep thy precepts in my heart, thy pattern for
my guide;

And when life's little journey ends, and light
forsakes the eye,
Come near me, at my bed of pain, and teach me
how to die.

Hertford, Connecticut. (U. S.)

SONG.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

I loved her with the purest love
That ever human bosom knew;
The green leaf to the vernal grove
Was never half so true!
For oh! she was the sweetest flower
That ever graced a highland glen;
And proudly did I own her power,
For she was artless then.

She left her home amongst the hills,
And in the world she grew
A worldly, flaunting thing of pride,
Unsteady and untrue;
Gay robes and jewels deck her now,
She seeks the gaze of men;
And is no more the flower I loved,
For she was artless then!

ADELINE.

ADELINE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

ADELINE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Poor gentle Adeline, thine was a wayward fate. Thou wert reared in the lap of luxury. All a father's pride, all a mother's love, centred in thee. Soft was the pillow on which thy infant head was laid to rest, and anxious the eyes that watched thy slumbers. Attendant handmaids waited on thy feeblest cry, and obsequious lacquies bowed themselves before thee. Such, so fondly-tended, wert thou in infancy! And, when girlhood came—that season of joyousness, when, even amid poverty and privation, the young heart leaps beneath its excess of happiness — thou wert still reared in splendour and indulgence — the beloved, the admired of every eye. But suddenly there came a change, a withering change. Thy parents died; thy fortune was dissipated; thy friends, those who had courted thee in thy prosperity, proved false; and, at the end of one short year from the moment of thy greatest triumph, that in which thou sawest thyself greeted as the chosen one of him who had won thy young heart's best affection, thou wentest forth — a beggar, or a governess! Alas! for woman, that, while there are so many ways open

by which the rougher sex — each selecting that most in accordance with his tastes and talents, can win his way to fame and fortune — there are but two by which thou canst wring the bitter bread of dependence from the reluctant hand of pride!

Yes; manifold are the sorrows, grievous the wrongs, of the ill-fated sempstress, and fain would we win for her the sympathy of those, for the adornment of whose young and often lovely forms — loveliest when least gorgeously attired — she toils through many a cheerless day and weary night, with few to pity, fewer to approve: yet, even for her, oppressed, neglected as she often is, there is an occasional sunny spot, some bright Oasis in the desert of her life, where she may repose herself, and take courage ere she starts again on her weary way. But the governess, the orphan governess, has none; earth holds not another being so solitary. Cut off from companionship with her employers, not, indeed, by any fault or failing of her own — for, can it be denied that she sometimes ranks immeasurably above them in all that constitutes real worth! — but because the tyrant laws of custom have ordained that the lady who has the means to pay shall, in the various grades of society, hold a higher position than the lady who is compelled to receive a salary. Her mind is too highly cultivated, her manners too refined, to hold communion with the lady's maid and the

housekeeper, with whom they would reduce her to herd; and when her heart, aching, in the intensity of its warmth, for something to cling to, seeks to twine itself round the innocent beings whom she has undertaken to guide, even their generous natures are to be blunted, their young hearts warped, and their best feelings nipt in the bud, rather than that they should learn too fondly to love, too highly to venerate, the governess. There are, it is true, here and there to be found individuals more high-minded than the mass, who, loving virtue for virtue's sake, and appreciating talent even when found in the person of a portionless female, exalt themselves by exalting her: but the former is the rule—the latter only the exception—verily both shall have their reward.

Proceed we now to select a few passages from the daily life of the governess. In a back room of the dullest house of one of the dullest streets in London, stands a young and lovely female, surrounded by a groupe of children of different sexes, and of ages varying from four to fourteen. So fair, so mild, so gentle, is the presiding genius of the apartment, that it might have seemed a temple dedicated to peace and concord, but for the circumstance that any thing but peace reigned within its walls. A tall, genteel girl, apparently about fourteen years of age, in a state of great excitement, and with a face rosy red, but by no means

celestially so, is engaged in a violent contest with her brother, three years her junior, whose clenched fist, firmly set teeth, and labouring breath, prove that the demons of passion and of pride have him just now completely in their power. A book, the severed leaves of which lie scattered around, while the stronger backs are firmly grasped by each determined combatant, is evidently the subject of dispute. The younger brothers and sisters, ranged on either side, though they are yet taking no active part in the fray, show by the heightened colour on their cheeks that they are only waiting for a signal to begin: while the governess, in a voice intended to be authoritative, but which is really far too feminine to be heard in such a Babel of sounds, is vainly endeavouring to restore order.

Suddenly the door opens. A majestic and well-dressed form appears. There is a momentary pause, but it is the lull that precedes the raging of the tempest. The faces of the excited belligerents are turned fearlessly towards their parent. The maternal arms are open to receive them, and, with ill-judged fondness, the mother presses her offending children to her heart. "Miss Lascelles," begins the governess, in an exculpatory tone — but the lady frowns a frown of the deepest anger, and, in accents which suppressed passion have rendered even more shrill and sharp than usual, refuses to hear aught against her daughter.

"Tell me not," she exclaims, rudely interrupting; "tell me not of Miss Lascelles. She is, when properly managed, the most amiable, the most delightful, of children. No one has yet been able to discover the slightest fault in the disposition of my adored Charlotte. Miss Morley, it is mean, it is base, to try to throw the blame upon your pupil."

"But Master Charles, ma'am—"

"Charles, too, my brave, my manly boy!" and again she embraces him—"can any one look upon you and have a heart to chide? Why, Miss Morley, why try to set me against my children—you who so little understand their characters, who are so entirely unable to appreciate their excellent qualities? I will not hear a word against them!" and the haughty lady is about to depart, but, as she turns to leave the room, her eye rests on the mild unruffled features of the governess. A sense of injury, an expression of pity and forgiveness, is there, but no trace of anger — the shaft of malice has not struck home; the weaker party triumphs, great in its very weakness. Luckily, a fresh theme for insult presents itself to the memory of the discomfited — and, in a voice even less calm than before, she returns to the charge.

"By the by, Miss Morley, my daughter last evening exposed either the ignorance or the negligence of her instructress, by her inability to answer even the most simple questions in geography."

"I believe, and I regret it, ma'am —" and the governess speaks quickly, for this time she is determined to be heard—"but you have yourself desired that Miss Lascelles should not be teazed with geography, it being a study to which she has the most decided aversion."

"Again you are wrong—for Mr. Atlas, a member of the Geographical Society, who has written a work on the science, who is an author, Miss Morley, gives it as his decided opinion that her genius points precisely in that direction. No, you do not, you never will, possess the tact necessary to discover and foster the latent talents of children." And, with a frown of direful import, she takes her son and daughter by the hand, and, slamming the door violently after her, descends to the drawing-room.

After the scene we have described, can it be wondered at that, when left to themselves, the younger members of this ill-governed family, instead of returning to their seats and resuming their interrupted occupations, should form themselves into little groups, and, in tones whispered indeed, but so whispered as to be perfectly audible to her against whom they were uttered, discuss plans of future rebellion against the authority of the governess!

Change we now the scene. It is evening, and there are sounds of revelry in that house. Lights

gleam from every window; fragrance issues from every aperture; servants are running in all directions; and gaiety and bustle reign throughout. In the drawing-room a brilliant party is assembled; feathers wave; diamonds glisten; and young hearts thrill with pleasure. In a distant corner of the room, before a grand piano, is seated the governess, simply yet genteelly attired. She is performing, with exquisite taste and pathos, one of Beethoven's beautiful sonatas. There is silence; for every one feels that the best of music is issuing from beneath the touch of no common performer; but no circle has formed itself around her; there is no ready hand to turn the leaves of her music-book; no kind voice near to whisper approbation —"it is only the governess."

Those words have raised a line of demarcation, which it would be high-treason against the laws of fashion for any one to overstep. A glass indeed is occasionally raised towards her, for she is very fair to look upon, but other notice receives she none; and when, at length, the music ceases and permission is granted to her to retire, no hand is extended to lead her to her seat. No wonder then that, as, with tottering steps, she threads her way to the bottom of the room, the memory of other days should rise to her mind — of days when she was herself the centre of a circle, the "admired of all observers;" and when, after such an exhibi-

tion as the present, the voice of love breathed into her ear the valued meed of praise; and no wonder that the big, bitter tear of regret fills her eye.

The seat she has vacated is occupied, meanwhile, by a titled heiress, round whom lords and ladies range themselves with delighted expectation, while officious beaux vie with each other for the honour of performing those little acts of gallantry, for the exercise of which the vicinity of the piano affords so fair a field — again music is heard, and an execrably executed Italian bravura is succeeded by an almost deafening shout of applause.

But the governess is too high-minded for envy; and, though her correct ear will not allow her to listen with pleasure to bad music, she is just now too much absorbed in a conversation that is going on beside her to admit of her drawing any comparisons unfavourable to the fair songstress. The speakers are two gentlemen of rank, one holding a prominent place in the world of literature, the other an equally honourable one in the councils of his sovereign; and they are discussing with much animation and ability a question of great public interest. Somewhat retired from the crowd, they have stationed themselves near the governess, whose earnest attention and intelligent countenance mark the interest with which she listens. Her sorrows are forgotten; her regrets have vanished; every faculty of her mind is absorbed,

and when, in the course of the conversation, some allusion is made to an author with whose name she is unacquainted, forgetful for a moment of the barrier between herself and the eloquent speaker, a question rises to her lips, it is only half uttered, for she remembers her situation, and suddenly checks herself. But the suppressed sound causes the gentleman to look round; and even he, the frequenter of a court, the attendant on a youthful female sovereign, the polished, the courteous, and generally the humane—even he gazes at her with a rude stare, which so plainly expresses, "It is only the Governess," that the sensitive, timid girl shrinks back, retires within herself, and, overcome with the painful conviction that there is not in that large assembly one individual who cares for her, steals away to her own apartment, there to weep in solitude over blighted fortune and disappointed hopes.

Oh! the nights of sleeplessness, succeeding days of mental and often bodily toil, that the governess endures! Is it not enough — the throbbing temple, the feverish pulse, the oppressed spirit — sufficeth it not the disappointment resulting from a conscientious yet unsuccessful discharge of irksome duties—the weariness of pouring, for the hundredth time in vain, words of instruction into the obstinate ear of dullness, bearing on her own already overcharged shoulders the weight of failure; but

must the neglect or insult of the world at large be added—perhaps the bitterest ingredient in her cup of suffering! And is this the reward of long years of study and confinement! Is this the emancipation of which the school-girl so fondly dreams! Then happier she, who, with uncultivated but peaceful mind and healthful body, sits platting rushes by her cottage door.

Eighteen months have passed, and the sickening longing for change is felt; even were it a change for the worse — and that is barely possible — it would bring with it novelty, excitement, and Hope. That deceitful goddess to whom, in all periods of life, but especially in youth, we cling so fondly and so faithfully, gives whispered promise of a happier lot. The die is cast, and the governess, with no tie to bind her to her country, consents to cross the sea. Won by the promises of strangers, who look kindly upon her, she wanders forth, and, five thousand miles from the land of her nativity, seems for a time to have found the happiness she sought.

There is something in the air of a foreign clime that draws the natives of the same country more closely to each other. Whatever distance of station or of space may have separated them at home, they have there some sympathies in common. Their language, their habits, even their prejudices, are the same. And where that ruling principle which bears sway alike in all countries—

the love of self—is not borne down in the collision, the narrowest heart will open itself wide to its fellow-countrymen.

The governess has never before felt so little alone: her pupils become her friends, her equals: she is contented—happy—and peace of mind soon works its usual change. Her step is lighter than of yore, her song more glad, and her countenance beams with unwonted animation. But, alas! the change, favourable as it seems, works her farther woe; for her blue eye, now radiant with joy, speaks but too eloquently to the bosom of the elder brother of her pupils, drawing from him offers as honourable to himself as they are distasteful to his parents; and, though the heart of the maiden beats not responsive to his vows—faithful as it is to the memory of its early blighted love—the weight of their displeasure falls on her. Presumptuous! — that she, the well-born, the highly-educated, the intellectual, and the virtuous, should dare to render herself too pleasing to the junior clerk in a mercantile house, who, in addition to sundry expectations from his father—the father, be it known, of nine other children — possesses, subject indeed to the contingencies of trade and climate, a salary of £200 a year to lay at her feet! What, save instant dismissal, can expiate so great a crime! The fiat goes forth, and the governess is again upon the world.

And now her inclinations turn once more towards England; for though, within the limits of its sea-girt shores, there is not one door that will voluntarily fly open at her approach, still, it is the land of her birth; it contains the graves of her parents, the spot that was once her home, and thither she returns. But enough has been said,—we will not trace her wanderings from house to house, in pursuit of that employment which the teeming columns of our newspapers hold out as so easy of attainment. We will not attend her to the drawing-rooms of the proud, the opulent, and the unfeeling. For some she is too young, for others too old—for some too diffident, and for some, to their shame be it spoken, too handsome. We will not further watch her, as she turns timidly away, with a vain endeavour to screen her blushing face from the impertinent glance of the liveried footman, who, after creeping reluctantly up the kitchen stairs, scarcely deigns to open the door sufficiently wide to permit the egress of the "young woman that has been after the governess's place."

Poor Adeline! and will thy weak and fragile form, thy delicate and sensitive mind, be able long to stand against the biting blast of adversity and neglect. Alas! no; the incipient blight of consumption, that ever-ready disguise of a broken heart, is upon thee. Thou art hastening to the grave, and better so while thy heart is softened

by affliction. Yes, better far, in God's good time unrepiningly and piously to die, than, with a broken constitution and a soured temper, to drag on a weary existence to the extreme verge of old age.

Fare thee well, Adeline, my girlhood's play-fellow, my youth's companion! Happily for thee, there is another and a better world, one where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are for ever at rest. To that world art thou passing; and mayest thou find there the peace that was denied thee in this!

THE FATHERLESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Seek not the smiling vale, sweet boy,
With early wild flowers gay,
Where birds pour forth a song of joy,
And silvery waters play;
Though violets spring beneath thy feet,
Though blossoms scent the air,
No welcome shall thy presence greet,
Thy father is not there.

Seek not the room remembered well,
Where often thou wouldst glide,
Eager thy childish tale to tell,
Close to thy father's side;
How wouldst thou count his treasured books,
And praise his pictures rare,

But never shall a father's looks
Again rejoice thee there.

Some bid thee turn to yonder mound,
Where mournful yew-trees rise,
And tell thee in that hallowed ground
Thy cherished father lies;
Oh! seek his grave with sorrowing heart,
Strew it with flowrets fair,
But 'tis thy father's mortal part
Alone that moulders there.

He lives above the vaulted skies,
With spirits pure and kind,
And casts perchance his watchful eyes
On those he left behind;
May all the counsels he has given,
May all his pious care,
Aid thee to turn thy thoughts on heaven,
And lead thy footsteps there!

Vain, dearest boy, thy earthward gaze,
Vain thy beseeching sighs,
The guardian of thy infant days
Can glad not here thine eyes;
Yet still pursue thy search of love
In faith, in hope, in prayer,
Till thou shalt reach the realms above,
And meet thy father there.

FISHER JENNY.

A TRADITION OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

It is not generally known, I believe, in England, that the fishers of Scotland are a tribe apart, and differing widely in habits, customs, and character, from any other class of people in the United Kingdom. To enter into a minute description of a race so peculiar would be to transgress the limits that I have prescribed to myself in this paper, which merely professes to give a slight sketch, the heroine of which belonged to the above-mentioned tribe.

Let it then suffice to say, that the Scottish fishers are a distinct race, partaking somewhat of oriental caste in their peculiarities; marrying and intermarrying with one another—seldom, if ever, exchanging the sea-craft to which they are born for any other occupation—their marriages, births, and funerals being attended by the solemnization of various superstitious rites, which are unusual among the peasantry of Scotland in general—and possessing features, both of mind and body, which point them out as a peculiar tribe. Superstitious

beyond even Highland experiences, they are a moral people, honest in their dealings, and charitable; a fisher beggar is never seen; a breach of chastity in a fisher girl is never heard of; but, of improvident habits, and at certain seasons, be it of conviviality or lamentation, prone to indulge to excess in spirituous liquors, they are subject to frequent reverses of fortune; to-day wallowing in all the abundance of purchasable luxuries, to-morrow condemned to the salt fish and savourless water-gruel, which of all earth's provisions they most thoroughly despise.

The costume of the fisher girl is picturesque, and might be fairly taken as a strong caricature of the opera *danseuse:* the short thick woollen petticoat, not quite reaching the knee in front, tapers off behind *à la queue d'aronde,* while the stout but well-formed leg is covered with blue and white striped hose, or rather mocassins, for the feet are bare. The *creel,* or fish-basket, slung across the breast by a leathern thong, and depending over the back, soon depresses the chest, and bends the robust figure. But let me proceed to relate of my heroine what has been ascribed to other women, but what rightfully belongs to her history; which is common as daylight in the Highlands of Scotland, and but wants the telling of a more expert *diseur* to become as popular as the tales of a Lover.

Many years ago, in the small fishing hamlet of Delnies, near Nairn, in the north of Scotland, resided a lonely woman — lonely even amongst her own primitive tribe—whose name was Main, but who was better known through all the country round as Fisher Jenny. Of her parentage nothing was known; the sea, by which she now gained her livelihood, seemed to have borne her from unknown and distant shores, as a claimant on the bounty of the Delnies fishers; for, during one of those terrible gales, which mark the termination of the autumn on our northern coasts, a small fishing boat was cast ashore at Delnies, containing the lifeless body of a woman, in whose arms, fast bound to her by a piece of sail, nestled a little infant, still warm and breathing, which was instantly and cheerfully taken care of by the worthy couple who first discovered the stranded skiff. On the body of the female nothing was found that could lead to information regarding her name or place of abode; her dress was that of the class of people among whom Providence had flung her corpse. No investigation was made, no search prosecuted; but it was the prevailing opinion, from the peculiar shape of her garments, that she was a native of Caithness. The child, wrapped no doubt by a mother's precaution in comparative warmth and safety, was Fisher Jenny, and she grew up to be a blessing to the

good and childless pair, who cherished her youth, and gave her their united names.

As age drew on, and frailty prevented labour, Jenny advanced into robust and active womanhood, considering no exertion superfluous in the manifestation of her grateful affection for her benefactors. Yet Jenny was a strange creature, apparently little calculated for the display of tender emotions, and, whether from the singular circumstances attending her appearance among them, or from the peculiar traits of temper which she evinced, she somehow grew up to be regarded as a mysterious personage by the young folk of Delnies; by whom, though she was not unbeloved, she was yet not sought after, but viewed with perhaps more of veneration, not to say fear, than seemed quite befitting her years or position. Indeed, she was no common-place person; her huge gaunt figure and prominent features indicated the bold uncompromising stamp of her mind; while her address, blunt and fearless, hinted the colour of her disposition, which was one ever ready to do a kindness to the helpless and deserving, but little prone to show indulgence to indolence or infamy; not loth or unable to defend, if needful, neither to avenge, if wronged or justly displeased.

More than once had Jenny's resolute nature and strength of arm rescued from sudden peril, when

all the other women of the hamlet have shrunk in terror from the boisterous tempest; and, once on a time, when half-witted Cockle Nanny, the idiot daughter of a neighbour, while gathering cockles and dilse between Fort George and Delnies, was rudely assaulted by an intoxicated soldier, Jenny, aroused by the screams of the terrified girl, sprung from the road above the bank that skirted the sea-shore, and, heaving her *creel*, heavily laden with fish as it was, from her shoulders, rushed upon the unmanly aggressor, whom, with one blow of her immense fist, she stretched on the sands; and, not satisfied with such summary vengeance, she did not leave him before she had further testified her disapprobation of his conduct: for, dragging from her prostrate creel a gigantic skate, she laid it about the unlucky wight's face and shoulders with such arrant good-will, that the traces of the discipline were visible for many months afterwards.

Jenny might be thirty years of age when she lost her benefactors; but their little all became her undisputed property, and she readily gained employment from her neighbours, none of whom despised if they did not love her. No sweetheart ever had Janet Main, nor had it ever entered into the imagination of any man to make Janet a bride. Her strong masculine body, enveloping a mind still more man-like, seemed love-proof; and by the time that the age of forty entitled her to the

name of old maid, she had acquired a character for acute sagacity, which kept increasing under the fostering of superstition, until at fifty she was fairly accounted *almost* a "cannie woman." Nobody called her a witch, for all knew her to be a regular attendant at church, devout in her habits, and kindly inclined, unless, indeed, when stimulated by insult and injury to recrimination, and then, sooth to say, the spirit of Christian forbearance seemed to have little sway over her mind.

But, if Jenny was no avowed witch, she owned to having seen such strange sights as are witnessed only by those who are "gifted" with a power of vision little enviable. She had seen death-lights on flood and fell, spectral shapes at dead of night, and mermaids at the neap-tide. She could interpret dreams, read eggs on Hallow E'en, and bring luck to motherless wives. Yet, had any one dared to accuse her of practising forbidden arts, the whole fisher community of Delnies would have risen *en masse* to repel the imputation. How Jenny had acquired that extensive knowledge of the virtues of herbs which she assuredly did possess can never be explained, but as a doctress her ability was undoubted, and her assistance widely sought.

Some few miles inland from Delnies, arose the comfortable farmsteading of Knockando. The goodwife was a widow, left in prosperous circumstances, with three sons and a daughter; but,

though surrounded by all the confused comforts of a wealthy Scotch farm, Mrs. Kinloch was of a querulous unthankful disposition; and the perversity of a bad temper soured all that would otherwise have been sweet to her. How often do we fling reproach upon fate and circumstance, when the blame solely attaches to ourselves! We more frequently mar than make our own happiness, and scatter strife where we should sow the seeds of future flowers. In the selfishness of our faultiness we are not contented with paining our own bosoms, but seek to spread the sickly contagion of unrest to the breasts of others. Ah! this world is bitterly belied: "a green and golden" world might it be, but for the misjudging tempers that abound in it. We would have it to be that for which it was never intended—a heaven; and, finding it less gorgeous than our aspiring vanity craves, we call it, what it is still less intended by beneficence to be reckoned—a hell!

Mrs. Kinloch's eldest son, resembling his mother in character, lived to torment and be tormented by her, until disease, at the age of twenty-one, carried him off. Aleck, the second, a fine high-spirited impetuous lad, whom tenderness might have controlled, but whom tyranny drove to desperation, enlisted in a marching regiment, and soon afterwards fell in the wars of the time. The third boy was the means of introducing Janet

Main in her character of doctress to the goodwife of Knockando. A blow from his mother, given in a fit of passion, dislocated the jaw of the poor youth, and Jenny's repute as a leech being well known to the terrified parent, she was instantly summoned. The turbulent disposition of Mrs. Kinloch was too notorious for Jenny to be ignorant of it; but, prepared as she was for intemperate language, she did not at such a juncture anticipate the reception which awaited her. She entered the sick room, her apron full of herbs, and her bible—without which she never administered the simplest remedy—stuck in her waistband.

"Come awa', come awa', Fisher Jenny," cried the irritable matron; "there 's the bairn; gin ye cure him, ye 's git a gowden guinea, frush frae the mint, as yallow 's yer ain speldins; but gin ye dinna, de'il peel aff my skin, but I 'll brain ye wi' yer ain bible! A doctor's buik wad ha better sair'd ye, ye heepocritical witch!"

Anger flashed from the keen blue eyes of Jenny, as standing erect she exclaimed:—"Haud yer ill tongue, woman! for I canna ca' you leddy! I 'm nae witch, none ever daured ca' me that afore; and if I were, I wad put a clean bit of flesh in your foul mou'."

"May the de'il peel aff my skin," began the goodwife, in irrepressible rage, repeating her favourite execration.

"Silence!" shouted Jenny, stamping her foot with a violence which, added to the stern expression of her countenance, instantly cowed the weaker spirit of the matron; "silence! or as sure as ye stand there, on yer ain hearthstone, the devil *shall* peel off your skin, wi' me to help him!"

"Leave the room," continued she, after a brief pause, during which none had dared to utter a word, "leave the room, and I'll do what I can, wi' His aid, (and she kissed the book) to heal your bairn, and no' for any love I bear for his mother or her gowd!"

And, strange to say, the wife of Knockando quietly, submissively obeyed, and, in the space of some weeks, was rewarded by seeing her boy restored to all his former health. Nor was the proffered guinea forgotten, but with unwonted kindness pressed upon the acceptance of the fisherwoman, who, proudly refusing the fee, ended her visits at Knockando by administering to its mistress a sound lecture on the sin of swearing, which Mrs. Kinloch bore with an air of submission that astonished her domestics. But the goodwife's fault was not amended, and, so notorious became she for the use of the execration which has been repeated, that she was as well known by the sobriquet of "De'il peel aff my skin," as by her real and more respectable name.

Meanwhile, little Duncan Kinloch grew up a fine youth, fondly attached to Jenny, who in return loved the stripling with an affection such as she had never displayed for any human being, since death had deprived her of her worthy fosterers; and, though in the course of time he left his home for a foreign land, he never forgot his doctress, who for many months after his departure never even approached the house of Knockando. Suddenly, however, an unexpected event threw her once more in the way of the goodwife; whose only daughter, now a comely young woman, wearied out of all patience by the insufferable perverseness of her mother's temper, had left her home with a strolling player, who had been seen for some time to pay her court in her walks to and fro, whilst she was attending a day-school at Nairn. On the first discovery of her flight, Mrs. Kinloch, rushing from her sitting-room to the doorway, fell and severely sprained her ankle; great pain ended for the moment in a swoon, and Fisher Jenny, at this identical period happening to pass the house for the first time since Duncan's departure, was observed by one of the servants, at whose earnest entreaties she was induced to enter. She was employed in making some soothing preparation for her new patient, when Mrs. Kinloch, awaking from her insensibility, recognized her, whose blunt rebuff she had never thoroughly for-

given, although at the moment her spirit had quailed beneath a sterner and stronger intellect than her own.

"What brought *you* here, ye fu'some fisher randy?" shrieked she: "gae awa'! gae awa'! leave my house this instant, or if I dinna drive your harns out, may the muckle black de'il peel aff my skin!"

Slowly rising from the kneeling posture in which she had been making her simple preparation, Jenny stood erect on the floor, and, as she left the room, solemnly, and with a look of haggard vengeance that her countenance seldom bore, uttered the following denunciation:—"Woman of Satan! the Evil Master whom you serve with the oaths he loves has for once put the words of truth in your mouth. Tak' my word for it, the Foul Fiend *will* peel aff your skin, and that on the vera nicht o' your burial!"

The wild glare of prophecy which lit up the eyes of the insulted Janet was long remembered by those who witnessed it, and, in after-days, when a heavy and sore disease fell upon the mistress of Knockando, that person frequently recalled, with many a superstitious shudder, the fearful sentence which had been pronounced against her. For two long years she was a great sufferer, but suffering brought small amendment to a disposition naturally perverse. The heart, which had for so

many years thanklessly received no moderate share of the goods of this life, and which had rebelled against every former trial, began, however, to soften beneath the infliction of bodily torture; while the assurances she received that her malady was of an incurable nature, for the first time awakened awing and solemn reflections in her obdurate mind.

Then frequently was the presence of Fisher Jenny solicited; but not before many and earnest supplications had verbally reached her, nor until a letter from her favourite Duncan, all the way from America, requested her to pardon and pity his poor dying mother, was the fisher doctress prevailed upon to approach Knockando. Then, indeed, she went; and became an attentive, careful, but somewhat stern nurse to Mrs. Kinloch. Strange but beneficial was the power she exerted over the mind of the invalid, who, shaken by age, disease, and distress, yielded with almost childlike readiness to the wishes of her attendant; she was induced to listen to portions of scripture, read by pious neighbours beside her sick-bed; she was completely cured of her habit of swearing; and finally she was prevailed upon to forgive and recall her now widowed daughter from utter destitution to a comfortable home, whence, however, her corpse was carried on the very day that beheld the goodwife herself at the point of death. For many

weeks had the denunciation of Fisher Jenny rung in the ears of awakened conscience, and, whether in moments of painful self-possession, or when agony brought on partial delirium, her memory still reverted to the sentence pronounced against her.

"Oh! Jenny, good Jenny," she would say, "is there nothing to be done for me? nothing to avert the curse my evil passions have brought upon me? I feel, as certainly as I now experience the pangs of dissolution, that the Evil One *will* fulfil the awful malediction I have sinfully invoked on myself. Pray, pray for me, Jenny!"

And Jenny would pray, and endeavour to convince her that sins sorrowfully repented of were forgiven; whilst she bitterly blamed herself for uttering unhallowed denunciations, wrung from her by sinful and unchristian pride of heart. But all failed to soothe the dying woman's mortal dread.

"Jenny," said she, "you see that auld bible on your knee, from which ye have sae often drawn sweet comfort for my wounded spirit; now bend your knee, and, with your hand laid on that book, swear to me that you'll watch my puir corpse alone by yourself on the night of my burial! *Your* presence by my lonely grave will preserve what it contains frae the derg I dree! Promise me this, or I winna rest in my grave-clothes; promise, and that kist and all its contents (pointing

to a huge chest which stood in a corner of the room) shall be your's; but refuse my last request, and I die a miserable death!"

"I swear to do your bidding," exclaimed the shocked Janet, while the mistress of Knockando, calling to her servants to witness the oath which had been taken in their presence, turned her face to the wall, and never spake again!

For some time, and whilst she was occupied in such melancholy offices as affection loves to pay to the dead, and which even the hardest-hearted seldom dare to omit, though they may hurry over them with distasteful impatience, the responsibility she had incurred by assenting to the desires of the dying woman never intruded on the mind of Fisher Jenny; and, when the age during which these incidents took place—so far back as to justify the wildest terrors of superstition in a country where the supernatural still exercises a powerful sway over people in the same station of life as our heroine—when, I say, all these things are taken into consideration, the readers of our more enlightened times will scarcely deny that the responsibility alluded to was, indeed, a solemn one, such as to melt the very heart with fear.

But now, when the body was laid out, and the apartment so lately appropriated to watchfulness and disease became, through the strange alchemy of Death, the province of silence and the dead;

now, when as she stole forth from its precincts into the kitchen, crowded with neighbours and servants, and listened to the whispered words they uttered in allusion to the vow which some of them had witnessed, the full importance of the task which she had undertaken struck cold, and heavy, and witheringly, on her heart! The season was at its autumnal heat, and the nature of the deceased's complaint, together with the state of the atmosphere, rendered speedy burial necessary. But the few days limited for the lykewake would soon pass, and then must she undergo the fearful ordeal, from which nothing less than the breach of a solemn engagement could dispense her! Those who were near Fisher Jenny during this interval have said that much of her time was spent in secret prayer, and in lonely walks to the old church of Kirkton Ardersier, in which, among others of the Kinlochs, a grave had been prepared for the deceased.

A few elderly men of the neighbourhood, and several of her own friendly community, had promised to accompany her to the scene of trial, and to pass the night of her vigil in sacred worship in the churchyard adjoining the old kirk; while her half-witted but grateful friend, Cockle Nanny — whom many years before she had rescued from the inebriated soldier — had sworn to sit outside the embrasure of one of the windows, directly overlooking the place of ordeal.

And now the funeral day had come, and the body of Mrs. Kinloch was deposited in its last earthly resting place; but, stout as was the heart and stalwart the frame of Janet Main, the former sank, and the latter shivered, as in solemn silence her hands were wrung by her friends outside the kirk of Ardersier, while Cockle Nanny whispered: "Fear na! Jenny! I 'll be up there," pointing to a dilapidated window; "I 'll be near you, and yet I 'll no' be wi' you; sae ye 'll brak nae oath, for ye 'll be your lane. But, na! na! ye 'll no be your lane; the good God, wha' sent ye to me *yon* day, will be around ye!"

There was no moon, and the ghastly light which proceeded from a few fir-tree torches, arranged round the walls of the dreary pile by the fishermen, rather added to the impressive loneliness of the scene; and, as Jenny took her seat on a low stool within a yard's length of the new-made grave, she felt her brain whirl dizzily with a sense of the trial she was about to undergo. Throwing herself on her knees, she prayed aloud for sustaining strength; and then, opening her bible, she tried to read, but the sickly light was insufficient: so she shut it again, and, breathing a few words of adjuration, which had been taught her by the most pious elder of the parish, she traced around the stool with her bible an air-circle of considerable extent, and then, placing the sacred volume in her bosom, took her

distaff, and commenced spinning; ever and anon singing a verse of some hymn, or stopping to listen to the psalmody chanted by her friends in the kirkyard, which faintly came to her ear full of sweet and soul-soothing pathos.

As time passed on, her fears subsided from the turbulent beatings of wild emotion to a duller, but scarcely less oppressive, sense of peril.—"Why should I fear!" said Jenny, talking aloud to shut out the sough of the wind, that at fitful intervals wailed mournfully through the building; "yet the living *maun* fear the dead! We are frail creatures, but we dread the frailer dust! But it is not the dead only that I fear; it is the dead wha' never may have kent what life is! The living have never made this heart to quake nor this hand to quiver, for I never wronged human being; and if, indeed, my evil imprecations should tempt the Ill Spirit wha' provoked it to wreak his vengeance on this buried sinner, (whose soul may the Lord assoil!) surely *I* should do my best to prevent it! And, with *His* aid, wha' is the Master of even the Wicked One, I *shall* do it! Why, then, should I fear? Have not I travelled at the murk midnight through kirkyards, where no other living body would set their foot after nightfall, and all to pull the pipes of the spotted hemlock, to make a liniment for the darling bairn whose mother's corpse is now my charge? Have not I seen the

dead-lights glinting frae bog to brae as I went along, and what protected me? The book that is now in my bosom! Have not I howked up the banes of Tam Bain, the bow-hoched, hanged man, who slew his ain wife, that I might make a powder of them for others to drink healing frae? Have not I sat aneath the Kebbock Stone on yon wild muir, in the dead hour, and seen grusome shapes whirling round it, that hadna the leuk nor the scent of this warld? And didna I sleep a hail night in the whins, where Gursel Price murthered her bairn, nor waukened till the lilt of the early lavrock minded me of the task I had to do? And what protected me, then, but His book, and my good intent?"

Time sped on, and Janet weened that the midnight hour had almost come, yet the heart within her rather gathered strength than yielded to fresh terror. The night was dark, and the wind had arisen, so that she no longer heard the voices of her friends without; neither, had it even been day, could she have discerned the nook of the dismantled casement, whence Cockle Nanny had promised to watch her. Suddenly, a white unnatural light—that was not light, it seemed so thick and flaky — overspread the whole church, giving the torches, that here and there continued to flicker dimly, a blue and glary appearance, while it distinctly brought out the outlines of the seats and galleries of the desolate chapel. For a moment

horror almost choked the lonely watcher, but she clasped her bible firmly to her breast, and thought — for she could not utter — a prayer, as she laid her distaff and spindle at her feet. A sound, resembling the rustling of many withered leaves, or the rubbing together of stiff silken garments, seemed to pervade the space, but in vain did her keen eyes search around; nothing was to be seen!

But any visible apparition which the hysteria of morbid fancy might image forth would have been preferable to the terror that seized Jenny's heart, when she heard the footsteps, quick and hurried, of many unseen beings trampling near her, and seeming to circle round the new-made grave in some mysterious and unhallowed dance! And now she hears the clatter of pick-axe and shovel, while the earth that covered the freshly-buried corpse is swiftly and expertly flung aside by the intangible implements of invisible phantoms! A prayer is in Jenny's heart, but it reaches not her lips. Nay, her whole being is prayer; and, had she retained the faculty of wishing, she would have preferred the instant sight of the dreadful ministers of Devilry that promenaded around her, to thus beholding their achievements, themselves unseen.

The ground is now heaped up high on either side of the grave; many feet are pattering about

it, yet none have yet dared to approach the outer verge of the holy circle with which the fisher-woman had surrounded herself, and this circumstance — noted and remembered even in her most utter dread — renews the flagging courage of her spirit.

And lo! invisible hands have dragged the coffin from the clay, the corpse from its shroud, and invisible fingers are busily flaying the naked body of the dead! Her form, apparently stiffened into stone, Janet Main watches these terrible operations. And now they have peeled off the entire skin of the deceased from head to foot, and for a moment it is flung on the space between the grave and the charmed circle in which stands our heroine; while the invisible agents of hell deposit the flayed body once more in its coffin, and busily heap over it the gathered mould! For one moment, the skin lay in the intervening space between the fiends and Fisher Jenny, but that moment sufficed to inspire the brave-souled woman with a sudden energy of purpose. Advancing to the very limits of the circle, she stretched out her distaff, and, with one quick vigorous motion of her muscular arm, she dragged the skin within the holy ring that protected her and it!

A direful yell, such as could only proceed from the lips of the damned, rang in the ears of the watchers outside the kirk of Ardersier, awakening

them from a heavy sleep, which had suddenly overpowered them. By a simultaneous movement, they rushed into the church. All was silent — the lights still burned as they had left them—they approached the grave, and close beside it, her hands clasped, and prone upon her face, lay Fisher Jenny in a deep swoon. Her bible had fallen from her bosom, and lay upon a huddled up unseemly mass of indefinable substance, the nature of which they stopped not to investigate until their care had restored their companion to life. Her first words were :— "I have saved it, thanks be to His name! I have saved it! — there! — there! — *there!*" And, pointing to the heap before her, they stooped shudderingly to examine it.

It was the skin of a human being! Little remains to be added; but as the party left the kirkyard in the early dawn, the intrepid Janet missed from the group the form of Cockle Nanny; the party had scarcely told her, in reply to her inquiries, that they had not seen the half-witted creature since the commencement of their vigil, when a faint groan startled them. Not unmindful of the promise whispered by her poor friend, Jenny hastened to the spot whence the moan proceeded, and there, underneath the ruined casement, lay Cockle Nanny, her arm broken, and her senses wide astray. The power of medicine cured the former, but she was ever after a complete idiot; nor was

the cause of this loss of the harmless creature's remaining wits ever discovered. Doubtless the fearful scene that passed immediately before her in the kirk had entirely quenched the spark of reason—whose mystic light a beam may darken, as a beam may kindle!

Fisher Jenny's after-life was long and peaceful. Duncan Kinloch returned from foreign climes, to repay with ample kindness the debt of gratitude he owed to the doctress of his youth; nor was the courageous daring of our fisher heroine ever forgotten: it still lives in the annals of many a tale-telling crone in every bothy between Banff and Inverness.

THE CONTRAST.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

In fortune, fickle, proud, and strange,
'Twixt frowns and tears, young Laura went;
In grief, in poverty, and change,
All patience, sweetness, and content!

How deep are Nature's gifts diffused,
How wisely her intents revealed;
'T is not until the leaf is bruised
We learn the fragrance it concealed!

THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

It was a sweet and soothing strain,
The voice that sang was silvery clear,
It fell, like spring's refreshing rain,
Upon the lovely captive's ear:
It was not only music's power
That thus upon her spirit wrought,
But with the dreams of many an hour
Of by-gone bliss its tones were fraught.

It was a song of other shores
Than those which girt her prison round;
It came, as some soft wind explores
A barren rock, with soothing sound.
Proud had the captive Princess been,
Unmoved 'midst grief for many a day,
But a beloved, distant scene
Awaked to memory at the lay.

Broods she upon her father's halls,
Their regal pomp, their stately ease?
Ah no! her tender heart recalls
Far lovelier, dearer things than these;

She rambles through the forest walks,
O'erarched with graceful elm and beech,
And *one* beside her fondly talks
In the sweet language love can teach.

The russet cloak, the cap of green,
Bespeak a woodman's low degree,
But in his brow and eye serene
Dwells nature's own nobility;
His words, his thoughts, a soul proclaim
That humblest raiment cannot dim;
She never feels one throb of shame,
To bow her woman's heart to *him*.

Yes, she hath loved, she loveth now,
Though he be nameless and unknown;
Her faith is his by many a vow,
Whispered in low and timid tone.
It was that only, early love,
The natural blossom of the heart,
Nurtured and bless'd from Heaven above,
Nor sown, nor pruned, by worldly art.

Alas, the mournful eve, when she
Had stolen from her royal home,
And waited by the well-known tree,
Until the meeting hour should come!
Then did the baron's hostile band
Surprise the wandering Princess there,

And bore her to another land,
Regardless of her wild despair.

They bore her to the baron's hold,
The Baron Hubert, who in vain
Had tried the power of love and gold
The beauteous lady's hand to gain.
And here the Baron Hubert vowed
That, whatsoever should betide,
He yet would tame the Princess proud
Into a meek and humble bride.

So first he tried persuasion's art,
And thought rich presents might prevail,
But the bright lady's faithful heart
True love had cased in coat of mail.
Rare gifts, obsequious tendance, all
Bent not her purpose or her will;
Though gay and gilded was the thrall,
She felt she was a prisoner still.

One friend 'midst many foes she found,
A hand-maiden, whose merry glance,
And foot, like zephyr flitting round,
Spoke her a child of laughing France.
When darkest sorrow seemed to lower,
The lady's grief she would beguile,
And lightened many a heavy hour
With pleasant tales, and song, and smile.

It was a soft and sunny day;
The Princess sought the terraced walk,
And tried to wile the time away
With her attendant's mirthful talk.
At length she bade the damsel sing—
She had exhausted all her store,
And wandered musing o'er each string,
Seeking some lay unsung before.

It was that sweet and soothing strain,
The Captive Princess knew it well,
And o'er her heart and o'er her brain
It brought a strange and dreamy spell.
Tears to her eyes unbidden rushed—
How oft, in summer twilight dear,
That song upon her soul had gushed,
The appointed signal *he* was near!

"Where didst thou learn that lay?" she said.
"Lady, from one who wanders far:
Nay, some have deemed that he is dead,
But his, in sooth, these lordships are.
'T was Baron Hubert's nephew brave;
Full oft, before he went away,
My willing ear attention gave
When he would sing some curious lay.

"This terrace walk he paced full oft,
Singing that old melodious strain;

Ah never voice so rich and soft
Will frame its mystic tones again.
Three summers since, he left our land,
Ah sorely may his vassals mourn,
For Hubert rules with iron hand,
Deeming he never will return!"

The Princess sighed and turned away;
The tale had interest strange and strong,
And often from that summer day
She asked again to hear that song.
And oftener she, to tell the truth,
Walked on the terrace than before,
And thought less of the peasant youth,
And of the Baron's nephew more!

A short and drear November day
Was followed by a stormy night,
When a poor pilgrim, clad in gray,
The castle sought in weary plight.
He paused before he crossed the court,
For music's sound and merry din
Told of the banquet's festal sport,
And the wild mirth that reigned within.

At length he humbly knocked, and prayed
A shelter from the pelting storm;
"Right welcome here!" the menials said,
And led him to a corner warm.

"In truth," they cried, "thou well hast sped
To-night, Sir Pilgrim of the shrine,
For now doth Baron Hubert wed
The beauteous Princess Emmeline."

A forward start the pilgrim made,
Then closer drew his scanty cloak,
And sate where fell a heavy shade
From a broad screen of ancient oak.
Silent he sate, untouched the food
A vassal brought with liberal hand,
But his dark eye beneath his hood
The busy scene intently scanned.

The Baron Hubert's deep-toned voice
Now rose in words of boastful pride—
"Fair sirs, behold our lovely choice—
A health unto our royal bride!"
The vassals heard their lord's command,
They filled their goblets to obey,
But ere they drank a lady's hand
Was raised—a sweet voice uttered "Stay!"

It was the Princess Emmeline!
She flung aside the bridal veil,
Her eye had light almost divine,
Although her cheek was very pale.
"Forbear," she cried, "this mockery!
Lord Hubert, hear this vow of mine:

I tell thee I will sooner die
  Than ever let thee call me thine!

"I love—" she said no more—for down
  She sank amidst her maiden troop,
And who hath rushed, with angry frown
  And voice of thunder, towards the group?
Who holds her in his manly arms,
  Who prays her to revive and wake,
To put away her wild alarms,
  To live, to smile, for Albert's sake?

'T is he—the pilgrim!—it is he,
  The owner of this castle fair!
Oh, Baron Hubert! shame to thee!
  His vassals know and own him there.
I need not tell the rest; full well
  Will gentle ladies guess it all,
How from his state the Baron fell,
  And no one e'er bemoaned his fall;

How Albert, now the castle's lord,
  Resolved no more afar to roam,
And how the Princess was restored
  In faith and honour to her home;
And how her young deliverer claimed
  Some guerdon from her native land,
And, when a ransom rich was named,
  At once exchanged it for her hand.

Once more she paced the forest walk,
O'erhung with graceful elm and beech,
Once more she heard a deep voice talk
In the sweet language love can teach.
Once more she trod the Baron's halls,
Bound in her heart, though free in will,
And ever, midst their ancient walls,
She dwelt a willing captive still!

THE TREE OF THE VALLEY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

The tree of the valley
Waves gracefully round,
Its green leaves in beauty
Adorning the ground!
But dark 'neath its verdure
The broken bough grieves;
And deep are its storm-wounds,
Though hid by the leaves!

'T is thus with ourselves,
To the world we appear
All smiles, as unknowing
A sigh, or a tear!
And little they think,
Whom the light laugh beguiles,
That hearts which are breaking
Hide sorrow 'neath smiles!

WILLSBY OLD HALL.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The day after our visit to Willsby, we fell in with the village schoolmaster. We said that we had been to Willsby, and that we had seen the Old Hall.— "Ay!" said he, "a curious place that." —"In what way?" we inquired, for we had been told that there was nothing worth seeing in it. —"No, no," he replied, "folks did not like to say much about it, and it was kept locked up, all but two or three back rooms and such of the offices as the farmer's family required; the steward kept the keys, if indeed by this time they had not been lost, for it was many years since any of the family had been down there. There was a great talk about the place in his father's days."—Our curiosity was excited. "What," we asked, "had there been a tragedy there?"—"So then," said he, "you never heard about poor Mistress Grace, and old Madam Carteret."—"We had not," we replied. "It was many a year now," the old man said, "since he had told the story; but there was one who knew the particulars, as well as he did, and that was old Madam Delaney, the widow of the late rector of Newton-cum-Willsby; she had it from her husband's father, who was Madam

Carteret's steward, and who knew it only too well, and, some folks said, should have taken means that things had not fallen out as they did. But there's no knowing. Madam Delaney herself thinks he did all that was in his power, and that things would have been worse than they were if he had not been there. God, however, only knows, and if master Robert Delaney did wrong in his own person, he brought up a son who had virtues enough to atone for the sins of a whole generation :— that was the Reverend John Delaney, late rector of Newton-cum-Delaney — for the living was in the gift of the family, and he had it from them. A good man he was in his day—a mighty good man ; and he lies interred beside the altar, as you most likely would see, with a brass plate over him. But, for what I had to tell you," said the old man, " I may as well begin at the beginning." We assented, with our whole hearts ; and his relation was much as follows.

" It was not in my time, but near upon a century ago, that the events happened which I am about to relate. This Willsby Old Hall was, as you may have heard, a jointure-house of the Carteret family ; and a mighty pleasant place it was ! I've heard my father describe it many a time. There was cedar wainscoting in many of the rooms, and fine tapestry, that looked as grand as pictures. Pictures, too, there were, but they were mostly

portraits of the old Willsbies; and a fine family they had been in their days; fighting in foreign parts and making a good figure in English history, as I've been told, though I don't rightly know in what way. There was a grand staircase too, that had once had gilt balustrades, and been covered, on high-days, with silk carpeting; but all that was destroyed in the civil wars; and, connected with that time, my father had seen a pair of huge military boots with gilt spurs, that were worn by one of Cromwell's officers, who died there. They were kept as a curiosity, and shown to strangers; but I'll warrant me now there's no such thing about the premises. Well, and there was a fine old-fashioned garden, with plenty of yew trees in it, cut into marvellously pretty shapes, and a fish-pond, and a summer-house, where Mistress Grace, poor thing, used to take her wheel and spin;—there's not one stone now left on another; but it stood in the left hand corner of the garden, and was hidden from the house by trees. I could point out the exact spot; and I mention it now, because it has something to do with an after-part of our story.

"So, as I said, about ninety years ago, Squire Carteret died. He was a youngish man, and, as he left no children, the estate went to his first cousin, Mr. Miles Carteret, of Yorkshire, the grandfather, that is, to the present squire, who is

quite a young man. The squire's death was sudden, and a great shock to his wife, who was a proud woman, and had no good feeling towards the new branch of the family. So, no sooner was the squire in his coffin, than she secured all the valuables she could lay her hands on, and, as was said, placed them in the keeping of Master Robert Delaney, her trusty friend; and had them conveyed to Willsby Old Hall, which was to be her future residence. So, when the new squire came, he found, as one may say, an empty house; and a great commotion was there made about it. London lawyers were sent for, and it came to a trial in London; but, some way or other, Madam Carteret had the better of it, though it cost her a good sum of money; and the squire had nothing for it, but to pocket his loss and say nothing more about it. From this beginning of her career, you may suppose that she was not one who stood upon trifles; and, beyond that, she was a proud, evil-tempered woman, whose disposition, naturally hard and overbearing, was soured and made still worse by the death of her husband, which had in some sort deprived her of rank and influence, besides confining her to a jointure-house in a lonesome part of the country, where there was no gentry to figure amongst, and where she would have less opportunity of showing off like a queen, and cutting a dash among fine folks, as she had

done in the squire's lifetime. To revenge herself for this loss of estate, however, she seemed as if she would be tenfold the tyrant of a narrower circle. No servant lived many months with her, and the stories that were told of her violent temper, whether true or false, made her a proverb in the neighbourhood. And yet with all this she had a crafty way of going to work, that often made her seem less wicked than she was, while in fact it was only a stronger proof of her guile. Thus, while her own mind was made up as to some piece of circumvention or tyranny, she would speak the very person fair, with a smile and a loud voice, and pray him to be seated in her presence. Were it one of her tenants, for there were three small farms belonging to the jointure, she would say that she would see what could be done; that she would consult with Mr. Robert Delaney, for she had no opinion of her own judgment; but her desire was to do right, and she would speak with her steward. Spite of all this fair speaking, however, her mind was made up all the time, and Mr. Delaney was the scapegoat of all her wrong doings. There was many an iniquitous action laid to his charge, that people afterwards came to think he might not only be innocent of, but have used all his means to counteract. It may seem strange that he would remain in a situation which brought infamy upon him, if he were an honour-

able man and had no interests of his own to serve by doing so. This, however, is true, he was for many a year a sorely-wronged person if he were guiltless; but some way or other he and his lady contrived to carry on so well together, even while he was protesting that he had nothing to do with her wicked ways, and all the while that wrong was being done right and left, that it is no wonder the world's opinion went so much against him.

"There were but two persons who came with Madam Carteret to her new residence; the one was Mr. Delaney, the other, a young lady, an orphan, who had lived with them from her infancy —a poor relation, in fact, whose lot, to be a gentlewoman born, but without fortune, must have been hard at any rate, but born to be the thrall of such a woman as Madam Carteret was worse than being born a galley-slave. Till the death of the squire— for she was his relation — she knew not, however, how hard the fate was to which she was destined. Madam Carteret was too much occupied with herself and her pleasures to trouble herself about a poor child who was a dependent of the house, and the squire, who was a good-natured sort of a person, took upon himself the care of her education. He put her to school, and had masters for her, and, in short, did a parent's duty by her. He was indeed very fond of her, for, having no children of his own, she supplied, in

some degree, the place of a daughter. He always said that she should be well-dowered by him, and that he would see her well married. Poor soul! in losing him, she lost her only friend, and, what was worse, he had provided for her no further than by a bond for five hundred pounds, the interest of which she was to receive till she came of age, and then the principal was to be at her own disposal. This was done but a few weeks before his death, and in his will he left her to the care of his widow, with injunctions that the bond should remain in force; the interest and principal to be paid by Madam Carteret. It was a bad day's work for the poor young creature, but of course he did not foresee any evil that could happen through it.

"Well; Mistress Grace Carteret came, as I said, with the old lady to Willsby; and a melancholy coming it must have been, for she was a meek-spirited young thing, not much advanced in in her teens, and of a timid, dependent turn, to whom the lonesomeness of Willsby Old Hall, without a young person of her own age to speak to it, must of itself have brought depression; to say nothing of the harsh, unfeeling woman she was with, to whom she was less a companion than the meek recipient of every ill-humour that crossed her in the course of the day. How she got on is not for me to inform you; and, whether Master

Robert Delaney did really stand her friend, in that house of bondage, I know not either. In after-years, when these things were all talked over a great deal, people tried to remember how that uncomplaining young lady looked; and they then recalled an unhappy-looking young person, who was said to be a poor gentlewoman under Madam Carteret's care, but to them most familiar as a sort of humble waiting-woman, seen only when following her to church, at two paces' distance, and sitting in the dark corner of the pew, intent on her prayer-book, and often shedding tears into its open leaves. Some things, too, were remembered, that got wind through the many changes that occurred among the lady's servants; of Mistress Grace being locked up for days and nights in Madam Carteret's dressing-room; and even of hardships endured by her which made people's blood run cold. All this, however, was more thought of afterwards, when it was too late to remedy it, than at the time. And, spite of the hardships and heart-aches that poor Mistress Grace had to endure, she grew up, through them all, a very lovely young woman.

"I mentioned before that there were three farms belonging to this jointure-house, and the tenants, of course, were in the hands of Madam Carteret. She was a bad landlady, and her tenants had hard work to make a living under her.

One farm was thrown up in consequence, and that led to the catastrophe that followed. After many changes in this farm, at length a young man, with some little property of his own, and of a respectable family, came from a distant part of the country, offered himself as tenant, and was accepted as such. Elliot was his name — William Elliot; as fine a young man as might be found in any ten counties; tall, and well-made, with a handsome, gentlemanly face, and a something in his whole appearance that made him loved and trusted at once. Both Madam Carteret and her steward soon shewed him particular marks of favour. He was invited to dine at the Hall, and, before long, to make a fourth at cards in an evening; for Madam Carteret loved cards, making up a rubber as she could, even with her own maid, if no better were to be had. For a long time, Elliot was in the habit of spending almost every evening at the Hall, and strange rumours began to get abroad of Madam Carteret's great partiality for his company. There was no doubt, but, if he had played his cards so within the first six months of their acquaintance, he might have had her and all she was worth. She was almost three times his age, but her foolish passion blinded her to that disparity, and blinded her usual quick-sightedness also, or she might have seen long enough that whatever regard young Elliot was showing towards her was only

a disguise for the real love he had all this while for Mistress Grace. Many were the love-letters that were exchanged under the card-table, while she flattered herself that he was thinking of her. Elliot might be blameable in receiving the old lady's attentions as he did, for nobody could pretend to misunderstand them; but then his excuse was that, had he put a stop to the old lady's folly, he must have put a stop also to his intercourse with his young mistress; for he had not been a long winter an inmate of the house without getting a pretty good insight into Madam Carteret's true temper.

"But, to cut a long story short, the next summer Mistress Grace used to take her wheel, for the old lady kept her busily at work, and spin in the summer-house, and there, of course, young Elliot used to be, too. Madam Carteret slept of an afternoon, and so the young people, seeing they had little time for an exchange of words beside, made sure of this opportunity to have their own undisturbed intercourse. Whether the old lady began to have some suspicion of what was going on, or whether, as some said, Delaney had informed her, or whether it was mere accident, I know not, but there, to be sure, one afternoon she discovered them. She did not, as most jealous women would have done, burst in upon them and confront them both with their deceit. No, no;

that was not her way; she was as artful as a serpent, and had marvellous command even over her passions when her own turn was to be served by it. She listened, I promise you, to as sweet a bit of courtship as ever passed between two young lovers, and the very gall of bitterness must it have been to her; and, in time to make good her retreat undiscovered, she returned to her own parlour, and there sat down, just as if nothing had happened. Poor Mistress Grace, all unsuspicious as she was, came in about six o'clock to make chocolate, as was her custom, and sat down, looking as meek and innocent as if there was no such thing as a lover in the world.

"'Grace, love,' said Madam Carteret, in a low, mild voice, that seemed to bode no mischief, 'I've been thinking a good deal about that bond that poor, dear Mr. Carteret gave you. You are now turned one-and-twenty.' Mistress Grace started, for she and Elliot had talked of this very thing; and that the old beldame knew, or it's probable she would not have thought of it. 'I have been thinking,' said she, 'of that bond; I would like to see it!' Poor Grace, willing to take it as a good omen, went and fetched the bond, for she had hitherto always kept it, and with perfect simplicity put it into Madam Carteret's hand. 'Ay, yes;' said the wicked woman, 'poor, dear Mr. Carteret's hand-writing! how I love that hand-

writing!' and with that she tore the name from the bond, saying, with the most perfect coolness, she would keep that for his sake. As you may suppose, Mistress Grace was thunderstruck; the villany was beyond her imagination; she knew at once that she was penniless, for without the signature the bond was worth nothing. At that very moment Elliot came in, and at sight of him Madam Carteret's fury broke loose. The rage of such a woman, mixed with disappointed love and jealousy, cannot be described, and yet it may be imagined. Elliot, however, was not a man to take things quietly, so he told her his mind plainly, and that she had been guilty of felony, and that Mistress Grace might have the law of her for mutilating the bond. Upon that, what does she do, but takes the paper from the table where it lay, for it was a very small thing, and puts it into the fire, bidding either him or Mistress Grace then do their worst.

"Well, after all this, and when she had revealed herself in such horrid colours to him, she sent for him a night or two afterwards — for she loved him still to very madness — and offered to make over to him all her property, and every sixpence she was worth, if he would only give up Mistress Grace, and marry her. She would not receive his answer then, she said, but would give him a week to consider of it; but if, she said, he

THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

J. S. Herbert pinxt. Pub'd by Ackermann & Co. London 1840 E. Scriven sculpt.

ASCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

made up his mind against her, both he and Mistress Grace should have bitter reason to rue the day whereon they were born. And, beyond all, she made a dreadful vow, in that case that she would have such revenge as should satisfy even herself— *even herself* — she said, with a frightful emphasis, for she made a boast of never forgiving an offence.

"Sunday intervened between the time of their interview and the period she had fixed for his answer, and, as she was a very regular attender of church, and always made poor Mistress Grace go with her, Elliot took that opportunity, as he had done many a time before, of slipping a letter under Mistress Grace's cushion, before they came into their pew. This letter was to tell her exactly how things stood; and to say, if she were willing to take him for better or worse, such as he was, with all the consequences of Madam Carteret's revenge upon him, he wished to make all sure by marrying her the very next morning:— for poor Elliot loved Mistress Grace every whit as passionately as Madam Carteret loved him; and he swore to her in the letter that he would die by inches rather than tie himself to that infernal hag, as he called her. Seeing that the poor young lady's home was intolerably miserable, and becoming thus fully aware of the infamy of this wicked woman, no one can wonder that she embraced

Elliot's offer at once; and that very night, as he had planned it, she made her escape with what few things she could carry off with her, and the next morning was married to him. I never heard how Madam Carteret received the news, but Mr. Robert Delaney had orders that same day to send a notice for Elliot to quit his farm at the very earliest term, nor did he omit any opportunity of defaming the young people, and Elliot especially, by the blackest of charges. Elliot had no right to be astonished at the measures she took; as far as his farm went, he was quite in her power. His little property was all expended upon the place, for he had hitherto had every encouragement to lay out his money, in promise of the most ample return, and the most favourable consideration. But the time for favour and consideration was of course gone by, and there was nothing for it but to endure the present certain evil as well as they could, and hope for better fortune.

"It would be endless to tell all the system of persecution which that woman kept up against this unfortunate couple; and in the end she actually sold up their little stock of household furniture for a trifling arrear of payment. Every body thought it an extremely hard case, and Master Robert Delaney, there is no doubt, did what he could to soften things for them; but what could he, or public opinion either, do against the

determined malice of a woman like Madam Carteret; and truly throughout the whole case it seemed as if she were permitted to have every way the advantage over them. And, as it often happens, when misfortunes once set in against a man, they seem to come from whatever point the wind blows; so was it with Elliot. He was a ruined man from the first day that he saw Madam Carteret; and whatever happened, either of his own seeking or of other people's bringing about, seemed only to involve him deeper and deeper.

"Poor Mistress Grace, as I said, took with her only such things as she could carry away with her; and the old lady never permitted her to have a single thing that belonged to her; although she had packed up her clothes and left them in two boxes in her chamber, hoping that, when all was over, this, her rightful property, would not be denied to her. But she ought to have known Madam Carteret better; it was a triumph to her to have this petty, though essential, means of annoyance in her hands. As the winter, however, advanced, and with it many a pressing want on the young couple, who had now removed to a small cottage till the spring, when Elliot had the promise of another farm; the necessity for these very clothes became urgent, and especially as their means had been so cruelly curtailed, and Mistress Grace was looking forward to her confinement,

the necessaries for which she, poor thing, was willing to supply out of her own little wardrobe. Elliot, therefore, who loved his wife to distraction, and was almost mad to see the state of anxious suffering in which she was living, took the desperate resolution, unknown to her, of entering her former chamber by night, and possessing himself of the boxes. He believed the thing was practicable, for he knew the chamber well, and his wife had often spoken of the dilapidated state of the window and its fastenings, and of her vain requests to Madam Carteret to have it repaired. Let those blame Elliot who will—for my part, I never can. He was a ruined, desperate man, and his attempt was but to obtain the rightful property of his wife, which was wickedly withheld. It is true the law might have compelled Madam Carteret to give it up also; but poor Elliot had no money to spend in law; besides he, and every body else, had seen her foil the very law and justice itself, when people had tried it against her; so that it became a sort of established prejudice that she was stronger even than the law.

"He gained the chamber-window by a ladder, which he had carried from the outbuildings for that purpose, but, to his surprise and mortification, found the fastenings had been repaired. Some time of course was lost, and some disturbance too was made, in effecting an entrance, and the

first person who encountered him on the floor of the chamber was Master Robert Delaney, half dressed. It seems, either from the troublings of her own evil conscience, or from personal fear, Madam Carteret had removed him into the house some time before, and this chamber was appropriated to his use. Nothing could have been more unfortunate than this circumstance. Delaney was a strong man; and the consciousness of the equivocal situation in which he had been discovered, disarmed poor Elliot of his natural power, either of body or mind. Delaney collared him instantly, and roused the house. In the mean time, Elliot's only endeavour was to make his escape, and to assist this attempt he snatched up a loaded pistol of Master Robert Delaney's which was lying on his dressing-table, and pointed it at the servants as they entered. Presently, Madam Carteret herself, wrapped in her night-clothes, made her appearance; and, whether it really was that the sight of her made poor Elliot mad, or whether it was mere accident, as he himself protested, the pistol at that moment went off, and the ball passed through the crown of her cap. Nothing more was needed. Elliot was committed to goal on the double charge of housebreaking, and an attempt at murder. The charge was black against him; and though there were many palliative circumstances that seem to us now clear enough, yet

they were none of them taken advantage of in his favour. That he had been most hardly dealt with by Madam Carteret seemed of no consideration—nor even the fact of his having entered the chamber unarmed — every argument was used against him—and the circumstance of his haggard, heart-broken countenance, and his utterly neglected dress—the very fruits of his misery—were turned against him. There never was a harder case brought before judge and jury, nor ever one in which the rights of innocence and justice were so shamefully neglected. The very appeal and defence which he made for himself, every word of which was the purest truth, seemed such a dark, improbable tale, that, coming from the mouth of one already convicted of housebreaking and attempt at murder, it had no effect whatever in his favour. It evinced wonderful talent, said the judge, and it was a melancholy thing to see talent thus abused; he commended him, therefore, to the mercy of God, and left him for execution.

"Elliot was a man who had made many friends among his neighbours, and by many of them he was as much beloved as Madam Carteret was abhorred; and, whether they considered him perfectly innocent or not, they at least pitied him. Many, therefore, of them, who never had been so far from their homes before, went to the county town to visit him in his condemned cell, and

offer him such consolation as was in their power. But, Lord help him! what could human consolation do for him, ruined in life and character as he was, and heart-broken besides for his poor wife! It was said, poor fellow, that he never, however, uttered one murmur for himself, but that his anguish for her was the bitterest that ever was witnessed, and that his prayers for her were unceasing. Poor soul! and what a cruel fate her's was!

"When the news of her husband's committal to prison, and of the serious charges which stood against him, came to her, all of which was the consequence of his affection for her, the pains of premature child-birth came upon her; and, after a long and tedious illness, she only recovered with the loss of reason. And here, again, was an opportunity for Madam Carteret's revenge to be gratified, while at the same time she contrived to get some credit by it. 'She had brought up Mistress Grace,' she said, 'as her own daughter, and though she had acted with base ingratitude, and thrown herself away upon a wretch who had made an attempt on her life, yet she was willing,' she said, 'to overlook all the past, and provide an asylum for her, now the natural consequences of her imprudence had come upon her!' So talked this most accomplished of hypocrites, glorying in herself the while that this poor unfortunate victim

of her malice was thus again completely thrown into her power. There was one only consolation for poor Mistress Grace, which was, that she never knew the extent of her misfortunes.

"Elliot was executed; and, according to a last request made to those of his neighbours who undertook to see that his body had decent interment, the funeral procession halted before Madam Carteret's gate and chanted the 109th psalm. If Mistress Grace heard it, it had no effect whatever upon her; but it was otherwise with the old lady: she was observed to be much agitated by it, and even sent to offer the men money if they would desist.

"Elliot was decently interred on the north side of the church; the spot being only marked by a head-stone, having upon it the initials W. E.

"Many and many a long year was Mistress Grace confined in one of the upper chambers of the Hall; and strange and horrible was many a tale that got abroad of her ill-usage. Master Robert Delaney, however, always protested that these were false, and that she had every attention which a person in her situation could have. But she was often violent, and her cries were heard a long way off; besides, as she had made many efforts to obtain her liberation, her windows were barred, like the grates of a prison, and altogether there was a deal of commiseration felt for her,

and it did more perhaps than any thing else to make Madam Carteret feared and disliked.

"As I mentioned before, there were no families of consideration in the immediate neighbourhood, and as things had often been rumoured prejudicial to Madam Carteret's character, those few who had visited her formerly from a distance dropped her acquaintance, one by one, and, in her old age, she found herself, deserted by her former friends, the keeper of a mad woman, and with an ill reputation among her immediate neighbours. Add to this, the awful denunciations of the fatal psalm seemed literally fulfilled upon her, in many ways. She died miserably in extreme old age, having survived her victim several years.

"From a resident, such as she, and from events such as I have described, it may easily be believed that Willsby Old Hall would gain such a reputation as might well deter any respectable widowed lady of the Carteret family from desiring to inhabit it. It was currently reported to be haunted. Sounds of an awful and unaccountable kind were heard nightly in it. It stood uninhabited for many years, and then the inferior rooms were fitted up for the residence of a common farmer. To a certain degree, the traditions of these things are wearing out; but there still remains a vague feeling of aversion to the place; and though no one can tell the story straight-end-away as I have

done, everybody knows there is a something connected with the house that is as well forgotten as remembered, seeing a family yet lives in it."

Such was the story of Willsby Old Hall, and of the judgments that came upon the cruel Madam Carteret.

TO AGATHA.

BY EDWARD NOYCE BROWN.

Lady! when summer's fondest smiles are shed
On all that lives beneath their cheering ray,
We fondly deem those smiles from heaven stray
To tell of love, in that blest region bred.
And I have thought the smiles of those blue eyes
Told of the love concealed within thy breast:
Yes! on so slight a dream my hopes still rest!
Could I but join the fairy train that flies
Athwart thy brow, when, in sweet reverie,
Thou paint'st a joyous future, where is seen
Thine heart's best idol, then—*then* might I glean
The secret of thy soul, and haply see
All Fancy weaves, when on that brow I trace
Those smiles, nor weal nor woe from memory shall efface.

THE DAPPLED DOE.

A CONVENT LEGEND.

BY MISS LAWRANCE,

AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

There are fifty thanes in King Egbert's hall
  Quaffing the sparkling mead;
There are fifty knights at King Egbert's call,
  Each on his prancing steed,
Serving the meat, pouring the wine:
Right royally doth King Egbert dine;
And there is wassail, and revel, and din—
Our sweet lady sain her who entereth in!

For, lo! untended by squire or page,
  'Mid this rude company,
Cometh a maiden of tender age,
  Of beauty most rare to see,
Wimpled in white, in her soft right hand
Leading a doe in a silken band;
And the revel was hushed as she passed on,
And she standeth before King Egbert's throne.

"Justice, King Egbert! for Heaven's sweet grace
All friendless I've flown to thee."
He set down the cup, and amazed in her face
Gazed long and eagerly:
For lovely was she as the lily flow'r,
Fed by the dew, and baptized by the show'r;
I trow he half deemed her a saint from heaven,
So he royally answered, "Now ask, and 'tis given."

"O erst I was lady of yonder lands,
And none durst my right gainsay:
But manors and lordships by violent hands
Have been wrested all away.
And he who hath done this cruel deed
Now quaffs at thy right hand the sparkling mead,
While helpless, and homeless, and lone, I go,
Having no friend save my dappled doe."

The shield-bearer rose with a salvage frown—
"Young minion, thou liest!" cried he;
"Bid thy champion come forth, cast thy gauntlet down,
And the battel wage with me."
"No champion have I," maid Bertha said;
"Father, protector, and friend are dead;
But Heaven, by ways human skill ne'er could guess,
Will take part with the lowly and fatherless."

"Then Heaven be thine aid! Since no champion
hast thou
On earth save thy dappled doe,
Lead her straight to yon hill, and bid *her* go forth
Thy lordships and lands to show:
And if she the boundary traceth aright,
I yield up my claim."—"So be it, Sir Knight,"
Cried the king; "come, my thanes, to the hill
let us go—
A brave champion, forsooth, is yon dappled doe."

On the brow of the hill maid Bertha stands,
One prayer to Heaven she prayed;
Then, stooping, unloosed the silken band:
"Fair doe, thou must be mine aid;
And may He who knoweth the right is mine,
Who in weakest things sheweth his power divine,
Trace out the path whereon thou shouldst go,
To win me my lands, my dappled doe!"

Straight with a bound from the maiden's side
Outspringeth the graceful doe;
She skimmeth like falcon the meadows wide,
Like arrow from hunter's bow—
O'er the plain, through the copse, right gallantly
Holding her course o'er the daisied lea,
Swifter than arrow she on doth go—
Our sweet lady speed thee, dappled doe!

And on, and on, over moor and plain,
Valley and hill, she flies—
The hunter's horn is ringing—in vain
It soundeth—right on she hies;
Threading the greenwood, and then away
She speedeth, now lost in the distance gray—
Swifter than arrow she on doth go—
O Heaven watch o'er thee, fleetest doe!

One bound—the Rother rolls deep and wide;
One bound, fair creature, most fleet—
'Tis crost,—o'er the plain, up the green hill's side,
And now at maid Bertha's feet
She kneeleth. "Gramercy, gramercy, sweet Heaven!"
The shield-bearer cried, "may my crimes be forgiven!
For well as the abbey's own book could show,
Hath the boundary been traced by the dappled doe."

List, list! for the even-song bell is ringing
In the convent of Waveney—
And sweetly the holy nuns are singing
"*Laudate Domine.*"
And there, with her crosier, maid Bertha stands,
Lifting to heaven her gentle hands,
While the convent seal to this day doth show
The tale of that maid and her dappled doe.

ALICE BERTRAM,

OR

BLACK AND WHITE.

A TALE OF PARIS.

FROM A DAY-DREAMER'S JOURNAL.

Know you me?

THE HUNCHBACK.

I CHANCED, one morning, while passing along the Quai Voltaire, in Paris, to linger before one of those shrines of blessedness to the *flaneur*, if, like Pope's Timon, he "have a taste,"—to wit, a stall of second-hand books. Here, after turning over many a score of volumes, my eye fell upon an ancient, oblong Italian folio, faded, but rich in its clothing, and filled with engravings, pale and wiry indeed, but, to my eye, twice as graphic and satisfactory as the over-finished productions of modern burins. Page after page did I explore of this collection of views in town and country. I admired huge palaces, with their projecting roofs —fantastic *casini*—churches of every conceivable mixture of architecture—fountains, by which

sat gigantic river-gods wielding gigantic conches—theatres, in which the charming works of Goldoni and Gozzi had once made thousands merry; the theatres and the thousands now, alas! like the Bride, in Barry Cornwall's song—

Fled away! fled away!

At last I came to a prospect of the Duomo of Siena, with its remarkable chess-board facing of the two marbles. A thousand times before, I had seen this and passed it by; but, on the present occasion, I was doomed to be arrested by the architectural whimsy of violently contrasted colours, and—account for it, philosophers, how you will — was, from that moment, as helplessly possessed as was ever *fanatico*, when pursued by some vulgar melody, which clings to him with the pertinacity of Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, go where he will, do what he will. Every thing was that day to be registered by my fancy in black and white. The very spectrum was affected—and though I strolled onwards beneath such a clear, unclouded sun, as November never, and few of our midsummer months ever, treat us withal in England — and amongst such lively costumes as make a tulip-bed of the French metropolis — with Autumn's orange leaves, spared to this late period, still richly mantling the trees in the Champs Elysées—my demon was too strong for me. The

heavens were changed, for the moment, into a field of sheet-silver; the short noon-shadows on the earth into trailing blots of ink. Every man appeared to my bewitched eye as if clad in a pall, and to wear moustaches and whiskers of Zamiel's own colour; (*à l'enfer*, he might phrase it) every woman to be apparelled in a spotless bridal robe of virgin white—and I caught myself exclaiming—

> By Day and Night! but this is wondrous strange!

some twenty times, at least, ere I turned into the courtyard of the Hotel des Invalides, to make acquaintance with the interior of its rich and spacious church.

I love to wander about in churches every where, but especially in those of Paris. The sight of a grim and overhanging porch, however barbarous or time-melted its sculptures, with a dwarfish old woman or two, crawling up its steps, or carrying on some small traffic beneath its shelter, is sure to tempt me aside from the gayest street, for a few moments of curious examination, or, it may be, of graver thought. Saint Germain des Près, with its antique monuments, and its uncouth pulpit heavily canopied with a marble drapery — Saint Gervais, with its Pietro Perugino— Saint Eustache — Saint Germain l'Auxerrois — and that crown of the architectural glories of Old Paris, Nôtre Dame, recently made as familiar to

us by the magic of Victor Hugo's genius as though it were a living, breathing creature—I know them —I love them all. Silent and forsaken though they be, they are not utterly desolate. While prying about within their precincts, I have more than once witnessed those ceremonies marking the progress of daily life which are always interesting in a strange land. I have seen weddings — communions ;— at Saint Sulpice a funeral, where the service for the dead produced so awful an effect, chanted as it was by elderly priests, with furrowed faces and flowing hair, and singular Jewish-looking long hoods, pushed back on their shoulders. But, on less fortunate days, I have never entered a church in Paris without encountering some figure upon which the imagination might fix itself— sometimes a *grisette* tripping down the stream of sunshine, shed on the pavement from ample gothic windows, where painted glass *was* before the Revolution; as, with *carton* in hand, she pauses before the chapel of her favourite saint, and takes out her week's allowance of little sins, in a little prayer or so, short, but very honest— sometimes a meagre, mournful old man or woman, watching the frame of tin, with its votive candles rapidly wasting—by whose side I have watched till I have longed that I too could believe in these burnt good wishes and thanksgivings for the benefit of friends far away;—sometimes, the identical Mathu-

rin of Molière's Comedies, with his coarse, plenteous hair, and his *pot-au-feu* complexion, and his *sabots* clattering as he comes, but taught by instinctive or traditional reverence when he enters those holy precincts to clatter—as old Mr. Wesley's children were taught to cry—quietly. In many I have found quaint altars worthy of study—in some, curious ancient tombs—in all, a gigantic, staring-faced organ, made to discourse a harsh and curtseying jig-music on high-days and holidays . . . But here we are in the Cour Royale of the Hotel des Invalides.

I paused on entering the church with a start of natural surprise. My *folletto* had been there before me! Nave and quire, clerestory wall, and high altar, were all of them sheathed, and traced out, and draperied, with the two no-colours of my day-dream. For a moment I was tempted to regard Queen Mab, and no Christian Saint or Sainte, as the patroness elect of the veterans of France, and to imagine the mournful and imposing show disclosed to me as a thing conjured up for my express amazement and perplexity. In another moment, however, common sense came to my aid. I bethought me of the recent victory gained by French arms in Africa — of the recent decease of the commander of the expedition at the post of honour — I bethought me how his obsequies were to be here celebrated with all that pomp where-

with an alert and politic government sees it wise to glorify the funerals of those who have perished beneath the Tricolor. All was bustle and preparation—here, half a score of men, hung at a dizzy height, were giving to an arch its last ghastliness —making it grin, as it were, by nailing round it a hem of white lace; there, another dozen were sedulously decorating an enormous catafalque, and ordering each other to and fro in under-tones — while an old soldier kept back the too curious by a civil — "*On ne passe pas ici,*" or "*Il faut sortir, messieurs.*" Why is it that there are moods, in which even these mean mechanical details have an interest and suggestion of their own?— when it is not easy to pass an undertaker's shop, without thinking of children, from their tenderest infancy habituated to play with the spoilt cross-bones, or morsels of *furniture* (as it is called), which are employed to deck out this poor body's last shelter? Why is it that I rarely see a funeral procession, winding along a crowded street, without wondering whether the aching eyes of mourners, vacant from the exhaustion of sorrow, are by chance falling upon me, while passing nimbly on my way, full of small hopes and small plans? Why was it that I was here struck especially with the figure of an upholsterer — a young man, with professional zeal and conceit speaking out in every line of his face, busied in arranging a huge sweep of drapery in

folds, whose *pompe funebre* was aimed at a magnificent paragraph in the journals of the day — the while the cold remains of the soldier, the bereaved wife, the desolate children, were awaiting the conclusion of his labour of taste?—and that I could not but smile as I thought how the untimely death of a brave general may make the fortune of some aspiring hero of fringes and *fauteuils*, destined, ere long, to run *his* long career of glory in decorating the *salons* of the beauties and *beaux esprits* —the l'Enclos and Geoffrins of modern Paris?

This is a long preamble; perhaps an impertinent one, it may seem, to those who dismiss with honest Mr. Burchell's "*Fudge!*" all such stray leaves from the book of fantasy as are not written in their own alphabet. But for such I do not keep my journal.

In the evening, for my disenchantment, I was resolved to go into society. Every one who has been permitted the privilege of frequenting the *salon* of Madame de Verneuil knows it to be the pleasantest thing in Paris. Elsewhere the political inquirer will find a finer crop of republican moustaches and locks streaming like a meteor (gentle English public, only conceive what would be the effect if Mr. O'Connell's or Lord Wellington's *queue* were thus made recognizable by the hairdresser's art!)—elsewhere a richer assemblage of curiosities from the Faubourg—elderly gentlemen

and ladies, who cling to their loyalty with a Southcotian constancy, and who, in days of extra depression — whensoever Louis Philippe opens a new gilt gallery, or pulls down a further mass of old rubbish *ad captandum* — resort to Rue Tournon, Number 5 — there to receive consolatory predictions from the still extant and still consulted Mademoiselle Lenormand. Elsewhere the lover of art will rejoice in a more numerous *réunion* of painters, musicians, literary men, all brave and important in the consciousness of their several professions, and not, as in England, longing to cast by their responsibilities, on entering good company — but no where is to be found better society — no where a more effective sprinkling of pretty faces and fatal toilettes — no where an arena in which the last opera, or the last *charlatanerie*, or the last ordinance, is anatomized with a nicer art — that art, whose charm is in its concealment!

That night Madame de Verneuil's circle was unusually brilliant. We had Liszt in one of his tamer humours — playing as only Liszt when tame can play: and we had the beautiful Madame Schickler, whose graceful apparition in a certain box at the Grand Opera has made so many a *merveilleux* "bearded like a pard," but, for all his beard, owning the tenderest of tender hearts, most exceedingly uneasy. There, too, was M. le Prince Belgiojoso, with his gorgeous tenor voice — why

should such a fortune be wasted on a Prince?—and many other notabilities besides. It was an hour ere the admirable lady of the mansion had a moment for me; but at last she drew me aside from the crowd round the piano, and, inviting me to share a *causeuse*: — "I have something to say to you," she began; "but, my good friend, what ails you, that you look so puzzled and *distrait* to-night? What has happened to you?"

There are few persons to whom we confide our follies; fewer still with whom we dare trust our crotchets. Madame de Verneuil, however, belongs to the latter number. "Why, my good friend," said she, smiling, with a tinge of sadness in her smile, "one might fancy almost that you had passed through this strange world of our's, and never thought until to-day! What is it all but painted in your black and white? Could you know how I have passed this morning! Ah! I see you are not heeding my philosophy. You are looking after Madame Laval! Pretty creature! how thoroughly happy she is — even for a bride! She has drawn a charming lot! That is her husband, . . there . . with his hand on the guitar. Is he not superb? and *such* a good heart!"

I had, in truth, been gazing upon the couple pointed out by Madame de Verneuil: but upon the gentleman rather than the lady. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever saw; if, only, as

being the sole person who, to my eye, thoroughly carries off the superabundant and dramatised toilette in which most young French creatures of the male sex indulge themselves. He was, as his eulogist had styled him, superb, in appearance, manner, and conversation; and I was ready to give him credit for the good heart ascribed to him, for he seemed to be not only the admired, but the beloved of every one. Twenty people of the circle, at least, were ready, each with a different *mot* of Laval's. One humble friend was envying his jewellery, with the assistance of a *lorgnon;* another, more audacious, his wife, with "Ah! Laval has *such* a perfect taste!" Two of my dear countrymen, who rate every man according to the figure of his fortune, were loudly bepraising him: and yet they had only just returned from an unsuccessful tour of inquiry into this most important matter. They had asked him, (when did ever John Bull lack civil courage in a good cause?) whether it was true that he was, indeed, worth two hundred thousand a year, and he had answered them—how politely!—"I do not understand your English money!" Madame Betancourt was, at last, willing to forgive him for having married, in consideration of the inimitable remark which he had just slidden into her ear concerning *Madame une telle,* her most particular friend;—that remark, *of course,* was not severe! B——, meanwhile, was

ready to worship him as a second Aristotle, because he abused Balzac, and Sue, and the other *convulsionnaire* novelists. Every one, in short, had his mite of incense ready to be offered to the Count Laval. How seldom is a wit, and a handsome man, and a rich man, popular!

"What a charming lot she has drawn!" continued Madame de Verneuil, still ascribing to the lady my stare, which had for object her worse half. "Two years ago she was a little, unnoticed, uninteresting child — the poor relation of a decayed gentlewoman — a stranger here, too, (for she is a German) — and now — what a position! She is to-day on the whitest square of your chessboard, if ever woman was. Laval was always my first favourite! And yet it is only this morning that I have been sitting beside a creature twice as lovely, twice as accomplished: as young, I am sure, as well born .... God help her! her destiny is as dark a one as Madame Laval's is brilliant! I was just going to consult you about her, for she is an Englishwoman.

"It is not three weeks since a dear friend of mine first mentioned her to me. My friend has a rage for curiosities, shabby *bijouterie*, ancient pictures, which she calls Van Eycks, and I know not what. Well, some one or other had told her of some very fine carvings to be seen in a common joiner's shop—Rue Notre Dame de la Recouvrance

— a horrid place — you know it? At once she goes to see them: for see every thing she will, though she buys but little. And here she heard of this poor unhappy girl lying sick in a wretched apartment *à l'entresol*. How good those poor people are to each other! The joiner's wife had nursed her like a mother, (she must have died else) until one of those Sisters of Charity—those angels upon earth—found her out: and there she is now, at this very moment, wasting away with consumption and some spinal disease. She cannot be raised in bed without terrible suffering; there is no removing her.

"If my friend be curious, she is also charitable: she desired to be taken to this poor creature instantly. The joiner's wife consented. 'If you were English, I dare not,' she said, 'for, though this poor Mademoiselle Sophie is English, she will not permit any of her countrymen to be sent for. And the mere hearing that good Sœur Celestine thought of seeking out the *curé* of the English embassy, to interest him for her, threw her into an agitation so terrible that we have never spoken of the thing since.' My friend's curiosity, you may be sure, was not lessened by hearing all that I tell you. Well — Madame Dufey led the way. How my friend was thunderstruck with what she saw! and, to make a long story short, she came driving to me that instant, as fast as her horses could bring her, and told me the whole dismal his-

tory. Since then, we have, one or other of us, made a point of going to the poor creature every day, for, as I tell you, it is impossible to remove her. But she will not trouble any body long. I can see her dying every time I am there!

"'And what is her name? and what is her history?'

"We can but guess; the people only know her for Mademoiselle Sophie. She had taken that wretched room some weeks before we found her; had arrived there late at night, walking wearily, and carrying a small bundle of clothes; took to bed at once, and has only since left it for about five minutes at a time. I have gone as far as it was possible to go with any delicacy to discover who she is, where she comes from, and what are the connexions from whom she hides herself with such terrible pertinacity, but she will not say a word. So gentle and persuadable as she is in every thing else, let me but approach the subject, however quietly, and she frowns so at one, that I dare not go on. Even she has her right to the luxury of a secret!"

I was not altogether disposed to acquiesce in the truth of this maxim, as applied in the present instance. "And she is dying, you tell me—inevitably dying?"

"Not a possible hope, my friend; not a wish, even, on her part, to live. Her relations, I am certain, must be strange, stern people, that she can

be willing to pass away in this manner without any of them knowing it. Whatever she has been, whatever she has done ..... Ah! *Mon Dieu!* we women are such poor feeble creatures! ... *Tenez,* Laval! don't come near me! I am in one of my sentimental humours, not at all fit company for you this evening, with that proud, happy face of your's! *Elle est ravissante, mon cher! tout-à-fait ravissante!*" And the bridegroom, who had entertained few thoughts of interrupting our *téte-à-téte,* passed on.

"That charming Laval!—but, what are we to do, my friend, with this unhappy girl? She will die in less than a week; and I sometimes think we are very wrong to permit her to die, without so much as knowing her name, or having any message to deliver to her friends. Would you see her, if she could possibly be brought to consent to it? This was what I wanted to ask you, for it is curious that her horror seems to me greatest of her countrywomen. She has sisters — haughty, peevish women—I am sure of it!" And then came many complimentary speeches about my discretion, &c. &c., the better half of which I should be very glad to believe. The tale did strike me forcibly, making every allowance for the colouring medium through which I knew my excellent friend saw every object she described — one of the consequences, by the way, of a conversational reputation.

A young English girl, alone, fading away in the very midst of Paris—that place, beyond all others I have ever lived in, where the idea of death is so painful, so unnatural — it *was* a hard, a melancholy lot! But little did I anticipate the sequel.

Two days after her *soirée* I received a note from my friend Madame de Verneuil, stating that by dint of much eloquence she had prevailed;—that Mademoiselle Sophie had yielded to the importunities of her protector; and that, for their sakes alone, (she said) and to relieve them from the responsibility under which her rapidly approaching decease would otherwise place them, she was willing to speak for a few moments with a countryman. "I suspect," added my correspondent, "she must feel how near she is to her last hour, by this concession." Madame de Verneuil had mentioned no name: probably she had described me as an ancient time-worn man, with experience shining in my few gray hairs, and forgiveness on my withered brow; but, however this might be, I have often wondered what enchantment she employed to bring about an interview, so delicate, I might almost say, so preposterous. Mademoiselle Sophie, she said, had only consented to receive me on condition that nobody but the Sœur Celestine should be present: — "A singular arrangement," concluded her benefactress, "*mais n'importe;* you will tell us all we ought to

know. My friend, Madame de Brival, is in a feve of curiosity."

Half past four was the hour appointed for this interview. It was a brilliant afternoon, with that crimson rose-tint hovering in the western sky which tells of coming frost; and a crescent moon rising small and silvery in the east. Many of the *cafés* in the Boulevards were already lighted up; gay equipages were thronging the streets in every direction; gay groupes on every causeway: and, as I passed *Les Varietés*, I noted the *queue* already forming within its barriers to see Vernet in the new vaudeville, which—according to all rumours—was to reproduce on a grander scale the catastrophe which ensued when the ass ate figs — and kill not one but many a wise man with laughter.

I turned up the steep, dingy, narrow street whither I was bound, leaving all this life and prosperity behind me. The cloth of frieze presses closely on the cloth of gold in Paris. Grim, narrow, noisome with the odour of filthy cookery, resonant with the shrill voices of little children, and the squeak of a doleful *musette* grinding out, in the time of a funeral psalm, the buoyant *Sicilienne* of Robert le Diable;—what a contrast with the Boulevards, what a place for shame and sorrow and repentance to breathe their last in! A feeling of repugnance, almost amounting to horror, stronger than I have often proved, thrilled me, as,

directed by a fragment of dirty drapery, a haggard tapestried chair, and a formal worm-eaten picture which had seen better days, I mounted the stair described in my search for Mademoiselle Sophie. The *Magazin,* if it deserved such an important name, was in the darkest part of the street—a huge wall rising opposite to it, as dank with exhalations and blackened with age as the mouth of an old well.

"Par ici, Monsieur," said a poor-looking woman, whom, however, neither hard features nor the flight of many years had been able altogether to despoil of a sweet and charitable expression of countenance. The room was an *entresol:* so close upon the staircase and the street, that walls, and doors, and windows, were but a mockery of defences against publicity. Customers were constantly ascending and descending, children wrangling on the stairs, people trampling over head, doors shut without the slightest mercy: for the French have little sensibility to harsh and violent sounds. Of this I had a proof in the vehemence with which my Samaritan conductress—at heart gentle and considerate — threw open the door of the den, where lay the sufferer.

The feeble light which streamed in from the window fell broad upon the white Flemish-looking head-gear and serge dress and clumsy rosary of the Sister of Charity, who was so busily conning her Hours, that, for a moment, she did not perceive

our entrance. When, however, she did, she rose, put her finger to her lip, led the Mother Dufey to the door of the little chamber, and closed it with expressive caution, then, returning to me:—"She is asleep," she said, "you can judge for yourself." There was not sufficient light from the fire to enable me to distinguish more than the outline of a reclining figure, propped on many pillows, with a shrouding cap, and partly wrapped in a large faded shawl, but the Sœur put a small lighted taper into my hand, with a soft:—"She will not hear you!" and I stole on tiptoe nearer to the sleeper, whose hard breathing might have been heard upon the stairs.

My life has been one of sad farewells and strange meetings, but this was the most singular, the most melancholy, of all. What was it that I saw? A face, every feature of which I knew as well as my own in the glass, but with brow and cheek and mouth, how prematurely worn and aged!—a wretched ghostly hand, clenched upon the coverlet, with a valueless ring on its forefinger . . . The sight of these brought back to me such an overmastering crowd of old remembrances, startled me with such a host of fearful conjectures, that, pronouncing the sleeper's name, I burst into an uncontrollable passion of grief — not, however, of that grief to which a calm succeeds. With me it is not the terror of the first surprise: it is the second stroke,

when confirming assurance puts an end to all chance of mistake, which destroys and withers. It *was* my old playfellow! whose mother's house we could see from the mansion where I was born—the child of hopes and prayers—the sister of a proud high-spirited brother! "What has brought you to this?" exclaimed I, again ..... "Alice Bertram, what has brought you to this?"

The Sœur laid her hand upon my arm, but it was too late. The dreamer was awakened by the sound of a name so long a stranger to her ear; and a sudden intelligence, in which anguish kept pace with consciousness, seemed to sharpen every wasted feature. For a moment she did not, dared not, unclose her eyes. What terrors might not at that instant be careering through her poor distracted mind! of the severe brow of a mother—of her brother's eye looking a curse—of scornful playmates over whom she had been used to queen it. Or she might even fancy that the valley of the shadow was passed—that she had caught the first echo of her name spoken through the trumpet of retribution; for bitter, bitter as was our recognition, it was still calmer on her part than I had ventured to anticipate. The reality *might not* have been so dread as the first object of her waking fears!

But little was said between us. I dared not ask, she could not speak unquestioned. Her first

hurried inquiry was:—"Have they sent you?" . . and then, when emotion had had its way for a few moments, she began so rapidly and so eagerly to ask me a thousand little home questions, as to indicate a shrinking from any inquiry of which her own fortunes were the subject. Alas! already I knew too much! I could guess the rest.

The details of such an hour are not fit for the public eye. When the first shock was over, my poor friend was thankful to have seen me: thankful that I was at hand to smooth her last earthly pillow, and to follow her to the grave. But the resolution which possessed her of holding no communication whatsoever with the family she had afflicted was nothing weakened by my presence. "You will tell them that I am dead, when I *am* dead; that my last hours were those of repentance and anguish; you may ask them to pray God that these, under His mercy, may have sufficed, but, I entreat you, nothing more! I will have none of them written to; indeed, it will be now too late! if I see another sun it will be all: and can you wonder" (looking round her with a melancholy smile) "that I am a little impatient for release? But every thing here is too good, too easy for me! I did not think I should ever see any one who had known me when . . . . . once again . . . ."

Here a severe and sudden fit of difficulty of breathing interrupted the sufferer, and as I

stood beside her, I expected — I almost hoped — every moment to see her spirit pass away. The good Sœur Celestine administered some specific, the effect of which was again to bring on the slumber I had interrupted. "Sit there," said she, pointing to a ricketty chair in the chimney-corner. "She will not awaken for an hour, if she ever awakes again!"

I sate down, scarcely knowing whether I was in a dream or not. The whole history of Alice, how it rose before my mind's eye at once! First, I saw her as a child, a banker's daughter; her father the richest man, her mother the haughtiest woman in the large thriving town of ———; herself the flower of her family for her beauty and wit; spoiled by every one who came near her, on account of her caressing ways and sprightly sayings; with nothing to all human appearance before her but a youth of luxury, a brilliant marriage, a continuance of the prosperity in which she had been cradled. Then came one of those terrible shocks, which, in one hour, bring tragedy into the midst of common-place life—the loss between morning and evening of every earthly possession save the scanty means of subsistence—a failure so entire, so crushing, and, it was said, so unexpected, as to involve consequences more disastrous even than the total departure of wealth, and, with wealth, of the position and respect thereunto appertaining in our commercial towns.

Mr. Bertram died in the midst of his disgrace—died in an instant! To this followed the retirement of the scared and broken-spirited widow—by so awfully sudden a bereavement, changed from an object of reproach into one of compassion. She withdrew to a remote country village: the wreck of her fortunes when gathered together being so wisely disposed of as to furnish her with a small but sufficient income. The sequel was total oblivion on the part of those whom she had drawn round her in the days of her magnificence and hospitality.

Thus passed years: and Alice had now shot up from infancy into girlhood—in girlhood, as in infancy, the flower of her family. Adversity dealt strangely with her nature. As a rich man's daughter, she would have become the most fascinating, accomplished, popular woman of her circle: prosperity would have made her condescend; her mind, cultivated with care, would have attracted to itself the essence of every beautiful art, and have been softened in the process of its nurture. As it was, she became capricious, proud — never insolent, indeed, for her temper was faultless—but reserved, given to day-dreams, and quitting these unwillingly to take her part and mingle graciously with her less gifted family. Her chief pleasure was to pass hours alone in the open air: a picture I have before me — its colouring is now sadly faded—shows her sitting in a reverie on a garden-

seat; to all appearance busily braiding her long hair, already decked with a lily-bell or two, but her thoughts in reality bent on other matters than her delicate tresses, or the delicate flowers at her side, which lean into her bower, as though to acknowledge her companionship, or the petted dog, who whines and capers at her feet to excite the attention she often bestowed upon him "with twice the good-will," she would say, "she could find in her heart to show to any biped whatsoever." The heart is deceitful! Well — she compelled the love of every one who approached her: but it was a love mingled with *fear* for the future—a fear of what might befall her, when her strong ambition and her forcible self-will should receive a disturbing, if not a determining, influence from another hand. And often and anxiously did the question arise: — "Can you think whom Alice Bertram will marry?"

Then came her choice: and singular and wretched it was. The neighbourhood to which Mrs. Bertram had retired was not over-rich in great houses; but more than one young heir had laid his lands at her feet, more than one a title, and she had refused them all, as if her proud heart found a positive strength and comfort in the rejection of her suitors. She listened to her mother's urgent representations sweetly, indeed, but not unmovedly: — "Dear mother!" she would say,

"you would not have me marry *before* I am in love; not have me marry first, and love afterwards." Some whispered .... No matter: at last she announced that her time was come — I say announced — for no one could have guessed it, so strange, so insane, appeared her choice. To the distress of all who cared for her, she fixed her fancy (I will never believe her affections) upon a man, whose only charm to other eyes lay in his being different from all the other men that had sought her, in his having no settled income, no recognized profession, in his not possessing the vulgar gifts of youth and personal comeliness. And for his intellect—we wondered and again wondered, how *she* could possibly deceive herself into imagining him possessed of genius and knowledge, when to our eyes he seemed — what events afterwards proved him to be — a shallow, worthless, pretending adventurer!

Then rose before me the entreaties employed to win the wilful girl from so fatally perverse an inclination: I saw how her poor harassed mother made the circuit of all her friends, and prayed them to interfere between herself and her infatuated daughter, to prevail upon her to wait a year, only six months at least, till Mr. Darwin should have some establishment, some assured home, however humble, to offer her. All was in vain! She would marry him, and marry there and then. If some pique lurked in the back-ground to urge her to

such a decided and immediate sacrifice, it was then not suspected. But, I believe, could that ring, (no wedding ring) which clung to her wasted forefinger to the last, have told its story, there might have been found in it some explanation for conduct otherwise inexplicable.

Then I saw, as though it had been but the preceding day, the scene of the last evening before her wedding. Those little preparations — that attempt to throw an air of gaiety over what is always a bitter leave-taking to which this event mostly gives occasion, though sometimes painful and jarring to the feelings—are not half so dismal as the blank and desolateness felt when the bride goes forth suddenly and "unappointed." Darwin, after a few weeks' absence, had reappeared, informed the family of his betrothed that he had received an appointment as Professor — I forget what was his pretence — in Dublin College. He was to be found in the scene of his duties in two days: he wished to take his wife with him. No house was ready to receive her; no relations to welcome her; no kinswoman invited to accompany her; and for such a prospect she was willing to marry him, and ready to depart! I remember nothing so miserable as that wedding. Though her mother's nearest neighbours, and among her own oldest friends, we never knew that the thing really was to be till the evening before it took place,

when she ran across the fields to our house, jaded, feverish, breathless, to bid us all "good bye," and to receive (it was with an effort that she forced out the words) "our congratulations." We could none of us speak, some for sorrow, some for disapproval. My old father had loved her like one of his own children, and had dealt with her (I now hope not with an unwise harshness) upon the folly of such a connexion, and tears stood evident in his eyes, which were not famous for being readily moistened: my sisters clung around her speechless. She herself seemed shaken, and I have since reproached myself that I did not, (boy as I was)—that I *could not* employ more constraining persuasion, to induce her to pause. "It is foolish, it is nothing!" said she, dashing away the tears which burst down her cheeks; "I shall be back among you all in three months, just as usual, just as if nothing had happened. Darwin has engaged to bring me back as soon as we are fairly settled."

A strange promise! but she repeated it again and again. And she promised to write to us every week, as often as she wrote to her own sisters — "What a figure I am!" she cried, forcing up her own spirits, "to have run down here in this old garden-bonnet. Well, I shall never want it more! And I will take a branch from that dear old rose-bush, to smarten it up on my way back," she would not say "*home.*" I see her now spring up to reach

a long bloom-loaded bough which dangled over her head from the harsh trunk of the mulberry-tree, against which it was trained. "Well, last words are cruel things, come when they will, and . . and . ." sinking on her knees before my father, she sobbed out: — "Give me your blessing! for I am going to be very happy!"

My father bent over her and blessed her, but we did not hear his words. In another moment she had sprung up, and was gone from the midst of us, waving away my sisters, who would gladly have accompanied her homeward with a peremptory gesture, which, assuredly, told little of expected happiness. She was gone, and we never saw her again. All that strange sad night she sate up putting her small wardrobe in order, "too busy with her needle," so her poor mother afterwards told us, "to have much to say to any of them." To the last moment all was hurry, and ill-concealed misgiving, and avoidance of counsel or protracted farewell. And the ceremony was over, and the shabby hack-chaise had fairly creaked out of sight, ere Mrs. Bertram had time to reflect that she had, indeed, parted with her daughter for ever, into the hands of a total stranger!

The sequel may be foreseen. For a while the mother, like all mothers — resolute to make the best of matters, in which their children are concerned—did wonders in the way of keeping up a

cheerful countenance to her friends; deceiving herself — no, not *herself* — with the showy nothings promised by Darwin, and even praising his empty schemes for the future. Then came silence: acquaintances received constrained answers when they inquired civilly after her daughter — friends, not being confided in, refrained from inquiry. Shortly, however, distress and disappointment would break the bounds poor Mrs. Bertram had prescribed to herself. She must tell some one that that professorship at Dublin College had been but a castle-in-air, that Darwin had undeniably turned out what she needed not have troubled herself to describe. After a few shiftless attempts to establish himself — now, by advertising for pupils, who never came — now, by practising physic upon a diploma of which some had doubted the authenticity—now, by attempting literature in the shape of flimsy translation—he had been taken to jail for debt. And there was no one nigh his wife to assist her, save a gentleman who had lodged for some weeks in the house—a young Italian of some fortune, we were told, who had come to England for the purpose of making himself acquainted with our difficult language. In this case, Dublin seemed a singular residence for him to have chosen.

Mrs. Bertram told us this news, heart-broken while she told it — she, too, visiting us on the

eve of her departure for Ireland. The next thing we heard were the details of her desolate arrival. The mother had not forewarned the daughter of her coming. She found the house forsaken, shut up — Alice gone, none knew whither — gone off with the foreigner! It had been the old tale of a proud heart, an ill-regulated mind, and a wayward temper: on the one hand, poverty, and neglect, and temptation, and self-reproach; on the other, kindness, devotion, delicacy .... *Delicacy!* but the word used is from the world's vocabulary —not mine!

What a sombre and awful hour of retrospection was the one passed by me in looking into the wood-embers which bickered on the hearth of the dying woman's chamber! The thousand sounds I have described in that abominable house disturbed me no more than they disturbed my poor friend, now laid to a calm sleep by the potent opiate. The Sœur Celestine from time to time went and bent over her slumber with a grave and earnest scrutiny. At last I felt her touch me — her touch how gentle, but how impressive!—and she slid into my hands the small breviary she had been studying, and sank noiselessly upon her knees by the side of the bed.

Another hour had passed, but Alice still slumbered. The Sœur rose from her prayer, and whispered in my ear:—"It will not be to-night: but I do not think she will wake again."

"I can watch here."

"Her lover?" asked the old woman, in a tone searching and keen:—"her *betrayer*?"

"Good God! no! her playfellow . . her . . ."

"It is enough," said the Sœur Celestine; "I, too, shall watch the night beside her. Pray that she may pass away in this calm: her convulsions have been so terrible."

That long, long night was gone: Alice still slumbering, and hoarsely drawing her breath; more hoarsely, I could hear, after day had broken. Then began all the sounds of life and enjoyment and occupation, as the world came abroad, which make up the Voice of a great city, but I heeded them not. Time stands still when Death is so near. At length a moment of sudden and giddy faintness compelled me instinctively to seek the outer air. I left the chamber, and came out into the broad light of noon, dizzied by the sudden change, braced by the atmosphere of that alley—noisome as it was, how fresh compared with the air I had been breathing for so many exhausting hours! For the first moment, however, I was unable to support myself, and leaned up against the pillar of Dufey's threshold; when the sound of wheels, making their unwilling way over the rough pavement, and the loud "*Gare!*" of the coachman, compelled me to look up and retreat:

not, however, before the vehicle was close upon me. Another moment would have seen me crushed to the wall. The carriage stopped, stopped before Dufey's *magazin;* and, ere I could speak, there alighted la Comtesse Laval, assisted by her attentive and magnificent bridegroom.

"*Comment, Monsieur?*" cried the lively lady gaily . . . "you, too, an amateur? No matter; I hear there is not such another chair in Paris, except King Dagobert's in the *Bibliothèque,* and have this I will, *coute qui coute.*"

"What, Gertrude!" exclaimed her husband, "measure purses against a rich Englishman? But what a horrid place! and how people can live in such holes, I often wonder. Do go back to the carriage, Gertrude; it is not fit for you to enter."

"Where you can go, Charles," &c. &c. &c., was the charming and suitable reply.

"You were at the Requiem, Monsieur?" continued she, mounting the black and broken staircase, but speaking so ceaselessly the while, as utterly to hinder my informing her of what was going on above:—"A superb service it was! The church looked so imposing in its mourning. Such perfect taste! You must find out, Charles, who arranged that canopy! I am confident he is a first-rate artist. I will have him to do my *salon.* And then the building so full—and the whole spectacle so like what one hears of at Rome in the Holy Week! You will take me to Rome, Charles. O, I assure

you the thing was most splendid! most overpowering! You have had an irreparable loss, Monsieur; I do not know when we shall see such another funeral!"

"Silence! silence!" sounded from above in a shrill whisper. The voice was the Sœur Celestine's. But Madame Laval was too full of her own happiness to hear or heed.

"And then the music—take care, Charles, three steps—the music, by Berlioz, so sublime! so mysterious! so . . so . . . impossible to understand!"

"Gertrude, Gertrude! you are talking sad nonsense!"

"Silence! silence!" repeated the same earnest and piercing voice from within the death-chamber.

"Here, is it?" said Madame Laval, "now for the relic! Mind, Monsieur, I outbid you . . . ."

And ere I could stay her, she had entered the apartment, followed by her husband.

We formed a remarkable group. In a moment, Madame Laval had sprung back with a shriek of surprise and horror: — "Where, O God!—what is here?" and had pressed herself closely to her recently chosen protector. I see him now as he stood there, his arm passed round his delicate wife, a terrified summer-bird in its gayest plumage: his eyes asking from myself the meaning of what he saw. Meanwhile, the startled Sœur Celestine and la Mère Dufey had flown to support my poor friend, who was now in her last mortal agony,

feebly stretching out her hand to meet mine, to be guided, as it were, to the frowning portal of Eternity by the playmate of her guiltless years. Would that he could have been more to her!

I hastened to obey the expressive gesture, just, and but just in time. The head of Alice fell on my shoulder, the hand relaxed its beckoning attitude, the eyes ceased from their feeble and unsteady circuit round the chamber, now all but unable to distinguish forms and colours. But they fixed—fixed themselves firmly upon the gay bridegroom and bride, as the two retreated through the doorway. In an instant a keen light reanimated them — a light of reproach, of agony, of forgiveness. It was but for one instant — in another Alice was dead!

The Count Laval was arrested by that parting gaze, and I saw a change pass over his broad and splendid features, and I saw him rule them with a sudden and amazing mastery. But it was enough. I was sure, beyond all hesitation or question, that Alice's last look had not been one of accident or bodily convulsion—it had been the farewell of the victim to the betrayer! And even then—so strange is the mind!—ere I had loosed my arms from around the wasted and senseless clay of my ill-starred friend, there recurred to my mind those lightly spoken words of Madame de Verneuil's :—"Is he not superb? and *such* a good heart!" "What is it all, but painted in your black and white?"

TO THE BUST OF MY SON CHARLES.

BY DELTA.

Fair image of our sainted boy,
  Whose beauty calmly shows,
Blent with life's sunny smiles of joy,
  Death's most serene repose—
I gaze upon thee, overcast
With sweet, sad memories of the past.
Visions, which owed to thee their birth,
And for a while made heaven of earth,
Return again in hues of light,
To melt my heart, yet mock my sight,
And sink amid the rayless gloom,
That shadows thy untimely tomb.
Our fair, fond boy! and can it be
  That this pale mould of clay
Is all that now remains of thee,
  So loving, lov'd, and gay!

The Past awakens—Thou art there
  Before me, even now,
The silken locks of sunny hair
  Thrown backward from thy brow—
Thy full, white brow of sinless thought;
Thy cheeks by smiles to dimples wrought;

Thy radiant eyes, to which were given
The blue of Autumn's midnight heaven;
Thy rose-bud mouth—whose voice's tone
Made every household heart thine own;
Our fondling child, our happy boy,
Whose thoughts, words, looks, were all of joy.
Yes! there thou art, from death come back;
And vainly we deplore
That earth had once a flowery track,
Which ne'er shall blossom more!

A spirit renovates dull Earth,
Now Spring renews the world,
The little birds in joy sing forth
'Mid leaflets half unfurl'd;
But, Charlie, where art thou? We see
The snowdrops fade, uncull'd by thee;
We hear no more thy feet—thy voice—
Sweet sounds that made our hearts rejoice;
And every dear, familiar spot
Says here thou wert—who now art not;
Thy beauty is a blossom crush'd;
Thy being like a fountain hush'd;
We look, we long, for thee in vain—
The dearest soonest die!
And bankrupt Age but finds the brain
In all its sluices dry.

Methinks the afternoons come back,
When, perched upon my knee,

Renewed in heart, I roamed the track
  Of Fairy-land with thee;
Or told of Joseph, when, within
The sack of little Benjamin,
The cup was found, and how he strove
In vain to smother filial love;
Or Joshua and his mail-clad men;
Or Daniel in the lions' den;
Or Jonah whelmed beneath the sea;
Or Absalom, when to the tree
Fixed by his tresses floating wild,
  Until by Joab slain;
While David wept his rebel child
  The more—because in vain!

And sweet it was on sunny days
  To saunter through the park,
Amid the frisking lambs at graze,
  And listen to the lark;
While thou wouldst run before, behind,
Bluebell and buttercup to find,
A happy child, whose heart had ne'er
Been bowed by grief, or scathed by fear;
I see thy flushed and open brow;
I hear thy soft voice even now;
And smell the wild flowers bright and bland,
Compressed within thy little hand.
Still bloom the daisies there, the bee
  Booms round each flowery spot;
The small birds sing from every tree,
  And only thou art not!

Thy voice was like a summer brook,
For ever singing on;
And every thing around thee took
From happiness its tone:
We think of thee, and of the blue,
Bright heaven, with sunshine streaming through;
Of blossom'd groves; of oceans calm:
Of zephyrs breathing nought but balm;
Thy life was bliss—and can it be,
That only now remains for thee
The grave's blank horror, the despair
Of silence that endureth there?
And is the love, which shall decay
Only with being's breath,
But wasted on a thing of clay,
That sleeps in endless death?

No, Charlie, thus it cannot be.
And, gazing on thy bust,
I would not stoop to dream of thee
As perishable dust;
Opened for thee the golden doors
Of heaven, thy feet are on its floors,
With jasper, beryl, and gems inlaid,
To which our sunshine is like shade;
And all we dream of bright or fair
For evermore are with thee there;
A halo glows around thy brow;
The seraphs are thy playmates now.
It must be so—and dear, fond boy,
If blest, and glorious thus,

'Twere sin to wish thee back from joy
To pain and care with us!
A year hath circled since that day,
That day of doleful gloom,
When thou wert rapt from earth away,
In beauty's opening bloom;
That day of woe, when, horror-smote,
To know, to feel, that thou wert not,
We hung above thy bed of death,
And listened to thy last, low breath,
And lingered, nor would turn away,
Nor think thee but a thing of clay!
That day, when *thou* didst ope thine eyes
In bliss—an angel mid the skies!
Oh blind, blank hour for us! Oh dawn
Of endless life for thee!
Noon saw thy soul from earth withdrawn;
Night at the Saviour's knee.

Farewell, sweet loan divine, whom Heaven,
Beholding that my heart
Less loved the Giver than the given,
Took to itself apart:
The waves of Time roll on—its sea
Still bears us more remote from thee;
As hour on hour, and day on day,
Melt in the spectral past away.
Yet art thou like a star on high,
To lure from earth my mental eye;
And I would hate my heart, if e'er
Its love for thee it could outwear;

No! in its core it shall retain
Thine image aye to dwell:
Then, till above we meet again,
Farewell!—dear boy, farewell!

THE POLISH LOVERS.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

Among the primitive inhabitants of the remote parts of Poland, the great point of emulation with the young men is to be the best marksman of the district: for other feats of skill or activity in their simple lives, there is little struggle to obtain pre-eminence: but to attain dexterity with their guns, a vast deal of time, temper, and powder, is annually wasted in every insignificant hamlet. Most nations who possess this characteristic are impatient of restraint, but low in the scale of civilization and science.

Soon after the commencement of winter, it is customary in the provincial towns of Poland to hold an assemblage of those youths from the surrounding districts who have been noted for their skill in the smaller communities, to make trial together in difficult mark-shooting — for which prizes are distributed by the fur-clad ladies of "the authorities."

One of these annual meetings, some years since, was attended by Ermann Salinski, a youth of

about twenty, the only son of an extensive land-proprietor, and who was admitted, by even his nearest rivals, to be the best shot in his native village.

The winter had set in early, with unusual severity; and Ermann, who had several leagues to travel in his sledge, surrounded himself with various defences of fur, which he more than shared with a large rough hound at his feet — an animal of such uncouth form that none but a lover's eye could have traced attraction therein, or have seen the necessity of guarding it by a sable pelisse! But Ermann was a lover; the sagacious attached Slanth was a love-gift from Minna Zabinski, the coquettish love of Ermann; and thus there is no more to be said respecting deviations from "plain common sense."

On arriving at the town, he proceeded to the square where the assemblage was generally held: and here he found every thing in animated confusion. It had just been proclaimed that, instead of the usual mark-shooting, there was to be a wolf-hunt in a forest at some distance; the early severity of the winter had forced the wolves to approach the town, and they had committed great devastation on the surrounding farms, escaping ere morning to the forest: the prizes, therefore, would be awarded to those most skilful in destroying the depredators.

This exchange from mechanical to animated sport excited the spirits of the young men, who set forth in a gallant band; and they did not return from their fatiguing chace, until the red glow of sunset lighted up the savage trophies of their success, which they bore in triumph to the square, where the prizes were to be awarded.

This had been no ordinary day for the young Ermann: during the morning he had conversed some time with Minna, and she had made one of her capricious decisions, as to visiting his mother's house for a week, dependent on Ermann bearing away the third prize. The prospect of success was not very flattering, as he had to contend against so many more practised marksmen than himself. But almost every one has, at some time in his life, a brief inspiration through powerful feeling, which makes men "surpass themselves;" and to which they afterwards look back, with calm wonder, at the sudden power they momentarily commanded! Ermann felt that the time of his marriage would be decided if the coquettish Minna were once under his mother's roof; and, with this inspiration, he did wonders in the field and forest. Heedless of danger, he and the rough dog were ever pressing foremost; and, after each volley fired at the retreating pack of wolves, Ermann's gun was loaded again with magic promptitude, and one of the savages generally brought down.

When the band returned to the square, and the trophies were examined, Ermann's success exceeded Minna's stipulation, for the second prize was his reward: and he drove away in his sledge amidst the cordial and prolonged cheers of his companions.

The evening was gray and chill: Ermann, now that the excitement was over, felt the exhaustion consequent on his over-exertion: the poor dog had not escaped unharmed from the dying throes of the wolves, and he lay stiff and weary at his master's feet: even the gaily-caparisoned horse showed indications of fatigue from the additional distance he had been driven to the forest: so the trio pursued their weary way very differently from the spirit of the morning.

About two leagues from the town, Ermann heard the merry tinkling of sledge-bells coming after him in the solitary forest-road which led towards his home: the new arrival drew up beside him, and he was greeted by the gay voice of Stanislaus Zabinski, the brother of Minna.

"Hilloa, Ermann! stop that runaway steed of yours; though, poor tired wretch, if you stop him, perhaps he will never be able to move again: what a stupid-looking trio, man, horse, and dog! Had you good sport?"

Ermann held up his prize, asking why Stanislaus had not attended the hunt.

"Oh! the old cause—a woman;—those women make me a slave, a victim!" laughed the handsome Pole. "Here's my great-aunt, Froshkin, (now asleep beside me, and she's also deaf as these pine-trees) she wanted to see the assembly, and the shooting, and afterwards to visit her old friend, your mother; and she has detained me, driving her, all day."

"I have heard my mother speak of her, and I shall be delighted to have her society," returned the lover, speaking of the deaf old lady, but thinking of the grand-niece, who was doubtless to follow under her chaperonage.

"Then your 'delight' shall begin from this moment!" said the gay Stanislaus; "you shall drive her the rest of the leagues to your house, for I promised to be home to-night, and even now it is rather late to be out alone, though I hope your shooting has scared the wolves back to their summer abodes!"

So saying, he jumped from the sledge, (before Ermann could plead for his tired horse,) and, rousing the slumbering old lady with a shout which would have wakened the Seven Sleepers, he lifted her shapeless, fur-wrapped form into Ermann's sledge; then, bounding into his own, he drove off at full speed, making the woods echo with his merry song.

Ermann, in spite of his fatigue, felt true love's

prejudice in favour of any one connected with the beloved object: therefore he sedulously endeavoured to accommodate his companion; but his courteous actions and remarks were unnoticed by the taciturn lady, who did not even answer the caresses of the poor Slanth, although he seemed to forget his fatigues in welcoming her.

The weary sportsman soon relinquished the ungracious task, and became absorbed in a love-reverie, from which he was only roused by the branch of a tree having fallen so low across the narrow road that he could not drive under it without danger. In hastily removing it, the fur hood of his companion was caught by a bough, thrown back, and thus displayed the youthful complexion and glossy hair of Minna Zabinski.

"Always plotting against me, Minna!" said the delighted youth: "why might I not have known who was my companion?"

"So you should, had you only gained the third prize, as I desired you," replied she laughing: "but you were too vain of your superior success for me to give you farther grounds for vanity. But see, Ermann, we have reached the foot of the hill; help me from the sledge, and we will walk up, in order to relieve the poor tired horse: and Slanth! dear Slanth, too, shall stretch his limbs beside the mistress who, *he* had discernment enough to know, was not her grand-aunt!"

The youthful lovers, arm-in-arm, ascended the long acclivity slowly, but unmindful of the flight of time, which seemed to them to have been but a moment and yet a whole existence. The cold moonlight threw their well-defined shadows on the snow as they re-entered the sledge, with still two leagues of their journey to perform. Ermann, having assiduously enveloped Minna from the piercing air on the height, prepared to proceed homewards, when he missed Slanth from his customary position in the sledge. He turned sharply to call his lagging favourite, and perceived him, with bristling hair and gleaming eyes, which indicated too surely the approach of an enemy, glaring down the steep they had recently ascended. The youthful lover anxiously followed the gaze; and, in their late path, distinctly shown by the clear moonlight, he saw three large wolves, quickly tracking the fresh footsteps!

Ermann felt that, with the precious charge beside him, he must not risk an encounter against such fearful odds. His sole chance was in flight, although, when he thought of the distance to the village, and saw the exhausted condition of the horse, his heart grew faint. However, he stooped eagerly for the excited Slanth, lashed the horse to his utmost speed, and soon seemed to distance all pursuit.

Thus they continued to descend the hill with

great rapidity: but, on reaching level ground, again the panting horse showed symptoms of distress. Minna, who did not comprehend Ermann's strange proceeding, after vainly remonstrating with him, had placed her hand on the reins,—when the wolves, having reached the brow of the hill, caught sight of the objects which they had tracked, and their discordant howl soon enlightened the hapless girl as to the cause of her lover's haste.

The famishing animals, scared from their late haunts, redoubled their ardour of pursuit on seeing the sledge: their galloping feet resounded on the hard road, closer and closer. Ermann felt that flight was no longer security: he seized the rifle which had done such good service in the morning, with the faint hope that, if he should dispatch one savage, the others might forego the pursuit in order to prey on him. The rifle proved unloaded; and then the dreadful recollection flashed on Ermann, that he had exhausted the very last charge of his ammunition in the day's sport.

One of the wolves had now reached the carriage, which he passed, and evidently meant to spring on the horse. This would expose the travellers to instant death; and the frantic Ermann, seeing another monster gaining the side where Minna sat, seized, as his only resource, the faithful hound, and cast him forth to encounter the

terrible foes, of whom in a minute he must become the victim!

The sagacious horse, now tremblingly aware of the dangers which beset him, strained his panting frame for a fresh effort — without guidance from his master, who remained powerless, as though overwhelmed by his own deed, in sacrificing the attached companion who had so often defended him. Minna was also motionless, through fear and horror.

The pursuit of the wolves was checked; the weary horse once more relaxed his speed; and Ermann uttered aloud a pious thanksgiving for their safety. Short was their respite: the recruited savages soon renewed their chace with redoubled vigour, and again their galloping feet sounded close to the sledge. A shriek from Minna made the startled Ermann turn his averted gaze — to behold her in the grasp of one of the monsters.

Maddened by the sight, the youth sprang at its throat with so fierce a grasp that it was forced to relinquish its hold on Minna. The eye-balls rolled with green light; the hot breath came with difficulty over the protruding tongue; and Ermann had almost conquered the brute which he pressed against the back of the sledge: but he had two other foes, who sprang on him, and with a deadly

seizure pulled him from the vehicle. Minna saw no more.

* * * *

The servants belonging to Ermann's father were surprised by the sound of sledge-bells at night in the court before the house; for their young master had expressed an intention of remaining in the town until the following morning. They went forth cheerfully to welcome the unexpected arrival, and there beheld a wretched exhausted horse, fallen in the harness of an apparently empty sledge. On removing the sable pelisse in the latter, they discovered the motionless form of Minna Zabinski. During the day she recovered from the heavy swoon; but all remembrance was gone; nor was it until night came, and the cold beams of moonlight brought back the late scene of horror which she had witnessed by its beams, that the agonizing recollections returned with fearful clearness: and ere the morning she had expired.

THE WILD PINK OF MALMESBURY ABBEY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Part of the ancient and magnificent Abbey at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, is used as the parish church. On one of the mouldering walls of the ruins contiguous, (near the great archway,) a solitary plant, not elsewhere found in the neighbourhood, was pointed out to the writer of the following stanzas, as growing at a height "not to be come at by the willing hand."*

The Hand that gives the angels wings,
And plants the forest by its power,
O'er mountain, vale, and champaign flings
The seed of every herb and flower;
Nor forests stand, nor angels fly,
More at God's will, more in his eye,
Than the green blade strikes down its root,
Expands its bloom, and yields its fruit.

Beautiful daughter of a line
Of unrecorded ancestry!
What herald's scroll might vie with thine,
Where monarchs trace their pedigree?

* The *Dianthus caryophyllus*, occasionally found on old and decayed buildings, as well as on sparry rocks.

Thy first progenitor had birth,
While man was yet unquicken'd earth;
And thy posterity may wave
Their flag o'er man's last-open'd grave.

Down from the day of Eden lost,
(A generation in a year,)
Unscathed by heat, unnipt by frost,
True to the sovereign sun, appear
The units of thy transient race —
Each in its turn, each in its place,
To make the world, a little while,
Lovelier and sweeter with its smile.

How camest thou hither? from what soil,
Where those that went before thee grew,
Exempt from suffering, care, or toil,
Array'd by sunbeams, fed with dew?
Tell me, on what strange spot of ground
Thy Alpine kindred yet are found,
And I the carrier-dove will be
To bring them wondrous news of thee:

How here, by wren or redbreast dropt,
Thy parent-germ was left behind;
Or, in its pathless voyage stopt,
While sailing on the autumnal wind;
Not rudely wreckt, but haply thrown
On yonder ledge of quarried stone,

Where the blithe swallow builds and sings,
And the pert sparrow pecks his wings.

Then, by some glance of moonshine sped,
  Queen Mab, methinks, alighting there,
A span-long, hand-breadth terrace spread,
  A fairy garden hung in air,
Of lichens, moss, and earthy mould,
To rival Babylon's of old,
In which that single seed she nurst,
Till forth its embryo-wilding burst.

Now, like that solitary star,
  Last in the morn's resplendent crown,
Or first emerging, faint and far,
  When evening-glooms the air embrown,
Thy beauty shines, without defence,
Yet safe from gentle violence,
While infant-hands and maiden-eyes
Covet in vain the tempting prize.

Yon arch, beneath whose giant-span
  Thousands of passing feet have trod
Upon the dust that once was man,
  Gather'd around this house of God—
That arch, which seems to mock decay,
Fix'd as the firmament to-day,
Is fading, like the rainbow's form,
Beneath the stress of Time's long storm.

But thou shalt boast perennial prime:
The blade, the stem, the bud, the flower,
Not ruin'd, but renew'd by time,
Beyond the great destroyer's power,
Like day and night, like spring and fall,
Alternate, on the Abbey-wall,
Shall come and go, from year to year,
And vanish but to re-appear.

Nay, when in utter wreck are strown
Arch, buttress, all this mighty mass;
Crumbled, and crush'd, and overgrown
With thorns and thistles, reeds and grass;
While Nature thus the waste repairs,
Thine offspring, Nature's endless heirs,
Earth's "stony ground" shall re-possess,
And people the new wilderness.

So be it!—but the sun is set,
My song must end, and I depart;
Yet thee I never will forget,
But plant thee in my inmost heart,
Where this shall thy memorial be—
If God so cares for thine and thee,
How can I doubt that love divine,
Which watches over me and mine?

THE TAPESTRIED CHAIR.

BY MRS. LEE.

"WHY does grandmamma take such care of this old faded work?" asked Emily Clifford of her eldest sister, as they were one morning busied in restoring the drawing-room to its every-day arrangement, after having been disturbed by a party the preceding evening. "Did you notice that, last night, when all the sofas, stools, chairs, and ottomans, whatever their covering might be, were abandoned to the visiters, this old-fashioned thing was protected by a piece of satin?"

"More than that," said Eleanor, another sister, "grandmamma has desired the housemaid to let it remain as it is till she is able to attend to it herself; and, when I offered to spare her the trouble of stooping to put the cover on, she refused, saying that she always tied it herself, that she might be sure no dust could reach it."

"I believe," said the elder of the trio, "that there is some family history connected with this ancient piece of furniture, and you know how sacred grandmamma holds every relic of our ancestors."

"My curiosity is terribly excited," resumed the first speaker, "and I shall not rest till I know all about it."

"You *shall* rest," said a mild, but feeble voice at her elbow. Emily turned round, and, on seeing her grandmamma, began to excuse her curiosity, as a natural feeling.

"Certainly, my dear," said the venerable lady, "it is very natural that you should seek to know; and this evening, when my nap after dinner has given me more strength, you shall be satisfied. Now, you must make up for last night's gaiety, by putting every thing in its usual place, while the covering of this mysterious chair shall be my task."

The duties of the day were performed, the dinner was removed, the young ladies thought that their aged relative indulged a longer time than she was wont to do, but, at length, refreshed, she cheerfully beckoned to them to draw round her in a little circle, and began in the old and favourite style of her young days.

Once upon a time, in your uncle's castle in Yorkshire, lived a powerful baron, who from his youth had been employed in military service; it was not so far back as the feudal times in England; but, having been much in Germany, where feudal customs and manners were preserved longer

than in other countries, he had imbibed many notions of absolute authority, which were only increased by his habits of military command. He was, therefore, despotic in his own family and household; his orders were always given with promptitude and decision, and even expostulation against them was never heard. His wife died shortly after giving birth to a daughter, and, thus deprived of domestic happiness, he lengthened his visits abroad. He felt unfit to take charge of his infant child, and, therefore, consigned her to the care of a female relative well worthy of the trust; and the more so, because her dependence on him had given her those habits of obedience which he exacted from all belonging to him, and which she sedulously cultivated in her pupil.

Years passed on, and at the age of sixteen Edith was not only beautiful, but gave promise of becoming more so, and her education had been superior to that of most females. The seclusion of her life had led her to seek in acquirements a resource against monotony, and, while her governess imparted her own stock of accomplishments, her father's chaplain had delightedly assisted in the task. Both anticipated with pride and satisfaction the moment when the baron should return from abroad, and place his daughter at the head of his table, and introduce her to the society of the surrounding families; but her female instructress

was denied this gratification. After a short illness she died, having with her latest breath conjured Edith to show implicit obedience to her father's commands on all occasions, as her best chance of gaining his love, and, in fact, to receive them as emanating from an authority from which there was no appeal.

On hearing of the decease of her governess, the baron hastened home to his daughter, and, as age was beginning to cool his military ardour, and, as the sovereign to whom he had been so devotedly attached was no more, he determined on spending the remainder of his days in England, where his wide domains called loudly for his government. Unaccustomed to look upon domestic ties as the sweeteners of life, wishing that Edith, as an only child, had been a boy instead of a girl, that his name might be continued, and that he might have trained him to war and the chase, there was no expansion of affection, no intimacy, between him and his daughter.

Deep was the reverence with which she received his slightest injunctions, but obedience to them was so much a matter of course, that this was scarcely a merit in his eyes. He saw that she was lovely, and his pride was gratified, when, assembling his neighbours, she presided with dignity over his hospitable board; but he held it utterly unnecessary ever to consult her, and, conceiving

that he did her a great favour by betrothing her to a young baron whose estates were large, and whose name was honourable and ancient, he contented himself with merely telling her to hold herself engaged, nor dreamed of the propriety of asking, if by so doing he should offer any violence to her inclinations.

Edith respectfully received this intimation, and, then barely seventeen, she looked forward to a wealthy settlement with indifference, and thought much more of the person and disposition of her betrothed. Once she endeavoured to gain information from her father, but his reply was rather conclusive than satisfactory: he said that the baron was every thing that he could wish for a son-in-law, and Edith was obliged to trust to general report, which, however, was extremely favourable both as to person and temper, and she tried to fancy herself happy in her father's choice.

A few months before the time fixed for the espousals, a messenger arrived at the castle with a letter for the baron, who read it in presence of his daughter. He mysteriously shook his head at its contents, paced up and down the room, as if deliberating on the answer, and then ordered the messenger to be detained all night, that he might receive his despatches in the morning. The lad was, accordingly, dismissed the next day, and in a few more returned as the attendant of a young and

handsome traveller. The modesty of the suite and the whole appearance of this personage bespoke a man of moderate fortune: his sole domestic was the page already spoken of, who acted as groom and valet, and led a third horse, which carried the baggage of his master, whose wardrobe was evidently not of that voluminous kind in which the young men of those days were accustomed to indulge; but, notwithstanding the unpretending appearance he made, there was an air of rank and polish about him, which was sufficiently accounted for when the baron introduced him as Count Albert de Waldheim, the younger son of a German nobleman with whom he had been on terms of great friendship during his residence abroad, and who had sent Albert to visit England for a few months. A slight blush tinged the cheek of the young foreigner, when he returned the welcome which Edith gave him as her father's friend, and in the course of the day she could not help remarking that he cast a look of curious scrutiny upon her. He is comparing me with the German ladies, thought she to herself. He spoke English remarkably well, although a slight accent might be found in his pronunciation; but opportunities of comparing him with Englishmen were rare on Edith's side.

For some days he seemed to be wholly devoted to her father, attended him in all his sports, and

sat with him after dinner a much longer time than she thought consistent with politeness to herself. "I do not like his manners at all," was her exclamation; "it is lucky that I can have no interest in him, only I think he might show a little more consciousness that a lady resided in the house: even when we were out with the hawks yesterday, he never offered the slightest attention, but sat on his horse like an automaton, his rude eyes, fixed upon me most of the time, giving the only signs that he was a human being." By the way, there was some degree of pique in the latter part of her observation, for her admirable horsewomanship had often excited admiration from others.

An heiress and a beauty may be excused for such feelings, but she was too well disposed to let them influence her for any length of time; and, seeing that she was not cared for, she bestowed no care in return, and became perfectly indifferent to her father's guest. It was with considerable astonishment, therefore, that, one evening, after singing a favourite little romance, accompanied by her lute, Count de Waldheim solicited a repetition of it; she started, and after some little hesitation complied, following it by an expression of her surprise, that so keen a sportsman should be interested in such things.

"Nay, lady," returned the count, "it is hard upon me to suppose that I am indifferent to music,

because I have, in honour to my revered host, at first devoted myself to his pursuits rather than your's. You may as well accuse me of being unable to appreciate your society, because I have, for the same reason, sat late at board, rather than sought more genial occupation with you."

Edith's blushes by no means subsided from the consciousness of having so accused him; but, recollecting herself, she asked to what circumstance she owed his presence at that moment.

"To the company of more determined sitters than myself, with whom I can leave your father without rudeness, and at least for one evening obey my own tastes and wishes."

This evening, however, was succeeded by another and another, and the baron was left alone; and, territorial business commanding much of his time just then, Albert seemed to be left to Edith to entertain. They had many feelings and pursuits in common; Edith led him to her favourite spots, and pointed out the beauties of her domain with enthusiasm; and, when evening closed in, or the frequent rain of England confined them to the castle, her favourite amusement was to work Albert's designs on canvass, while he read aloud, or related his travelling adventures and observations, till both seemed to forget that any other beings existed.

But the moment came, when at least one of them was to be awakened from the pleasing delu-

sion, for Edith's father summoned her one morning into his library, and announced to her that her intended bridegroom was about to visit the castle, he having returned from his travels, and being anxious to make himself known to her. The confusion which this news created in Edith's mind was overpowering; she mechanically replied she knew not what, and performed the honours of the breakfast-table in silence, when, hastily retiring, she took refuge in her apartments, there to commune with her own heart.

The self-examination to which Edith devoted herself was by no means satisfactory; once she felt that she should have had pleasure in welcoming her betrothed lord, and "why not now?" she asked herself — the answer was too obvious, for she could not hide from herself the consciousness that another object had involuntarily claimed her preference; but, with all the hope and buoyancy of seventeen, she thought that perhaps, if Albert would declare himself, her father might be prevailed on to change his decree: he never yet had positively said that he loved her, but, could she doubt it? and now, when she was about to be snatched from him, would he not make an effort to obtain her? Calming herself with this reflection, she with tolerable composure proceeded to the sitting-room, where the count had already taken his seat. She then vainly tried to occupy

herself, but neither reading, nor writing, nor the harp, could abstract her thoughts from the one subject.

"What is the matter, Edith?" said Albert, who was watching her movements; "you do not seem to be able to decide on your occupation, this wet morning."

"It is the weather, I suppose," said Edith, blushing at her evasion.

"Come," resumed the German, "take your tapestry, and let me read to you."

Edith complied; but when she found herself shading a rose with violet, instead of its proper colour, and that she made the small leaves large, and the large, small, she fairly leaned her head upon her work-frame, and gave up the attempt.

"Dear lady," said her companion, "there is more in this than can be attributed to the change of weather. Will you not tell your friend what it is?" continued he, taking her hand. Hastily drawing it from him, with as much firmness as she could command, she replied, "The man to whom I have been betrothed by my father, and whom I have never seen, is coming to-morrow, and in one month I must be the bride of a stranger; he cannot feel any interest in me, for he has never made the slightest attempt to know me, and he must be little less than a barbarian to have neglected me thus, and now so suddenly to

come and claim me, as if I were a machine, and had no power of either love or hatred."

"Surely, Edith," resumed the Count de Waldheim, "you are severe; your future husband may be all you wish: think not so harshly of him, unseen, unheard."

"Do *you* undertake his defence?" proudly returned Edith, and was rushing out of the apartment, when the loud blast of a horn was heard at the castle gate. "There he is!" she exclaimed: "no doubt he has found it suit his convenience to come a day earlier, and present himself, without deigning to give me any preparation."

This charitable supposition was immediately followed by the entrance of her father. "Edith," he exclaimed, "what means this agitation?" and he paused to scrutinize the countenances of his daughter and his visiter; the former faltered out, "I thought the Baron de Lacy might be come, when I heard that horn."

"It was the horn of De Lacy, my child, and I am sorry to inform you, that he is unfortunately prevented from paying his devoirs to you to-morrow by a sudden illness; but he hopes that his fair bride will consider seven days' acquaintance as sufficient for those who have been so long engaged, and at the end of three weeks he will present himself."

"Will you tell him, my lord—?"

"Stop, Edith; there was but one answer for you to make, and that I have already despatched; prepare your bridal arrangements, for I and my daughter can have but one feeling on such an occasion."

So saying, he left the room, and, overwhelmed with confusion and distress, Edith timidly raised her eyes to de Waldheim, who was earnestly watching her countenance. He archly observed: "Will not Edith do the Baron de Lacy the justice to acknowledge that she suspected him unjustly?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," she replied, as she opened the door in order to quit him, "and you may bear him the message."

The respite afforded by de Lacy's illness restored to Edith a little hope; but when, after several days had elapsed, she found that Albert made no mention of his love, her pride took the alarm, and she began to think that she had bestowed her affections on one who was unwilling to seek them. All her romantic plans of throwing herself on her father's compassion, of imploring him to alter his determination, were set aside by the simple reflection that, although devoted and respectful, Albert had never yet positively said that he loved her. At one time she accused him of having trifled with her, and sought her love only to mortify her by returning it unaccepted; at others, she accused only her own vanity and conceit; and so stung was she by this thought,

that, with all the spirit of her ancestors, she determined for the next three weeks to endeavour to assume so much composure as to prove that she was no love-lorn damsel, pining with unrequited passion; and, by absenting herself as much as possible from his society, she contrived to pass through the three weeks without any exposure of her feelings; at least, so she flattered herself, though she often saw Albert's eyes fixed upon her, as if desirous of reading all her inmost sentiments.

The evening came in which the dreaded suitor was to appear, and, with a great effort, she joined her father and his guest, who met her with so joyous a smile that, for a few moments, her self-gained victory was very insecure. Another despatch, however, arrived from her affianced bridegroom, and addressed to herself; in it he stated that his health still rendered it imprudent for him to venture so far, but he hoped to be able to come on the appointed day, when he would endeavour to prove to her that he loved her, from report, with a devotion which would make him receive her hand as one of Heaven's best blessings. As on the former occasion, no time was given for Edith's reply, and her doom was sealed.

Till that moment she had secretly flattered herself that some unforeseen event might intervene to break off her marriage, but her fate now ap-

peared to be inevitable: and, unable any longer to assume a cheerfulness foreign to her heart, she requested leave to seclude herself in her own apartments till the dreaded hour. Her father granted the request, and a new stimulus was given to her pride by the absence of all effort on Albert's part to prevent its execution; but it was in the seclusion of her own room that she felt the extent of her wretchedness. Many were the efforts which she made to regain her composure; abandoning the care of her bridal attire to her women, she endeavoured to employ herself, but her favourite tapestry served only to remind her of him who had designed the patterns, and the materials fell from her hands as she sat motionless before her work. Read she could not; and the unhappy girl at length found a resource which she ought to have courted before, but which is too often driven off till the last by the young and the healthy. Her Father in heaven gave her courage; and when the bustle in the court of the castle announced the arrival of the bridegroom, the evening previously to the ceremony, she threw herself on her knees, and fortified herself by prayer.

No summons came for her that evening; and, in the morning, when her father appeared to lead her to the chapel, he found her dressed in all the splendour of a wealthy and high-born bride, and, although pale and cold, she steadily put her hand

within his, determining not to disgrace herself or her lineage, whatever might be the violence of her struggle, when she should see the monster conjured up by her imagination.

"Am I not to see Lord de Lacy before I meet him at the altar?" she asked.

"No, my child," said her father; "he is gone forward to see that all is ready for the ceremony, and, with our friends, awaits you in the chapel."

Thither they proceeded, and in vain did she look round the brilliant party for the disagreeable form which she expected to meet her eyes; she could see only Albert de Waldheim, who, in all the gorgeous equipment of a noble and powerful baron, stood by the altar. Half fainting, she clung to her father's arm, when de Lacy advanced, and, taking her hand, said, "Will my Edith forgive the stratagem I have practised on her, that I might win her affections, and lead a willing bride to my home? Her father had promised me her hand, but she alone could give her affections, and, to gain them, I sought not the aid of rank or authority, for I was vain enough to hope that my wife would love me for myself."

The tumult which this occasioned in Edith's mind scarcely left her the power of reply; her hand was put into that of her lover, and the priest performed his duty.

The few hours she remained at her father's

were filled up by salutations and benedictions from the assembled friends: and not till she found herself alone with Edward de Lacy could she demand further explanation, which she mingled with a sort of reproach for thus unnecessarily causing her so much uneasiness. He urged that he himself was anxious to know and study her character, unshackled by the feeling that she *must* love him; that he had found the utmost difficulty in persuading her father to accede to his plan, for he thought that no daughter of his would either love or hate but as he directed. Once, however, having entered into the scheme, the old baron had exacted that nothing should be said or done to divulge the plan till the moment of marriage, "for," said he, "although she may love you in the belief that you are only an unportioned younger son, I will show to all around me that a child of mine knows how to sacrifice her inclination to her duty, and can obey her father, let it cost her what it will. But, mark me, sir baron," he continued, "take a fortnight to form *your* opinion before you seek to win my daughter, and, if at the end of that time you do not approve of her, I release you from your engagement." "Need I say, my beloved, that before the fortnight had elapsed I was as much enamoured as if I had chosen you among all the beauties of the English court. It cost me much when I saw you

suffer, and I bitterly repented of the bargain which I had made with your father; but, when I requested his indulgence, he only replied, 'Our terms are made, and I do not change my will in consequence of the caprices of younger heads and hearts than my own.'"

"Well, grandmamma," said Emily, "I suppose that Edith and her husband were always very fond of each other, but still I do not hear any thing about your cherished chair."

"That chair," resumed the old lady, "was the result of that identical piece of tapestry which the Lady Edith worked after the baron's design, and of which frequent mention has been made in my story. When you go into Yorkshire to visit your uncle, you will see a portrait of her, painted at her husband's desire, where she is sitting listlessly before the frame, and musing on the destiny which she then thought so miserable, and when she vainly sought to subdue that affection which formed the happiness of her after-life. I do not mean to say that such trials of a daughter's obedience are necessary, or even to be defended; but such were the manners of the times in which she lived, and she has always been handed down to her descendants as a beautiful proof of filial obedience, and which I never yet saw unattended by most of the other high virtues."

SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

The winds are blowing winterly!
Lonely o'er the midnight sea,
Frozen sail and icy mast
Shiver in the northern blast!
Wild birds to their rock-nests flee,
For the winds are blowing winterly!

O'er the moor the cotter strides—
Drifting snow his pathway hides;
Stars keep trembling in and out,
As though too cold to look about!
Glad he'll see his own roof tree—
For the winds are blowing winterly!

By the fire the cotter's dame
Sits, yet scarcely feels the flame;
Often looks she from the door,
Fearing sad that dismal moor,
And weeping for her son at sea—
For the winds are howling winterly!

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